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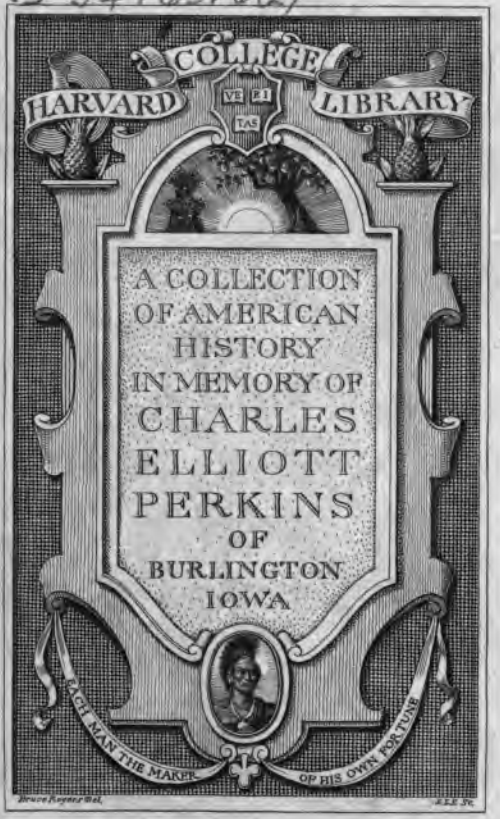
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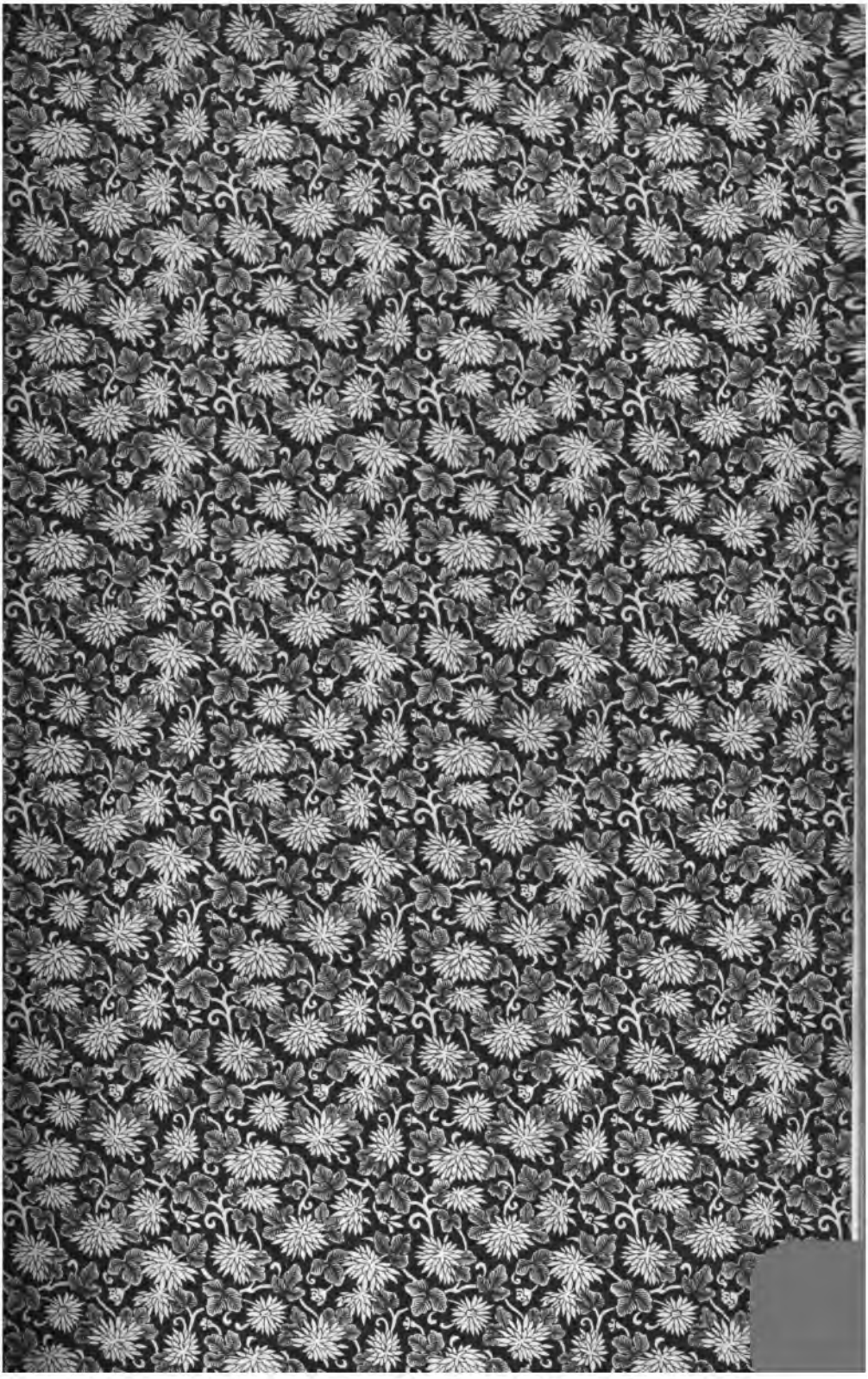

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THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

ORGAN OF

THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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THE

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THE NEW YEAR.

A flower unblown, a book unread;
A tree with fruit unharvested;
A path untrod; a house whose rooms
Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes;
A landscape whose wide border lies
In silent shade "neath silent skies;
A wondrous Fountain yet unsealed;
A casket with its gifts concealed;
This is the year that for you waits
Beyond tomorrow's mystic gates.

Oh, may this flower unfold to you
Visions of beauty sweet and new;
This book of golden pages trace
Your sacred joys and deeds of grace;
May all the fruits of this strange tree
Luscious and rosy-tinted be;
This path through fields of knowledge go;
This house with love's content o'erflow;
This landscape glitter with the dew
Of blessed hopes and friendships true;
This fountain's living crystal cheer,
As fail the spring that once were dear;
This casket with such gems be stored
As shine in lives that love the Lord.

—Selected

FIRST GRADE.

LESSONS FOR MONTH.

The lessons to be used in this grade for the year 1903 will be arranged somewhat similar to what is called "The Circle Work" in Kindergarten. It is not expected that officers in the Primary Associations who have never studied this system of education will be able to give the lessons as they might be given by an experienced Kindergartener, but, we trust that all, both teachers and children, will be assisted by and interested in the new plan.

Whenever it is possible this grade should meet in a separate room, the addition of a piano or organ will greatly assist in this department. If, however, it is not possible to have either the teachers should be thoroughly familiar with the songs to be sung.

We desire to emphasize again, the lessons must not be read, stories, songs, games, etc., must be thoroughly memorized before the lessons are given.

Arrange the seats in your room so that your children are as close to you as possible, let them feel your personality, love and sympathy. Do not begin your lesson until all are seated quietly and in order. Speak in a moderate tone of voice. Children imitate their teachers; if they are orderly and quiet, speaking gently and kindly, the children are very apt to do the same.

Children receive more benefit from lessons given if there is considerable repetition;they need to be told the same thing a great many times before they can remember it and so in these lessons for the little ones there will be considerable repetition; for instance, the same prayer and songs will be used at each lesson for a month. Two new stories and two new games will be given each month. After these stories and games have been related once, give the little children a choice by asking them which story and which game they prefer.

When the children have taken their seats and all is quiet, ask them to bow their heads and close their eyes and repeat after you the hymn "Lord I would own Thy tender care," from the Sunday School Hymn Book, page 194.

After the prayer, sing one verse from "The Children's Song Prayer," from the same book, page 72.

These opening exercises will be the same for each meeting

during this month, except, that as the children get more familiar with the words you may ask them before you pray some questions like these: What shall we thank God for today? Who gives us kind parents? Nice homes, etc., and more verses may be added to the song. A short talk will be given as suggested for each lesson. Then as children easily get tired, give a simple game or march, then the story will complete the lesson. The value of this work will depend on the preparation and interest taken in the lessons by the teacher. This plan needs more thought and care than previous lessons, but, both teachers and children will receive more benefit from them.

For helps to lessons in First grade we suggest that you get a copy of Farrar's Life of Christ, Dainty Songs for Little Lads and Lasses, and a set of pictures for use in connection with the talks suggested for the lesson. These books and pictures may be obtained from this office, prices as follows:

Farrar's Life of Christ, 75c and $1.50.

Dainty Songs for Little Lads and Lassies, 35c.

Pictures representing Life of Christ, small size, per set, of 52, 60c.

Pictures representing Life of Christ, large size, $2.75.

Suggestive Talk.

1. The happy time enjoyed during the Christmas. Emphasize what the children have done themselves to make others happy. Who was born a long time ago? It was a very happy time for all the world when that little baby was born. Every since, when the anniversary of His birth comes along love, kindness, and thought for others fills the world and everybody rejoices in the good that our Saviour brought to the earth.

We have a new year. What are we going to do to make the world better because we are born? Suggest helping Father, Mother, each other, how many little household duties may we do to help, taking care of baby etc, coming to Primary and Sunday school, paying tithing, helping the poor, etc.

2. How many of you have babies at home? How big was baby when she first came? How big is she now? How old is your baby? Ask a number of children to tell about their babies, until there is much interest in little ones. If the children become excited and you find it necessary to use some means to gain order, sing a verse of some song that the children are all familiar with.

Review the story of the birth of Jesus, how he grew to be a brave, strong boy; helping his father. Tell what Joseph did to earn the necessaries of life for his family. What do you think

Jesus did to help his father? Carry wood, gather up shavings, hammering, sawing, ets.

3. How might Jesus have helped his mother when he was a boy? He was about twelve years old when he went with Joseph and Mary and some friends on a journey. Where did they go? Have we any temples? Tell all you can about the journey, Jerusalem, the big crowds gathered there, how Mary and Joseph started for home and when they camped at night and missed Jesus; their grief and consternation; how they traveled back to Jerusalem and finally found Jesus in the Temple talking to the wise men. How He turned and went home with His mother. Jesus must have felt sorry when He found how worried His parents had been and how gently He said to His mother; "Whist ye not that I must be about my Father's business" which meant "Don't you know I must be getting ready to help people.

4. Today I will tell you of some little boys and girls—children like us and our brothers and sisters. They are gathered around some one who loves them very much. He has called them to Him and placed His arms around them. Can you guess who it is? Tell how busy Jesus was and how the disciples tried to turn away the mothers with their little ones, but Jesus said "Suffer the children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." Sing "I think when I read that sweet story of old." or "When many to the Savior's feet."

GAMES.

THE LITTLE NEW YEAR.

Prepare a little crown made of silver or gold paper pasted on cardboard. Choose a child to take the part of the Little New Year, put the crown on head and if possible have some little bells to hang around the neck, and let the child trip around among the children scattering imaginary blessings on the little folks who hold out hands to receive gifts, and join in singing, "Oh, I am the little New Year, etc." as found on page 8. The teacher should learn this song so as to sing it without accompaniment and the children will soon learn it as it may be repeated as long as the game lasts. If you find the children enjoy it, choose another child and play a second time, but do not play more times than that so they will be ready to enjoy it at the next meeting.

THE PROCESSION OF THE MONTHS.

Prepare 12 hats made of colored paper, (any simple form will do) three of white, two of brown, two of light green, three of

darker green, one of yellow and one of red, the color suggests the appearance of the earth during each month.

Now choose twelve children. Who has a birthday in January? You shall be January then and wear a white hat.

"Who has a birthday in February? You shall wear a white cap too."

March will wear brown, April and May light green, June, July and August darker green, September, yellow, as the leaves begin to turn; October the brilliant red, November brown and December white.

Play a lively tune or clap hands to keep time and let children representing months march around the room several times.

A BIG TURKEY.

He was a bouncing big turkey; and they had hung him by the heels, so that his nose almost touched the walk just outside the butcher's shop. A little girl was standing there watching it. You could see that she was hungry; and, worse than that, she was cold too, for her shawl had to do for hood and almost everything else. No one was looking, and so she put out a little red hand, and gave the turkey a push; and he swung back and forth, almost making the great iron hook creak, he was so heavy.

"What a splendid big turkey!"

The poor little girl turned round, and there was another little girl looking at the turkey too. She was out walking with her dolls, and had on a cloak with real fur all around the edges; and she had a real muff, white and little black spots all over it.

"Good morning, Miss," said the butcherman. You see he knew the little girl with the muff perfectly well.

"That's a big turkey, Mr. Martin."

"Yes," said the poor little girl, timidly; "he's the biggest I ever saw in my life. He must be splendid to eat."

"Pooh! said the little girl with the muff," he isn't any bigger than the one my papa brought home for New Year's tomorrow, I know."

"Could I have a leg, if I came for it tomorrow?" asked the poor little girl, softly.

"What, haven't you a whole turkey?"

"Never had one in my life," said the poor little girl.

"Then you shall have this one," said the little lady with the muff. "Mr. Martin, I've got some money in my savings bank at home; and my papa said I could do just as I wanted to with it, and I'm going to buy the turkey for this little girl."

The poor little girl's eyes grew so very large you wouldn't

have known them. "I shall love you always, so much, so very, very much; and I'll go home for Foxy to help. Foxy is my brother, and I know we can carry him."

I haven't room to tell you all about it; but the poor little girl got her turkey, and papa his bill.

"What's this," said he; "another turkey, eighteen pounds; $3.60?"

"That's all right," said the little girl who had the muff. I bought him, and gave him to a poor little girl who never ate one; and the money is in my iron bank."—New York Weekly Tribune.

FATHER'S VIOLIN.

Victor had come to live with his grandmother.

His father had been music teacher in the little town of Carford and from his earliest years Victor had looked upon "father's fiddle" as the grandest instrument in existence. Now and then he would be allowed to touch it, and sometimes he would be shown how to draw the bow across the strings; and it was the dream of his life to grow up to be a musician.

But his father had died very suddenly, leaving a few debts and very little money to pay them with. Everything had to be sold, even to the little violin in spite of poor Victor's pleading.

"Nay, Victor," answered his mother, in reply to his entreaties, "don't make it harder for me than it is. I'm sick at heart to have to sell what your father loved; but it is the right thing, dearie."

And the lad was silent. The things were sold, and the debts paid. But the widow had scarcely any money left. So she determined to leave town and take her boy into the country, where her good old mother lived. Unfortunately, on the way, the poor woman was taken ill; and, within three months after his father's death, Victor lost his mother also.

The boy was, however, better off than many poor little orphans; for his grandmother had a loving heart, and a wise head into the bargain.

She was very fond of Victor; and he, in his turn, thought no one was like grannie. To her, he confided all his joys and his troubles; and, among the latter, you may be sure the loss of the violin was one of the chief.

"Grannie," said he one evening, as they were sitting over the wood fire, "don't you think it was a pity mother sold the violin? Folks needn't have known. It would have made very little difference to them; but to me—why, look what a difference it would have made to me. I could have learned to play well by this time."

"'Twas hard on ye laddie, I make no doubt. But mother was right—yes, mother was quite right," repeated the old woman. We can't go far wrong, if we stick to the old adage:"

Do thy duty—it is best—
And leave unto the Lord the rest."

"It'll come right one of these days, if you only work and wait, laddie."

"But, grannie," pursued the boy, "do you think I could do some work now, I mean work for money—money enough to buy a violin?"

Grannie did not at all see why he should not earn money; and so they entered into a long conversation as to the ways and means, the upshot of which was that Victor sought and obtained employment for a couple of hours every day, at a neighboring farmer's, after school hours.

The next person to be consulted was Morris, the peddler. He was a great friend of Victor's; and, when he heard of the boy's wish, declared that he'd bring him a fiddle back the very next time he went on his rounds, if he could possibly find anything both good and cheap.

The peddler had a long round to make, so he did not return for over four months. But one day in September, as Victor was coming home from work, he recognized his friend, trudging along with his pack, a few paces in front. He could scarcely stop to give the usual greetings before asking anxiously:

"How about the violin?"

The peddler laughed, nodded his head, and said he had made a longer journey this time, and had been as far as Carford; and there, hanging in a shop, was an old violin, marked up so cheap that he went in and made inquiries about it at once.

"Carford!" exclaimed Victor. "Why, that's the place where we used to live! I shall love it all the more for coming from the home country."

By this time they had entered the cottage, and the peddler commenced undoing his pack. At last, he came to the bottom; and, taking the violin from the case to give to the boy, he saw Victor's face turn pale with excitement. Seizing the violin in both hands he dropped down on a chair in his excitement, and fell into an uncontrollable fit of crying. Morris tried to rouse him.

"That'll do, that'll do, old chap. I knew you were anxious for it, but I didn't think you'd take on like that."

After a minute Victor looked up. But you don't know all," it's my own father's fiddle come back to me."

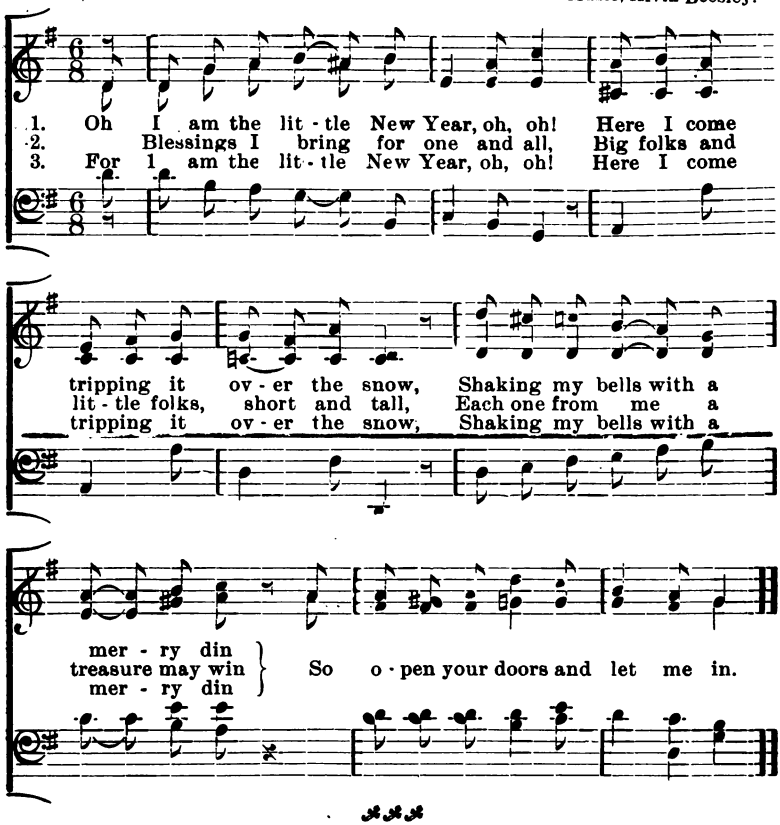
And so it was. By a curious coincidence, it was hanging for sale as the peddler passed through the town; and so the boy re-

gained his treasure, and henceforth it became his constant companion.

Years have passed by, and Victor has become a famous musician. He often tells his children the story of his early days, and always concludes by saying, "Granny's words were good words and true, children:

"'Do thou thy duty—it is best—
And leave unto the Lord the rest.'"

THE LITTLE NEW YEAR.

Words, Music, Alvin Beesley.

1. Oh I am the lit - tle New Year, oh, oh! Here I come
2. Blessings I bring for one and all, Big folks and
3. For I am the lit - tle New Year, oh, oh! Here I come
tripping it ov - er the snow, Shaking my bells with a
lit - tle folks, short and tall, Each one from me a
tripping it ov - er the snow, Shaking my bells with a
mer - ry din
treasure may win
mer - ry din
So o - pen your doors and let me in.

Said the little girl doll to the little boy doll:
"A happy New Year to you, dolly dear!"
Said the little boy doll to the little girl doll,
"The same to yourself all the whole round year!"

SECOND GRADE.

LESSON I.

NEW YEAR.

(Note to teachers: This is a good season for impressing upon the children a desire to do all they can, even the little things, to make them helpful; to show them that it is the little things, that help to make life brighter and happier. The little talk below is simply suggestive.)

Teachers' Reading.

"Ring out Wild Bells," Tennyson.

"The Death of the Old Year." Tennyson.

1903—Twelve months have passed away since we were welcoming 1902, and wondering what the New Year would bring us, and now we are to have 1903. We can now look back on the past year and see how much we have done, how much we have learned, and how many pleasures we had.

We wanted to grow bigger and wiser, and better last year. Have we done so? We hope we have, and now we stand wondering what we will do this year, 1903.

Some of us will perhaps write out a long list of the things we intend to do, and call them "New Year's Resolutions;" and then probably forget them in a very short time. Others may think of the great things they would like to do, while some will say nothing at all about it, but just keep their eyes open and do whatever needs doing. Just as the little memory gem says: "Do the duty that lies nearest;" they will try to do that, and not bother with the greater things that they cannot do. Which are you going to do?

Some boys and girls watch their father and mother working hard, and they think, "Well, when I get big, I shall not let them work so hard; I will help them." Father and mother need your help now in so many many little ways; and you need not wait until you grow big to be helpful to them. Now is the right time to begin, for it is helping in these little things that will bring happiness to father and mother—the things we do without waiting to be asked, and keeping a careful watch for what is needed. What a great thing after all it is to make our parents' lives easier and happier—to be a comfort to them.

Then we shall be able not only to say "A Happy New Year," but to help make it so.

DORA'S RESOLUTIONS.

"Wish you a Happy New Year!" called Dora, from her pillow, to her sister Agnes, who stood before the dressing-table, brushing her curls. "What makes you get up so early? It isn't breakfast time yet. It is so warm and cozy here in bed, I'm going to lie here and think up lots of good resolutions for the new year. Then I can write them out after breakfast. Why don't you make some resolutions, Agnes?"

"I don't know. I hadn't thought about it," replied the little girl. "I have been hurrying to get dressed, for I was afraid mamma would want me. Freddie has been crying all the morning."

"Fred is such a cry-baby!" returned Dora. "Well, perhaps I'd better get up. Tell mamma I'm coming right away." And she crawled out of bed as Agnes closed the door.

Dora reached the dining room just as her mother and sister set the breakfast on the table. Freddie had been restored to good humor, and everybody seemed happy as they gathered around the first morning meal of the new year. Bright faces, merry voices and good wishes made it a charming family group.

Dora and Agnes cleared the table when the meal was finished, for there was no servant in the house, and the two sisters helped much with the work, that mamma might get more time to sew.

"Shall I wash or wipe the dishes?" asked Dora.

"Oh, I'll wash them, and you can wipe them," said Agnes, "for you'd rather, and I don't care."

"Well, then, I'm going upstairs to write out my New Year's resolutions. I'll be down by the time you have the dishes ready to rinse." And Dora ran up to her room.

She spoiled several sheets of paper before she had her resolutions written to suit her. Finally she read them over with a certain degree of pride:

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS
OF
DORA BUCKINGHAM PRESCOTT.

"I will get up early in the morning and help mamma with the breakfast.

"I will go to bed at night without making a fuss about it.

"I will dress Freddie every morning.

"I will take my turn at washing the dishes, even though I like better to wipe them.

"I will dust the parlor every day and not leave it for Agnes.

"I will not forget to make the beds when it comes my week.

"I will take care of my bird every morning.

"I will amuse Freddie, and not be cross to him once this year.

"I will sew on my buttons without being told.

"I will not let Agnes do my share of the work just because she is obliging.

"I will always be pleasant to everybody—"

"Dora, mamma wants you—"

"Oh, don't come bothering me now, Aggie!"

"Mamma wants you to see to Freddie."

"O, dear! Why can't you?"

"I've got to go down to the postoffice."

"Oh! Why, have you finished the dishes-"

"All done," said Agnes, with a little smile that had not a mite of superiority in it.

"But I meant to come and wipe them," said Dora, with a flush.

"Never mind," said Agnes, "I knew you were busy."

"Dora followed her sister down stairs, thinking she would put the rooms in order and feed the canary before Agnes returned. But to her surprise, the parlor and sitting-room were dusted. Dick was eating fresh seeds with great relish, and it was ten o'clock; how long a time she spent over those resolutions!

After making Baby Fred happy with a big block house, Dora slipped up stairs and brought down her paper of "New Year's Resolutions," and quietly laid it on the parlor fire.

"I'll keep my eyes and ears ogen, as Aggie does, and do everything I see that needs to be done, and try to be as pleasant as she is. That will be better than writing out a thousand resolutions." —Lima Clipper.

Memory Gem.

"True worth is in being, not seeing,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of the great things to do by and by."

LESSON II.

GOD'S PLAN.

Note to Teachers: The lessons for this grade for this year will be prepared in a different manner from that used last year. They will consist of stories from the life of Jesus and from the lives of the Apostles, with supplementary stories. The Bible story

will not be told in detail, but the main topics to be brought out will be outlined.

As a better lesson can be given when the teacher's mind is full of the subject to be taught, it is well to study the lesson from more than one book. For this reason there are several books referred to, and the teacher can get information from many of them as to description of places mentioned in the lesson, etc.

In telling these Bible stories, the exact words of the Bible need not be used, but the story should be told in simple language and in a manner that will interest the children and be understood by them. It would be well to read the story as given in the lessons on the life of Jesus in Vol.I of The Children's Friend.

The stories given to supplement these Bible stories, should be told to the children, and not read to them.

Teachers' Reading.

Life of Christ, Farrar.
A Mother's Secret, Holmes.

THE GREAT PROMISE.

Luke 1: 26-33; 2: 1-7.

A Saviour promised—People looking forward to His coming —The Jews, a proud race, expected a King to deliver them from their enemies and make them a great nation again—Prophets had told that the Saviour should be born in Bethlehem—Faithful Jews watching for His coming—

Appearance of an angel to Mary—The message—Journey to Bethlehem—How they traveled—The inn filled with strangers in the city—The cave or stable—Birth of Jesus—Prophecy that Jesus should be born in Bethlehem fulfilled.

JIM'S CHARGE.

"What! another patient," exclaimed Jim's mother, looking up from her sewing as her lame son hobbled into the room, a crutch under one arm and an ugly mongrel puppy under the other.

"Yes, mother; but this one won't trouble us long, I can cure him in no time. See, his poor little foot has been badly hurt." And Jim put forward the cut paw of the whining little creature that licked his hands and seemed as grateful for attention as a dumb creature could be.

"I found him in an alley where some bad boys had left him. See the ugly wounds on his side, too. The wretches! There are some boys I'd like to be able to lick—I'd like to make 'm howl with pain!" finished Jim savagely as he examined the puppy.

"Well, Jim," returned his mother, "you are a small humane society all by yourself. That makes the fourth dog this winter, and I don't know how many cats and kittens; and now the bird season is upon us, and I suppose we shall have to enlarge the infirmary. Lucky, isn't it, that we can afford to board them!"

She spoke cheerfully, even with a gleam of fun in her eyes, but she sighed and looked careworn as Jim went out with his burden. After a while he re-appeared with "Mother, if you haven't anything for me to do, I believe I'll go out to the ball-ground and watch the game."

"Very well, Jamie; only be back about five o'clock, as I shall want you to carry this dress home."

Although Jim was very lame, he was active, and never thought of letting his mother bring in wood or water. He was always ready to do anything for her, and was proud when he could take her a few cents that he had earned by doing errands for others. There was one thing though he could not do, he could not play ball like his school-mates, or join in any of the sports in which boys with two good legs indulged.

"Oh," he thought, as he wistfully looked on the game, "if I could only run like Smith! I wonder if he knows what a beautiful thing it is! And then if I could run I could do other things; I could some day be able to support poor mother, and—Oh, I'd like to go about so much and do good to people."

The tears sprang in his eyes; wicked, rebellious thoughts came too. He looked with envy upon the lads who laughed and raced with such reckless freedom.

Mothers and sisters sat in carriages at a little distance watching the game and ready to take a son or brother home when he was ready. Why should they have everything and he have so little? mused Jim. If his mother only had time to sit at leisure that way!

"A fine day, sonny, and a fine game," remarked a young man, coming up to the absorbed lad. Jim glanced up, but made no answer; he was not in a mood to talk.

"You'd like to play ball, too, wouldn't you?" was the next comment.

That was too much, and Jim's eyes brimmed over.

"I knew it by the way you looked," continued the stranger in pleasant tones. "Now, look here, little man, here's something you hadn't thought of; God has given them two good strong legs and some other things he has not given you?" He paused, and Jim looked up in his face wonderingly.

"Yes, he knew that very well," he thought, but he said noth-

ing. "And," continued the young man with emphasis, "He has given you lameness."

Jim looked puzzled. He knew that, too, but was not that a hindrance? What did that young man mean?

After a moment's pause, in which the kind eyes looked earnestly into Jim's pale face, the speaker went on: "Many of these boys care for nothing but fun and play, and they fritter their lives away, some of them. They will never become earnest and useful men."

"Oh, I see," cried Jim in a burst of enthusiasm. "A feller don't need two legs to be that?"

"No, and sometimes good things are our actual hindrances, while your lame leg may be the very thing to make a man of you; God doesn't make mistakes, my boy. He has been good to you, and will be if you will let Him." And the young man passed on, leaving Jim with his new thoughts. He stood for a time absorbed, unconscious of everything about, then, suddenly calling his crutch into action, he hobbled home as fast as he could go.

His mother glanced anxiously at the clock as he entered, then turned to her son with a question she did not ask. There was something in it she had never seen there before, a light, a joy far beyond the expression to which she was accustomed.

"Oh, mother," he exclaimed rapturously, "I've got my charge!"

"Your charge, Jamie?"

"Yes, mother, I don't know what else to call it, and you know we sing 'A charge to keep I have.' Well, mother, I've got mine. It makes me so happy."

This happiness was reflected in his mother's face. When he was able to tell her intelligently of what the young man had said, he added, "And I was thinking about it, and being so glad that God really did want me for something in the world, I thought, 'And now what can I do when I'm a man?' And it came to me as sudden as that," snapping his fingers. "I'll be a doctor, mother, don't you see that was what I was cut out for?"

"You'd make a good one, I'm sure, Jimmie, but—"

"Now, mother, don't; I know you're thinking how I'm going to get my education and all that, but see just now I have only to study hard at school and practice on my dumb patients, then, after a while, there is Professor Lanton, he'd help me night and day, I know he would, and I could do chores or writing for him. As for the rest, God will open the way. He will, never you fear, mother."

And God did open the way. From that day Jim seemed imbued with new life.

He is now an eminent physician, and no man of his profes-

sion is more welcome in the sick room, more helpful and happy everywhere, than the once poor, disconsolate, crippled Jim.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

LESSON III.

LOVING AND GIVING.

Teachers' Reading.

Life of Christ, Farrar.
Ben Hur, Wallace.

THE GREATEST GIFT.

Luke 2: 8-20; Matt. 2:1-11.

The shepherds—An angel appears—"Fear not, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—Angels singing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will toward men."—Hasten to Bethlehem—Find the baby Jesus and worship Him.

Wise Men, rich and great—The wonderful star—"Where is He that is born King of the Jews?"—King Herod tells them to let him know where the baby is—Star leads them to Bethlehem—Give costly gifts—Jesus the greatest gift to the world—"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

BRIAN.

There was no doubt about it; Brian certainly was a very troublesome little boy. For the third time in one week he was seated on a high-backed chair in the library, whither he had been sent by the governess to give an account of his misdeeds. His aunt sat opposite, looking sad and tired. This little nephew had been a great trial to her, ever since his grandfather—his last surviving relation—had died, and he had come to live with his aunt and cousins.

"It is all very well to say you are sorry, Brian," said his aunt wearily; "but how can I believe you, when the very next day you do the same things all over again? If you really cared for me, you would not behave as you do."

"I do care for you," cried Brian fiercely in a choked voice, "and I try to be good. Oh, I won't do it again! I really won't!" He looked piteously at his aunt through hot, blinding tears.

"Well, Brian," she answered, "I should like to think you care

for me; but unless you show it by behaving better in future, I cannot believe it. Deeds prove love better than words." She laid her hand for an instant on the brown head which Brian had buried in his hands, and then left the room.

When she had gone Brian tumbled out of the house in utter misery. His aunt's words had suddenly awakened him to a sense of what his tiresome behavior really meant to her. He fled for comfort to his pet rabbit, which had its home in a disused loose box, half full of hay. Meanwhile the chilly autumn twilight was falling, and the loose box door was pushed slowly open.

"It's nearly supper time, Brian," said a kind little voice. "I fought p'r'aps you might have forgetted."

It was Chick, Brian's favorite cousin. He cleared his throat violently. Chick was only six, two whole years younger than himself, and he did not wish her to know he was crying. Still Chick was a very wise little thing, and Brian was unable to resist her childish sympathy. Chick puckered her forehead.

"Next week there will be mother's birthday," she said at last; your might buy her a werry lovely present."

To her surprise Brian began to sob afresh.

"Oh, Chick," he faltered, "it's such a jolly plan, and I can't! My pocket money was stopped for punishment, and I spent my last dime on bulls' eyes and an abom'nable green parrot, which I hate now!"

Chick was silent; she was nerving herself for a sacrifice.

"I has been saving up for mother's birthday for a werry long time," she said steadily. "You can share wif me, and we'll give the present together."

She pitied Brian's despair with all her soft little heart, but she could not suppress a quick sigh of relief when Brian broke out—

"No, Chickie; you're a brick; but I couldn't be so mean; besides," he added on reflection, "it wouldn't be my own present."

When they reached the house Chick retired to the nursery, and Brian entered the cosy school room. He was very quiet during supper, while the other children discussed their plans. He thought so constantly of his trouble that he had no time to be troublesome, but still no plan suggested itself.

At last as he sat one wet afternoon in silent despair before the fire, he heard nurse talking about a poor woman who had been forced to sell her furniture bit by bit in order to get money. Brian gazed into the fire with wide eyes and a beating heart. The idea had come. He slipped away to the loose box and took Billy in his arms, hot tears crept into his eyes. He had almost made up his mind to sell his dearest treasure.

"Billy," he whispered softly, "you'll forgive me, won't you, when it's for Aunt Helen. She likes you, you know, Billy. It's not that I don't love you, Billy, for I do. Oh, Billy, I don't think I can give you up. I can't, I can't—but it's the only way, and so I will."

He could not bear to feel Billy's soft, trustful nose nestling into his neck after that, so he returned to the house, pale but determined. His aunt was in the hall.

"Brian, dear, are you not well?" she asked in the sweet voice which thrilled her nephew's little heart.

"Oh, I'm all right, thank you," he replied rather huskily.

Brian went back to the nursery, pale still, but more resolute than ever. Chick was the only person to whom he confided his plans. When he told her, the big tears welled slowly up into her blue eyes.

Oh, Brian, it is good of you," she said. "You'll miss him dreffly."

"I don't care," said Brian; "he has got to go anyway. Don't talk about him, please, Chick. Tomorrow I can slip away quick and take him to the store where he was got. Do you remember how long I saved up to buy him? Oh, Chick, when I think of his dear little crooked ear, which got pinched in the door, I—" he broke off suddenly and Chick sobbed. Brian kissed the top of her head and began to whistle loudly, if unsteadily.

The next afternoon the owner of the small store was startled by the sudden entrance of a small boy, flushed, breathless, and muddy. He had a large yellow rabbit in his arms, and was panting so that he could hardly speak.

"What can I do for you?" asked the man.

"I want to sell this rabbit," said Brian, in an odd, jerky voice.

The man took Billy up, examined him, and then said, "Twenty-five cents."

The child flushed scarlet, and tried to swallow the lump in his throat before replying. It was all important that he should not break down now, but the disappointment was almost more than he could bear. Twenty-five cents for Billy! for his precious Billy!

"He's worth more than that," said Brian, stroking Billy with a shaking hand.

Neither of the two had noticed that a gentleman entered the store and was looking at them curiously.

"Will you sell the rabbit to me for a dollar?" he asked Brian. The child's face lit up, and in another moment two fifty-cent pieces were tightly clenched in his little hot hand.

"His name is Billy," said Brian, "and he likes lettuce best."

Without daring to look again at his lost pet, he left the store. He had never owned so much money before, and he bought a pretty photograph frame for his aunt, and found that he still had a few cents with which to buy something for Chick.

It was almost supper time when he reached home. He was very tired and almost overpowered by a desperate longing for Billy. But Chick petted him, and they all went to bed early, in order to be fresh for the next day, which was Aunt Helen's birthday.

It was the happiest day Brian had ever spent. When she heard the story of her nephew's present, Aunt Helen kissed him as if she would never let him go, and when she raised her head, Brian saw that her eyes were full of tears. "I shall keep it always—always, Brian," she said with a little shake in her voice—and Brian was content.

Not long afterwards the frame was filled with a photograph of Brian with a shaggy dog in his arm. His uncle had found a rough mongrel puppy, and had given it to him, knowing his love for all living things. It grew to be more of a pet almost than Billy had been, and Brian himself, with all his boyish might, struggled to conquer his many faults, and Aunt Helen became proud to number him among her sons.—Adapted.

Memory Gem.

"How blessed it is to give,
And they who think of others most,
Are the happiest ones that live."

LESSON IV.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

Teachers' Reading.

Life of Christ, Farrar.

FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Matt. 2: 12—23.

Wise men do not return to King Herod—The king's wrath—His order—Joseph warned in a dream—Obeys the angel's command—Journey to Egypt—Return to Nazareth.

Review story of Moses, saved by his mother from King Pharao, found in Children's Friend, Vol. I., No. 4, page 130.

CONRAD AND STORK.

In a village in Norway there is a figure of a stork carved on the church and over many of the houses. This is the beautiful story they tell of it: In that village once there lived a little lad named Conrad and his widowed mother. Every summer a stork came near the house and built its nest near by. Little Conrad and his mother were very kind to the stork. They fed it and petted it so that it got to know them, and would come whenever Conrad whistled to feed out of his hand. Every spring they watched for it, and when it came it seemed as glad to see them as they were to welcome it. Spring and summer chased each other till Conrad had grown to be a young man. Then he said he would go to sea and make money enough to come back and keep his mother in her old age. So he went to be a sailor and set out for a distant land. All went well for many weeks, but one day when they were near to the coast of Africa a number of cruel pirates swarmed around their boats and climbed up the ship's sides. They took possession of the ship and put the sailors in chains, and afterwards sold them as slaves.

Weeks went by. The widow began to be afraid about her boy, it was so long since they had heard of him. Ships had come and gone ,and brought no tidings of him. At last they gave up all hope of seeing him again, and mourned for him as drowned, and all the village pitied the lonely mother in her grief. As for her, the only thing that seemed to interest her at all was the stork as it came each year. For Conrad's sake she welcomed it and fed it until the autumn came, and it flew away to the sunny south.

Now it happened that one day as poor Conrad toiled away at his dreary work in some lonely place, a stork came flying close to him, wheeling about him in great delight. In a moment the scene flashed upon him of his home and of his mother, and their yearly visitor. Scarcely knowing what he did, he whistled as he used to do to call the bird long ago. To his delight the stork came at once close to him, as if to be fed. Conrad lifted up his heart to God, and with tears gave thanks that so dear an old friend should have found him there. Day after day he saved what he could from his wretched meal for the joy of calling the bird to feed at his hand. But Conrad's heart grew sad again as the time came for the bird to fly away to the north.

Was it going to his mother's cottage? Was the nest there still that he remembered so well? Was there any to welcome it now, and any to feed it? Then it occurred to him: "Why, this bird may help me to get away from this vile place." He managed to

write on a scrap of paper a line or two, telling where he was, and that he was a slave, and then tied it firmly around the bird's leg.

The spring came again, and with it the stork. The old widow's eyes lit up as it came, reminding her of her lost boy, and tenderly she welcomed it and fed it. As it took the food from her hand she caught sight of this strange letter tied at its leg. Curiously removing it, think of her joy when she found that it was from her son? Forth with the tidings she ran to the minister of the little parish to tell him of the news. It quickly spread through the village. They must send and redeem Conrad, was what everybody said. The next Sunday morning the people brought their money to the church, and each gave what he could for the widow's son. Then one was sent to the king to lay the case before him, and to get a ship of war from him that the pirates dare not touch.

It took a long time in those days to send to Africa, and there to recover Conrad from his slavery. But before the stork had flown, the bells of the village church had rung, and all the people rejoiced with a great joy, for the widow's son was redeemed, and was safely at home again at his mother's cottage.

Such is the story they tell of the stork in that Norwegian village.—"British Workman."

Memory Gem.

God's care is over all.

MERRY BELLS.

"Bim, bone! ring merry bells! and hail the glad New Year,
For the old year's gone, his work all done,
And the young and bright New Year is here;
Then welcome him with ringing and singing."

SO MANY GIFTS.

"Three hundred and sixty-five spick-span new,
Beautiful presents for me and you!
Fill them with kindness and sunshine, my honey,
And you'll find these gifts better than playthings or money."

THIRD GRADE.

CHURCH HISTORY.

LESSON I.

Chapter 1. Young Folk's History of the Church.

"The events which make up the history of the Church in this age are the most important that history can chronicle."—President Joseph F. Smith.

The children of the Latter-day Saints should study the history of the Church, so as to become familiar with its wonderful growth, its periods of sufferings and persecutions as well as brighter days; learn to know, to honor and love the men and women who were the pioneers, the martyrs and the founders of our faith.

We do not feel that any excuse is necessary, in asking the teachers in this grade to take up again the history of the Church. It is not possible that your children have received all that may be obtained from a study of the rise and progress of the most wonderful people in the world.

However, we do not expect you to do the work in the same way as heretofore, we hope by changing the plan of the lessons to add so much to their interest, that teachers and children will find this study the most interesting of all.

We desire that every child in this grade be supplied with a copy of "A Young Folks' History of the Church." They can be obtained from this office for 25c per copy.

Each child should read carefully, at home, the chapter for the lesson and at the meeting the first part of the lesson will consist of a review of the chapter and a short discussion of its topics or main points.

The teacher will read up all that can be found upon the subject and relate the interesting parts to the children. For reference we suggest that every association purchase a copy of the new History of the Church, published by the Church. For other reading, last year's Improvement Era, Cannon's Life of Joseph Smith, Whitney's History of Utah, and Jenson's Historical Record.

We shall add for supplementary work short sketches of the lives of famous men and women of the Church. These sketches will of necessity be short, but they will give opportunity for the teacher

to add and enlarge upon them as time and circumstances will permit.

We would also suggest that a short review of the previous lesson and sketch be given at the beginning of the lesson.

LUCY SMITH.

The Mother of the Prophet.

It is one of our most beautiful and suggestive proverbs that "great men have great mothers." It is, therefore, proper that we should tell something of the mother of the Prophet and Seer, Jo-Smith.

Lucy Mack was born July 8, 1776, at Gilsum, Cheshire county, New Hampshire. When she was nineteen years old she met and married Joseph Smith, the father of the Prophet.

Soon after the marriage, as the young couple were about to start on a visit to the wife's parents, Lucy received from her brother, Stephen Mack, and John Mudget, his partner in business, a marriage present of $1,000. This money was carefully saved and later when trouble came upon the family it came into good use. Mrs. Smith was a woman of great faith in the Lord, was talented and virtuous, very industrious and careful. When the family were in need, through sickness and loss in their business, Mrs. Smith painted oil cloth coverings for tables; this work was so good that in two years' time they were again prosperously situated.

Her life was not a bright one, for she was called to pass through great sorrow and sickness in her family, most of her children and her husband passing into the great beyond before her.

Mrs. Smith was a loving wife and mother and we can imagine perhaps a little, of what she must have suffered when she was compelled to see and know the persecutions which were heaped upon her family because her son had received a revelation from God.

At one time when Joseph and Hyrum were being taken by a mob to Richmond, the heart-stricken mother pressed through the

crowd to the wagon containing her sons, exclaiming: "I am the mother of the Prophet; is there not a gentleman here, who will assist me to that wagon, that I may take a last look at my children, and speak to them once more before I die?" With her daughter Lucy, she gained the wagon, and grasped Joseph's hand, which was thrust between the cover and the wagon bed, but he did not speak to her until she said: "Joseph, do speak to your poor mother once more, I cannot bear to go till I hear your voice." At this he sobbed out: "God bless you, mother."

Mourning and sorrow filled the mother's heart, "but," said she, "in the midst of it I found consolation that surpassed all earthly comfort. I was filled with the Spirit of God." God could comfort her, for was she not the mother of a Prophet!

In common with the rest of the Saints this good woman passed through all the hardships and privations which the Saints suffered in Missouri and Illinois. Many of the sick owed the preservation of their lives to her motherly care, attention and skill, in nursing them. The extent of her work can only be appreciated by those who were called to pass through the dreadful scenes of sickness and distress which followed the expulsion from Missouri.

In June, 1844, she was called to suffer the most awful grief for the assassination of her sons, Joseph and Hyrum. When she was permitted to see their bodies, her sorrow knew no bounds. She remembered all they had suffered and endured, the innocence and sympathy which had filled their hearts. As she looked upon their peaceful, smiling faces, she seemed to hear them say, "Mother,weep not for us, we have overcome the world by love; we carried to them the Gospel, that their souls might be saved; they slew us for our testimony, and thus placed us beyond their power; their ascendency is for a moment, ours is an eternal triumph."

After the death of her children, Lucy Smith lived in Nauvoo, Ill.. until her death, which occurred May 5, 1855.

Memory Gem.

"A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

LESSON II.

JOSEPH SMITH, SENIOR.

The Father of the Prophet.

Chapter 2, Young Folks' History of the Church.

Joseph Smith, Senior, was one of the eight witnesses who bore testimony that they had seen the plates of the Book of Mormon.

He was the first person who received his son Joseph's message that he had seen an angel, and he exhorted Joseph to be faithful and diligent to the word which he had received. He was also the first presiding Patriarch of the Church.

In 1796 he was married to Lucy Mack, and they had ten children.

At the time of his marriage he owned a handsome farm in Tunbridge. In 1802 he rented it and went into business, owing to wicked men he failed in his enterprise and was compelled to sell his farm to pay his debts. He then took up some land in Palmyra, New York, and after clearing two hundred acres, he lost it because he was unable to pay the last payment when it was due.

After that the family moved to Manchester, New York, where they made them a comfortable home, and here they stayed until they joined with the Saints in Kirtland, Ohio.

In December, 1833, he was ordained a Patriarch. He traveled a great deal for the Church and bore many testimonies and performed the ordinance of baptism for many people.

He was imprisoned for the Gospel's sake in Kirtland and shared in the sufferings and persecutions of his people.

During the eventful life of his sons Joseph and Hyrum, he was ever their true friend, wise counselor and loving father. When the shafts of persecution were hurled with cruel force at his beloved sons, he, too, bared his breast to the poisoned darts of bigotry, begotten of the adversary, and suffered in common with them! His life's attitude toward the unpopular cause that his son, the Prophet, represented, even in its tender beginning, is evidence to the careful observer that he possessed deep down in his heart, the God-given assurance that it was of God. This testimony remained with him from the time of that beautiful dav in early spring time, when his 14-year-old Joseph told him of what he had seen in answer to his prayer, until the day of his death.

Joseph Smith, Senior,was a very large man, six feet two inches tall, was very straight, and remarkably well proportioned. His ordinary weight was about two hundred pounds, and he was very strong and active. In his young days he was famed as a wrestler, and, Jacob like, he never wrestled with but one man whom he could not throw. He was one of the most benevolent of men, opening his house to all who were destitute.

The Prophet's father had many strange and wonderful dreams and visions, probably to prepare him for the wonderful work which should be performed through his son Joseph.

He died Sept. 14, 1840.

Memory Gem.

"A wise son heareth his father's instruction."

LESSON III.

EMMA SMITH.

The Wife of the Prophet.

Chapter 3, Young Folks' History of the Church.

Emma Smith was born July 10th, 1804, in Harmony, Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania. She was the daughter of Isaac Hale and became acquainted with Joseph Smith in 1827, while he was employed by Mr. Josiah Stoal (of Chenango county, New York), in Harmony, Penn. On the 18th of January, 1827, they were married. Owing to the Prophet Joseph's claim that he had seen an angel, Emma's family were much opposed to the marriage, so they had to go away from the bride's home to have the ceremony performed.

Emma accepted the Gospel as it had been revealed through her husband, and was baptized by Oliver Cowdery. After this she shared with her husband his joys and sorrows, and, together with him, passed through the persecutions of New York, Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois.

In a revelation given through Joseph Smith, she was called "an elect lady" and commanded to expound Scriptures, and to exhort the Church."

When the first Relief Society was organized in Nauvoo, Ill., she was chosen to act as its first president—a position which she filled with marked distinction as long as the society continued to hold meetings in that city.

Lucy Smith, the mother of the Prophet, bears testimony to the faithful manner in which Emma helped and assisted her husband. A revelation was given to the Prophet appointing a number of the brethren to go on missions. As soon as this revelation was received, Emma Smith, and several other sisters, began to make arrangements to furnish those who were set apart for this mission, with the necessary clothing, which was no easy task, as the most of it had to be manufactured out of the raw material.

Emma's health at this time was quite delicate, yet she did not favor herself on this account, but whatever her hands found to do, she did with her might, until she went so far beyond her strength, that she brought upon herself a heavy fit of sickness, which lasted four weeks And although her strength was exhausted, still her spirits were the same, which, in fact, was always the case with her, even under the most trying circumstances, and, continues Lucy Smith: "I have never seen a woman in my life, who would endure every species of fatigue and hardship, from month to month, and from year to year, with that unflinching courage, zeal and patience, which she has ever done; for I know that which she has had to endure, which would have borne down almost any other woman.

LESSON IV.

HYRUM SMITH.

The Brother of the Prophet.

Chapter 4, Young Folks' History of the Church.

Hyrum Smith was born at Tunbridge, Vermont, Feb. 9th, 1800. He was an elder brother of the Prophet, Joseph Smith. He was a boy with a prayerful heart and later, a man of God, as true as this generation or any other has produced. Like the rest of the family he was used to hard labor, and amid circumstances of privation had little opportunity for education.

When Joseph, his brother, announced his visions and revelations to his father's family, Hyrum at once received his testimony and joined with Joseph, becoming to him probably, the nearest, truest and best friend he had among men.

At the age of twenty-six, Hyrum married Jerusha Barden; they had six children, one of them, John, is now the Presiding Patriarch of the Church. Hyrum's wife died in 1837 and later he

married Mary Fielding, she became the mother of two children of whom Joseph F. is now the President of the Church.

Hyrum Smith was one of the eight witnesses permitted to view the plates of the Book of Mormon. In 1837 he was appointed second counselor to the President of the Church. In 1841 he was called by revelation to take the office of Patriarch to the whole Church.

He was personally connected with many of the principal events of the Church, up to the time of his death, and in the various offices he filled won the love and esteem of all persons.

He was tenderly attached to his brother Joseph, whom he never left more than six months at one time, during their life-time. He was arrested with him at Far West, Mo., and imprisoned with him at Liberty and finally shared with him a martyr's death at Carthage, Ill.

In the "Times and Seasons" we find the following beautiful eulogy: "He lived so far beyond the ordinary walk of man, that even the tongue of the vilest slanderer could not touch his reputation. He lived godly and he died godly, and his murderers will yet have to confess, that it would have been better for them to have had a millstone tied to them, and have been cast into the depths of the sea, and remain there while eternity goes and eternity comes, than to have robbed that noble man of heaven of his life."

Memory Gem.

"I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations; therefore shall the people praise thee forever and ever."

If life were only what a man
Thinks daily of—his little care,
His petty ill, his trivial plan;
His sordid scheme to hoard and spare;
His meager ministry, his all
Unequal strength to breast the stream;
His large regret, repentance small,
His poor, unrealized dream,—
'Twere scarcely worth a passing nod:
Meet it should end where it began.
But 'tis not so. Life is what God
Is daily thinking of for man.

—Julia M. Lippman.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

The officers and teachers engaged in the Primary associations of our Church have always felt that their work among the children lacked that which would tend to make it much more successful in its results with the children and much more satisfying to themselves as teachers; we refer to the support of the parents.

Home training is the most perfect, where intelligence, wisdom and love rule, when parents have all the time they need to bestow upon the culture of their children. But, alas, it is too true that when many men and women become parents, they do so without the least idea of the responsibility of the care of human souls. We would never undertake the work of any skilful art or trade without preparation. We must learn to acquire knowledge in any chosen direction of life, but we never have heard of studies or preparations for parenthood, and, yet, there is nothing in all the world so important as the rearing of the young of the human family.

Because of the circumstances which exist in most families,the Sunday Schools, the Religion Classes and the Primary Associations have been organized to assist the parents in the spiritual development of their children. It often happens, however, that the teachers of these organizations, who give their time and service for love, are compelled to struggle on in their work not only without help from the parents but in some cases are subjected to criticism and opposition. The aims and objects of these associations are to make better men and women of the children, and the lessons given and subjects used are carefully prepared and supervised before they are taught. Many of our parents have never visited the Primary associations and do not know what their children are being taught. We would like to ask them to make one resolution this New Year. To visit the Primary in their ward, become acquainted with the teachers of the children, find out what they are being taught and then help the children towards the goal which right-minded and right thinking Primary officers and teachers are working for, the salvation of the souls of the children of the Latter-day Saints.

In this department we hope to gain admission to the hearts of the parents by presenting some helpful hints and suggestions in the care and training of children. That when we have gained your sympathy we shall be sure of your assistance and help.

HOME TRAINING.

Every day is in a way a happy new one to every mother, for there is nothing so happy, so new, and so loving as the children. Thus mother-life and mother-love is always happy and new. Mothers are glorified in being mothers. Anything, all things, are possible for our children. They will soon be men and women—THE men and women of the day. Think of it. Think what a responsibility rests with us of making them good men and women.

A little child being asked: "Have you a good mother?" looked up with surprise in her deep, innocent eyes, and replied: "Why, of course; all mothers are good, don't you know?" Let us believe that and live up to it, and be good because we are mothers. Be as good as mothers ought to be. We remember how good our mothers were. We know what an impression their goodness made upon us. Let us remember that we are making pictures of ourselves in our children's memory, and be very careful, thoughtfully careful, how we form and color that picture.

In the first place, let us be bright and pleasant, just as bright and pleasant as we can be, all the time. To be sure, it is not perfectly easy to be. We have cares, worries, and often we are unhappy over matters and things. We cannot help this; the shadows are a part of every life. We should be dazzled and burned out if we had all sunshine—if everything were bright all the time. Everyone has trials in some form, but no one has any right to throw her shadow over another; to load her burdens on to some other shoulders.

I want to go back and apply this particularly to ourselves as mothers. We must not burden or shadow our children with our cares and worries. As I said, it is not always easy to be bright and cheerful, but oh, how much better! how much easier and better it makes life. We can do it, yes, we can do it if we will!

We must remember our children have their own little lives filled with their own troubles—troubles which are to them big and real though they seem to us so small and foolish. We can help them and they can help us by sympathy. We can understand each other and enjoy each other so much in that way. Don't you know how much it means to have some one to tell things to—some one who will listen and appreciate—some one to tell?

Let no child of yours ever feel the lack of some one to tell. Be where your children can find you. Let them tell you everything. Do not be shocked. Do not be cross and scold, but talk it over, reason it out together. When the children come home, put on your smile and put on your good looks, too—children like

to have good looking mothers. Cover up the bad places and the bad feelings. I do not mean by this to spare the children all care or work, not at all. By giving them their share you not only gain their sympathy and their help, but you are doing your duty in teaching them; you are adding to their happiness and their usefulness. Give them their duties, but show them that duties and obligations are not burdens, they are privileges. All work together, pull together, do not push; laugh together, sing together —don't cry together if you can help it. Do you know the value of a good laugh? Sing a hymn or a song, or have a good joke together ,and you will strike a harmony.

We all love neatness and order, and very few of our children seem to care for such things naturally. Keep on steadily and quietly and you will make an impression after awhile; children must grow up to such things. Boys and girls are different.

Boys are splendid. They are going to be our men and our fathers, and we do so want them to be good and true. Girls are lovely. They are going to be our women and mothers, and we must keep them pure and true.

It is a well known fact there are no two human beings in all this world exactly like. There are no two babies alike. They grow as different in character as they are in looks. Do not try to conform them too much in the one way any more than in the other. Let them work out.

What we make our children love and desire is more important than what we make them learn.

My last word is, be your best self, and God help you to make yourself worthy the supreme blessing of motherhood.

Happy New Year!—Ellen Lee Wyman.

OUR GRANDFATHERS.

Response to Toast at Primary Banquet by Emmeline B. Wells.

Our grandfathers are our heroes; the idols of the children, whether they fought in the Revolution, or signed the Declaration of Independence, or served in later struggles for freedom and for country—or whether they were ministers, doctors, or lawyers, or only plain farmers, or mechanics; boys and girls alike refer with a great degree of pardonable pride to the grandfathers.

Our Primary children, whose jubilee we celebrate today, refer to their grandfathers as the undaunted Pioneers of the Great

American Desert, and extol their heroism, their fortitude, their courageous and patient endurance; they realize, (in a way) the hardships and toil they underwent in colonizing and founding a new commonwealth, now the famous State of Utah of which we are all so justly proud.

Their grandfathers traveled on horseback or on foot, with or without a gun, while Indians and wild beasts roamed through the land; they rejoiced if they had a lumbering heavy wagon, or "slowreach" of any sort; buffalo robes in winter and heated stones for their feet in journeying to and fro—they tore through forests, or across alkali plains, or swam the rivers to explore new territory; they knew little of modern luxuries; they sat on hard benches, and drank from pewter mugs, or tin cups, and never dreamed of the extravagance of the present day; they read the newspapers by firelight, or the dim light of a tallow candle; they went early to bed and rose at sunrise, or before; they wore plain homespun clothes and dined on plain wholesome food; they were not ashamed to hoe corn, or dig potatoes, and they could talk politics and discuss serious questions, just as wisely and sensibly as the young men of today, and went early to vote for the man of their choice.

Our children's grandfathers observed the Sabbath day to keep it holy, and taught their children respect for their superiors, and reverence for the aged and infirm; they believed in moderate recreation, and innocent amusements; and in their young days went "a courting" with serious intentions, and married for love, and not for money; and generally they reared large families; and such a thing as divorce was seldom heard of; in fact our children's grandfathers were grand, old men and jolly, good fellows, and they loved their wives (the grandmothers) in the good old-fashioned way, and believed in family, life and the home, where order, obedience and economy, were the rule and practice of the household, and disobedience and extravagance were not tolerated.

Our children's grandfathers had no railroads, no electric lights, no fine coaches (nor automobiles), no bicycles, no skating rinks; they were fond of dancing, and played ball, but had never heard of "golf," or "tennis." They were strong, stalwart, brave, manly men and tender-hearted where women and children were concerned, protecting and shielding them from harm, hardships or danger.

In short, the pioneer grandfathers were gallant, chivalrous and unpretentious gentlemen, and our Primary children can point to them with a goodly degree of honest pride.

OUR FATHERS.

Response to Toast at Primary Banquet by Maria Y. Dougall.

The Pioneer fathers, the fathers of the past, God bless them! They were true, they were brave, they were God-fearing. They builded the bridges, tracked the prairies, and subdued the wilderness. They gave to us, their sons and daughters, strong bodies, and ambitious spirits. They taught us—Ah, they taught us—with silent pen of personal sacrifice, and the dumb voice of constant struggle; they taught us our duty to God and to each other. But their teachings were the teachings of example. Their school rooms were the forts and farms, their books the pages which God had written in the crags and peaks and in the lakes and streams. Treasure their lessons, dear friends, for they were giants in those days, and God seldom sends such mighty spirits to the earth.

Our fathers of today, the men of field and farm, of shop and forge, of office and school room. The men who have raised the walls upon the sturdy foundation laid by the Pioneer fathers. God bless them! Sacrifice and devotion have marked their onward path through life! They have felt the burning need of education and culture for their own little ones. So schools and Sunday schools, Primaries and Mutuals have sprung up in bountiful profusion. The very spirit of the age is precept, precept. Talking, talking, teaching, surrounds the child on every side. It may be some good and noble fathers of today have been so busy in talking and teaching other people that they have little time to talk to their own. But all are talking and teaching, and precepts flow far and fast. For their hearts are heavy with the burdens of generous giving and serving; their locks are whitening with the snows of ripened autumn.

The fathers of tomorrow! Do we not love them? They are our boys! What are they gathering of the fruits of the fathers' planting of today and yesterday? In our Primaries they read and hear of the examples of the Pioneer fathers and they listen to the teaching and talking of the fathers of today. Oh, my sisters, my brethren, your fathers and your mothers! Shall we not seize these two golden principles—example and precept, and bind them upon the hearts of the fathers of the future? Shall we not train them to view with horror anything which leads to apostacy, while they hail with delight every beautiful and God-like principle? Train them! That is the key! For the fathers of the future are to lead the way back to Jackson county and into the glorious Millennium! God bless them, our fathers—of the past, of the present and of the glorious, prophetic future!

JANUARY.

A tiny, tiny little lad
Steps softly in on New Year's day,
He makes a bow and says he's glad
To see us: for a month he'll stay.

Young January is his name,
With Father Time he has his home;
His days are numbered thirty-one;
They soon pass by and then he's gone.

While here he brings us ice and cold,
Sends out the North Wind from his cave,
Whose whistle, deep and loud and bold,
Makes stout young hearts feel strong and brave.

His friends, Jack Frost and snow flake white,
He begs them both with him to stay;
He asks the sun to send his light
A little longer every day.

Some times he brings a pouring rain,
With soft, damp breezes chill and "raw";
Then grandpa and grandma explain—
"This is a January thaw."

At last it's time for him to go:
With out a single sigh or tear,
Says January, bowing low,
"Good bye! I'll come again next year."

NEW RESOLVES.

What new resolves have I made for 1903?

How were those made for 1902 kept?

What is the first simple step I can take this year to make my children happier?

What do I feel was left undone last year?

Should I start into this new year longing for more material blessings or for more of the spiritual?

What source of light and truth had I most to be thankful for in the past year?

Do I realize what wonderful opportunities the year ahead of me may hold if I am fully and truly active?

What reading and study have I planned for this year which will help me be a better wife and mother?

How can I make my four walls the perfect center, and not the circumference, of my daily life?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Questions in regard to Primary Work will be answered in this Department. All Officers and Teachers are invited to contribute.

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In answer to many inquiries in regard to the subject of raffling in the Primary Associations, we copy the following from the Juvenile Instructor of Oct. 1st, 1902:

"In a communication which we have received, we are asked if raffling and games of chance, when the purposes to be accomplished are good, are justifiable and proper.

"This method of raising funds is a practice that is quite commonly indulged in among religious societies in the world. Church fairs are held, and a great many schemes are resorted to by those who get them up for the purpose of swelling their funds. Raffling therefore, is sanctioned among many people who would shrink from the thought of gambling. A great many conscientious people, however, look upon raffling as improper, and as likely to lead to evil, as it encourages the disposition, that is too common in the human breast, to risk a small amount with the hope that in doing so luck will bring a great reward. This is the principle involved in the lottery business. There are a great many people in the United States who buy tickets in lotteries with the hope that at some time they will be lucky and get a fine return for their investment. Their hopes and their cupidity are excited by hearing that somebody has invested a small amount and been successful in gaining a prize.

"That is a disposition that should not be encouraged among the Latter-day Saints, and especially with our children.

"For these reasons, raffling is not a good practice, and should not be encouraged among us."

We are in full accord with all that is contained in the above editorial, as also with what is written in the one that follows. It also was originally in answer to a question on the same subject, and addressed to the editor of the "Woman's Exponent," and was later re-published in that journal with the direct approval and endorsement of President Lorenzo Snow:

"We say emphatically, No! Raffle is only a modified name of gamble. President Brigham Young once said to me,* 'Tell the sisters not to raffle; if the mothers raffle their children will gamble. Raffling is gambling.'

* Sister Eliza R. Snow.

"Some say, 'What shall we do? We have quilts on hand—we cannot sell them and we need means to supply our treasury, which we can obtain by raffling, for the benefit of the poor.' Rather let the quilts rot on the shelves than adopt the old adage, 'The end will sanctify the means.' As Latter-day Saints we cannot afford to sacrifice moral principle to financial gain.

"Let us investigate the subject: Suppose an article, quilt or other property, is put up for raffle; twenty persons donate twenty-five cents each; all hope to draw the prize and only one wins, while nineteen, who have each contributed as much as the successful one, gain nothing but disappointment, which is almost certain to arouse feelings of jealousy to a greater or less extent.

"Why not donate twenty-five cents each to replenish the treasury, as well as to run the chances and only one succeed? And then by mutual consent donate the article or articles in question to some charitable purpose, they prevent the cause of jealousy and dissension—the same amount will go to the treasury and no unworthy example and no sacrifice of principle will stain their record."

It should be known that the Board of the Deseret Sunday School Union has, by resolution, expressed its disapproval of raffling and all games of chance for the purpose of raising funds for the benefit of the Sunday School cause, for the same reasons as those expressed in the above extracts. It should furthermore be known that in Utah it is contrary to the State law for persons to raffle with dice, and so doing renders them liable to punishment.

Joseph F. Smith.

"It is our place only to see that we act rightly, and to leave the issue with God. None but He knows which is greatest and which is least, what shall fade and what shall flourish. One man may be the advisor of a mightly potentate whose plans an assassin's hand may cut short tomorrow, another may be the teacher of a little child, whose future life may be a light to all mankind."

—Edward Garrett.

"She hath done what she could," said the Saviour to men,
Who scorned at the service she rendered Him then;
"She hath done what she could," be it said of us all,
When the curtain of silence shall fall over us all."

LIBRARIES.

All Primary Officers are urged to have on hand such books, pictures, music, etc., as are necessary and helpful in the associations. The greater the resources for reference the stronger the work of the teacher. Pictures and music add greatly to the interest of lessons given to children.

Every effort possible should be made to gather together a good working library. Entertainments should be given for the special purpose of raising the necessary means. There may be some in your ward interested enough in the advancement of children to present the association either with books or money to buy them. Try the experiment.

The following books may be obtained from this office:

Primary Roll Book	$1.00
Primary Report Blanks, per doz	.25
A Young Folks' History of the Church, by Nephi Anderson,	
Cloth	.50
Paper	.25
Life Sketches, by Aurelia S. Rogers	.75
Minutes of the First General Conference of the Primary Associations	.10
Life of Christ, by Canon Farrar	75c. and 1.50
History of the Church, published by the Church	1.50
Musical Operettas and Cantatas, Songs, Recitations, etc., suitable for entertainments.	
Strange Visitors or A Meeting of Nations	.30
Who Killed Cock Robin?	.40
A Trip to Europe	.30
Peggy's Dream	.40
The Queen's Surprise	.40
The Little Gypsy	.25
Columbia's Party	.25
Jack the Giant Killer	.25
Dainty Songs for Little Lads and Lassies	.35
Sunday School Entertainments	.30
Fancy Drills	.15
Songs of the Child World, by Gaynor; words and music	1.00
Songs for Little Children, by Eleanor Smith; words and music	1.00

Address all communications to,
Miss May Anderson, 413 Templeton Building,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

I ASKED THE NEW YEAR.

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet.
I asked and paused. He answered soft and low:
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried,
But ere the question into silence died
The answer came: "Nay, this remember, too,——
God's will to do."

Once more I asked: "Is there still more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell:
"Yes, this one thing all other things above,—
God's will to love."

—Christian Work.

THE OLD YEAR.

An old man passes in the night;
His step is slow, his hair is white.
"Old Year," I call, "a moment tarry,
And tell me what it is you carry."
"The deeds and words of all the year,—
A very heavy weight, my dear.
The bad I try to hide from sight,
The good I carry with delight.
But good or bad, I take them all,
To make a part of Time's great wall.
Dear children, guard your lives with care,
Your words and acts are all placed there.
Good-by, I hear the midnight bell,
I beg you, treat the New Year well."

—Selected.

TABLE RULES FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

In silence I must take my seat,
And give God thanks before I eat;
Must for my food in patience wait,
Till I am asked to pass my plate.
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,
Nor move my chair or plate about;
With knive or fork or anything
I must not play; nor must I sing.
I should not speak a useless word,
For children should be seen—not heard:
I must not talk about my food,
Nor fret if I don't think it good.
I must not say, "the bread is old,—
The milk is poor, too hot, too cold."
I must not cry for this or that,
Nor murmur if my meat is fat.
My mouth with food I must not crowd,
Nor while I'm eating speak aloud;
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,
And when I ask, say, "If you please."
The table-cloth I must not spoil,
Nor with my food my fingers soil;
Must keep my seat when I have done,
Nor round the table sport or run.
When told to rise, then I must put
My chair away with noiseless foot;
And lift my heart to God above,
In praise for all His woundrous love.

—Anonymous.

A PRECIOUS MEMORY.

No heritage which a son can possess is worthy to be compared for a moment with the blessed consciousness of having done all that he could do to make father and mother happy during their lifetime. An impressive little story to which nothing need be added was recently told by a man whose form is now bent and whose hair is white with years.

When he was a boy of twelve, he was returning one evening from the hayfield, where he had been at work since daybreak, when his father met him with a request that he go to town to do an errand for him.

Any one who has lived on a farm and who knows what a day's work "from sunup to sundown" means in haying time will understand how the boy felt.

"I was tired, dusty and hungry," said the old man. "It was two miles to town. I wanted to get my supper and to dress for the singing class.

"My first impulse was to refuse and to do it harshly, for I was angry that he should ask me after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think.

" 'Of course, father, I'll go,' I said heartily, giving me scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

" 'Thank you, Jim,' he said. 'I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong today.'

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town, and as he left me he put his hand on my arm and said again: 'Thank you, my son. You have always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house, I saw that something unusual had happened. All the farm hands were gathered about the door instead of being at the milking or other chores. As I came near one of the men turned to me with the tears rolling down his face.

" 'Your father,' he said, 'is dead. He fell just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you.'

"I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since that hour for those last words of my father—'You have always been a good boy to me.' "—Youth's Companion.

ROOTS.

An old teacher was once taking a walk through a forest with a scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground, the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. The tutor said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And now the third."

The boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, hardly shook its leaves.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our bad habits and passions. When they are young we can cast them out readily, but only divine power can uproot them when they are old."

HELP THE WORLD ALONG.

If every little boy or girl
Some loving word would say,
Or just one kindly deed would do,
The world would be so gay.

No matter where you chanced to go,
You'd never see a tear;
And as for frowns, when people smile
They always disappear.

Why should not every boy and girl
Pass through life with a song?
If each one did his level best
To help the world along.

The wrong things then would soon be right,
So try to do, or say,
One kindly deed, one loving word;
Begin this New Year's day.

—Lizzie De Armond.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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THE TEACHER'S CALL.

Give of your garnered treasure
Ever with willing heart,
Never the stinted measure,
Never the needless part.
Look for the cause that calls you
Ready to help as you may,
Most to the little children
Give of yourself today.

Give of your own life's sunshine
And, to the sad, your tears,
Hope to the heart that falters,
Courage to him who fears.
Be to the sightless, vision,
Strength to the weak alway;
But to the little children
Your spirit's best today.

Train little feet for walking
Far from forbidden way;
Train little hands for labors
Of love from day to day.
Train little hearts for blooming
Sweet in their early youth;
Teach little lips to utter
All fearlessly the truth.

Scatter the good you've gathered—
If need be, the all you glean;
Work as a faithful steward
Of the lowly Nazarene.
Tend'rest was He, of teachers,—
Shepherd of sheep astray—
Fold them, His flock, securely,
Carry the lambs alway.

—Martha A. Liders.

FIRST GRADE.

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH.

Opening exercises for the month.

"I'll serve the Lord while I am young." S. S. Song Book, page 17.

To be repeated after teacher:

"Heavenly Father, Thee we love;
To all Thou art so kind;
For when we seek with earnest work,
Thou seest that we find.
For seeds we plant, thou sendest showers,
And sun to make them grow;
Oh, hear this prayer of praise to Thee,
Our loving thanks to show."

"Because He Loves Me So." Page 52.

Suggestive Talk.

1. Once upon a time there was a shepherd who had the care of a great many sheep. He took good care of them because he loved them all so dearly. When they were hungry he would feed them, when they were thirsty he gave them water so they could drink, and every night they were led safely into the fold where they could be safe from all danger, and nothing could come to make them afraid. One day when the shepherd was leading the sheep into the fold, one little one lingered behind and thought it could take care of itself; he wandered off into the wrong path and very soon was lost, it could not see any of its companions, and soon became very much afraid; the night was cold and dark, and the foolish little sheep was very sorry that it had not stayed with the kind shepherd. But the shepherd knew that one of his sheep was lost, when they were going into the fold he counted every one of them and knew that one was gone. He did not want to lose any of them, so he locked all the rest in the fold and started out to find the missing one. Up and down the mountain side the shepherd went looking everywhere for his little

sheep. At last he heard in the distance something that called "Ba'a ba'a," and that helped him to find the poor, tired and frightened little animal. The shepherd was so glad to find the little sheep that he just took him right up in his arms and carried him home.

Jesus has said that He was "The Good Shepherd." Shall we try to be like Him?

2. Marching is a very good exercise for the children, and if conditions are favorable it could be used in connection with the lesson for this day.

Review the story of the Good Shepherd, then say that you will be the leader and everyone may follow. Be careful that no one strays and gets lost. When all are reseated the talk may be continued.

Jesus said to the people once, "I am the Shepherd, my sheep know my voice and they will follow me." I think that He meant that we must do as He did when He lived upon the earth. Let us see if we know of anything that Jesus did when He was a little child. Review early life of Jesus, His home, and parents; their humble life; and lead from that to talk of what children may do today that will be helpful and kind.

Let us repeat this verse to help us to remember the Good Shepherd.

"Like the lambs, we little children
Have a Shepherd kind and good;
It is God who watches o'er us,
Gives us life and daily food."

3. How many of you have played "Follow the leader" at home or on the street? Vernon, you may tell us how to play it? "The children all follow the leader." "And he leads just where he thinks it is best to go, doesn't he? Well, Nellie, what do you know about this game?" "Everybody must do as the leader does." "What helps us to go the right way? Jennie, do you know?" "Our eyes." "Yes, but suppose we are led into a dark room, could your eyes show the way? What can we use in a dark room to help us to see? Yes, a light, sometimes a candle or lamp or electric light. Sometimes when the evening time comes, mamma sits sewing, perhaps mending or darning for us, and she needs something right by her to show where to put the needle. Then at night when papa comes home, there is something on the street that helps him to find his way home. What is it? Sometimes the moon helps but we cannot always have the moonlight to show us the way to go at night. I was thinking of the street lamps. Then there are the beautiful stars, which twinkle so high in the sky. Let us say a little verse about the star:

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky."

4. Sing "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," the teacher adding the two following verses:

"When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

"Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark,
He could not see which way to go
If you did not twinkle so."

How many lights can you think of that help us to go safely? When Jesus lived on the earth He said to the people, "I am the light." Light shows the way to go and Jesus came down from heaven to show every one the right way to go so that some time we, too, may live with Him in heaven above.

When Jesus was a little child what did He do for His parents? How can we be like Him? Do you think that we could be little lights and help others? We will learn a little verse that will help us to remember.

"Lord make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow.
A little light that burneth bright
Wherever I may go."

GAMES.

Young children are apt to get tired when expected to remain seated for any great length of time, and little exercises introduced into the lessons will be found helpful in maintaining order. Care and discretion must be used by the teacher that all the children get an opportunity to take part and also that the exercises never become rude or noisy.

The following game gives all the children an opportunity to take part and exercises may be varied, for the mother's work, washing, ironing, mixing bread and cake, sweeping, dusting, etc., for the father's work, hammering, sawing, sowing seed, raking, etc.

Choose a child to stand in front who shall go through the motions of sweeping the floor, the rest of the children imitate and keep time singing: Tune, Bye baby, bye oh:

Oh, a happy band are we
Singing now so merrily,
What mother does we all may see,
Let Lilly the leader be.

Another good play is the Snow Game. The children all rise, lift arms high, with palms of hands down, now let arms move up and down with fingers moving as rapidly as possible to represent a snow storm. Now choose one or two children to stand in front, to be snow men, two other children may play that they are making the snowmen and when they are ready all the others will pick up the imaginary snow and with strong, vigorous action throw snowballs at the snowmen until they are knocked to pieces and sink gently to the floor as though they were really thrown down by the snowballs.

MISS SKINNER'S BIRTHDAY.

"Mamma, it's Miss Skinner's birthday, next Monday, and the boys and girls say they are going to get lots of fun out of it."

"What is that, Dolly?" asked Mrs. Motherwell, turning around from the table where she was making sugar cookies. "Sit down and tell me about it."

"But, mamma, it's a secret," said Dolly, anxiously. "Not all the boys and girls know. But I always tell you everything."

"Yes, Dolly," said Mrs. Motherwell, looking at her with the beautiful brown eyes, so sincere, yet so loving, that invited confidence from every one.

"Well, mamma, you know how cross Miss Skinner is—never says a pleasant word to anybody, and what a fuss she makes whenever we children play in the grove near her house—as if it belonged to her! Grant Scudder says he's wanted to 'pay her off' ever since she slapped his little brother for picking up an apple outside her fence. And now we've found out when her birthday comes! Lucy Wells's aunt stopped to speak with Miss Skinner the other day, when she was working in her garden, and she told her how we all celebrated Squire Bennet's ninetieth birthday, last week. But all she said was, 'Humph! it takes rich folks to get attention! my birthday comes next Monday, but there won't be a soul to remember it, and, lands knows, I wouldn't thank 'em if they did! I don't ask favors from nobody!' Then she went on

to abuse the village folks, till Miss Carter couldn't stand it any longer, and just gave her a piece of her mind. Lucy heard her aunt telling about it at the table."

"But what is the plan for her birthday?" asked Mrs. Motherwell, as Dolly stopped to take breath.

"Well, mamma, I don't know as you'll like it, and I don't—exactly—though I couldn't help laughing when the boys and girls were talking. They're going to send a lot of presents, not nice ones at all, and they've elected a committee of five to see that they get to her. Grant's chairman. He's going to give her some candy with pepper in it, and Kitty Palmer says she'll make her a cake that looks lovely on the outside, frosted, with her initials in pink, but inside it will be stuffed with cotton." At the thought Dolly broke into an involuntary laugh. It grieved her mother that her little girl should be so thoughtless, but, controlling herself, she said quietly, as she put the last pan of cookies in the oven:

"We won't talk about it any more now, Dolly. But I want you to ask the committee to stop here on their way home this afternoon, and I'll show them how to get the best kind of 'fun' out of Miss Skinner's birthday. But here comes Nora with the strawberries, and we shall have luncheon in five minutes."

"I wonder if mamma really approves of our plan?" mused Dolly on the way back from school. "Somehow I don't believe she does, and yet I can't quite make out from her face what she's thinking about. But I'm sure the committee will stop in to see her. I do believe they'll do whatever she asks them to, they're all so fond of her!"

Mrs. Motherwell sat in her pleasant parlor, with the "committee of five" about her. Their faces were very sober, now, and the girls had tears in their eyes. After some minutes of pleasant chat while they discussed her sugar-cookies and lemonade, she had led the conversation to Miss Skinner, and asked them to listen to the story of her life. Mrs. Motherwell had only heard it herself lately, from one who knew the poor woman before she came to the village, where she had been living for about three years.

"Oh, boys, we must give up our plan!" broke out Kitty Palmer, an impulsive, warm-hearted girl. "I wouldn't make that cake now for the world! Think of the sorrow that poor creature's had! Her father and brother drowned, her mother dead, and after such a long, dreadful illness! And then to lose her little property through that treacherous friend! No wonder it made her hard and bitter! Why, I really feel now as if I'd like to do something kind for her birthday."

Mrs. Motherwell, smiled well pleased.

"I am glad that thought suggested itself to you, dear Kitty. It was just what was in my own mind. What if we all combine to

bring a day of sunshine into Miss Skinner's poor, darkened life?"

"We'd like to!" cried the three girl visitors and Dolly, but the two boys hesitated.

"I don't feel like playing any tricks upon the old woman after what Mrs. Motherwell has told us," said bright-faced Grant Scudder, ingenuously. "But to heap kindness upon her after all her meanness—!" he paused expressively.

"Ah, Grant, it may be the very way to lead her out of that wretched, loveless life! Is it not worth the trial? Think of that verse we sang in Sunday school a week ago:

"Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried, that grace can restore,
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

"I give in!" said Grant, impulsively. "And so do I! chimed in his faithful follower, Jim Andrews.

"We'll make you our chairman, Mrs. Motherwell," Grant went on, looking at the others, who nodded an eager assent. "I'm sure the whole school would follow our lead! Now just say what you want us to do!"

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Oh, deary me! It does seem as if I had trouble enough without that stove carryin' on as it's done every day for the last month! It's gettin' wore out, like myself! And whatever am I to do with it when the cold weather comes?"

Half-choked with the smoke, and ready to cry, Miss Skinner threw open her kitchen-door to let in the fresh air. It was the loveliest of June days, yet her sad eyes took in none of the beauty of the earth and sky. Indeed, the sunshine and fresh breeze seemed to aggravate her woe.

"Jest the day for my washin', if it warn't for that cantankerous stove! And I ain't got down to usin' cold water yet, though I may hev to come to it! Oh, dear! it does seem too cruel that an honest, industrious woman like me should hev her life so full of trouble! I can't afford to buy another stove—them hard-earned savings of mine ain't scarce enough to keep me in food. And the money in the stockin' I shan't touch, for I'm bound I won't be buried like a pauper! Dear knows, my funeral may come sooner'n any one expects, for now my stove's give out, I'll most likely be found froze stiff in my bed, some winter mornin'!"

Tired out from her battle with the stove, she sat down on the kitchen steps, gazing listlessly before her. But in a moment or two she descried a wagon coming up the street, driven smartly by two of the school boys.

"There's that tormentin' Grant Scudder and the boy he's al-

ways hatchin' mischief with, Jim Andrews! Where be they goin' to this hour of the mornin'? Sakes alive, they're stoppin' at my gate—for no good, I'll be bound! I'll fix 'em!"

But the old woman stopped short as she reached the gate, for she encountered the two boys staggering under the weight of a good-sized kitchen stove, which they were carrying between them.

They set it down as she came up, taking off their caps politely.

"Good-morning, Miss Skinner," said Grant, his rosy face beaming with good humor. "Jim and I have a stove here which belongs to you, and we'll put it up for you if you like."

"I ain't bought no stove!" said the old woman gruffly, recovering herself a little. "Must be a mistake!"

"That can't be, for here's your name in black and white!" said Grant, looking at a card fastened to the stove. "Will you please show us where to put it?"

The bewildered woman led the way in silence to the kitchen, followed more slowly by the boys, encumbered with their burden.

"You'll get smut all over you!" she exclaimed, as they began to take down the old stove.

"Oh, it's early yet; we'll have plenty of time to clean up before school," said Jim Andrews, cheerfully.

The old stove was carried out to a shed, and while Grant kindled a fire in the new one, joking with Miss Skinner the while, Jim kept bringing in mysterious boxes and parcels, which he deposited upon the table. He was so quiet about it that the old woman did not notice him at first. But at length she turned abruptly.

"What are you about there? What does all this mean? Stop, boys, stop!" as they were running off with a merry "Good morning." She spoke so imploringly that Grant paused for a moment.

"Why, Miss Skinner," as she repeated her question, "we boys and girls and some of the older folks thought we'd like to give you a birthday party; and we wish you many happy returns of the day!"

He was off now like a shot, while the old woman stood like one in a dream.

"My birthday? So it is, but that plaguey old stove had clean put it out of my head! Who told 'em? That Miss Carter, and I don't thank her! But there, I won't be ugly, I won't! The folks has been very kind to me, and how nice them boys was, puttin' up that stove! Who sent it, I wonder?"

She picked the card up from the floor and laboriously deciphered the writing:

"To Miss Skinner—

"From the boys and girls of Lyndon Academy. Many happy returns of the day!"

"And I made such a fuss about their playin' in that grove!" said the poor woman, and then, hiding her face in her apron, she broke into tears.

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That birthday was the beginning of the happiest years of Miss Skinner's life. Touched by the kindness shown her, she was ready to acknowledge that there was a great deal of love and forbearance stored up in human hearts; and through their tenderness she was led gradually into the sunshine of the "love that passes knowledge."—Clara Broughton.

MAMMA'S SCRUBBING CURE.

It was such a sweet little mouth! No one would ever dream that naughty words could come out of it. But somehow or other they did; and they kept coming faster and faster, until Garry's poor mamma was in despair. She had talked and talked, and scolded and scolded, and even spanked, and not a single bit of good did it do.

Finally she hit upon a brand-new plan, and made up her mind that the very next time she heard her little boy say anything wrong she'd try it, and I'm sorry to say that she didn't have very long to wait; in fact, it was only until the next morning. He was out in the yard playing "horse" with Jimmy Burling. Suddenly mamma saw him throw back his head, and heard him say something that made her feel just dreadful. Jimmy Burling picked up a stone. It was a great big one, and he was aiming straight for Garry's head.

"Garry!" called mamma.

Jimmy dropped his missile and ran toward the gate as fast as his legs would carry him, and up marched Garry, his lips stuck out until you could almost have hung a teakettle on them.

"Well, Jimmy he went an' said my papa wasn't never goin' to have a horse an' his papa was, an' he was goin' to have a team an' buy him a pony; an' he's just an old—"

Mamma's hand went clap over his mouth before there was a chance for the wicked word to pop out.

"Garry," she said, speaking very slowly, "I don't like to have my little boy running around with such words hiding under his

tongue. Just think how dirty your mouth must be! I really think I'll have to give it a good cleaning out."

Garry's eyes opened very wide as mamma laid out a cake of yellow soap, a brand-new toothbrush, and some clean rags. Before he knew just what was happening he was held very tightly, and the nasty-tasting suds were all around his teeth and on his tongue, and even beginning to slip down his throat. How he spluttered and spit and cried and pulled and kicked! But it wasn't a bit of use. Mamma kept right on until she had everything scrubbed all nice and sweet. Then she rinsed the soap out with fresh, cool water and clean rags, and her little boy's mouth was all ready to be kissed—that is, when he felt that he wanted to be. And he didn't for quite a while. He just sulked and scowled, and wouldn't play with the baby or Jimmy Burling or anybody.

By and by mamma called him to luncheon, and the very first thing Garry saw was corn muffins. If there was anything he loved, excepting turkey and ice cream and candy, it was corn muffins. A wee bit of a smile commenced creeping around his "pouty" lips. It got broader and broader, and when mamma took the very biggest one and laid it on his plate it began to look very much like a grin. He even ventured to give somebody's arm a shy little pat. Then he felt something that was very much like mamma's cheek pressed close to his own. Up went both his arms, and how he did squeeze her!

"I won't ever say bad things again—never, never, never!" he declared.

"I hope not. I don't like to have to put soap in my little boy's mouth. It wasn't a bit nice, I know. Now eat your muffin. It ought to taste finely with such a nice, clean tongue. Just think of mixing those dreadful words up with it! Ough!"

And Garry himself shivered and said, "Ough!" and he didn't say wicked things nearly so often after that, and by and by he didn't say them at all, because, you see, his mamma scoured his mouth every time he forgot, and it helped his memory just beautifully.—Laura Gilbert Gunther.

LINCOLN.

Nature, they say, doth dote
And cannot make a man,
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote;

For him her Old-World molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in strength of God, and true.
—Lowell.

At the White House one day during the civil war, some gentlemen were present from the west, excited and troubled about the commissions or omissions of the administration. Lincoln heard them patiently, and then replied: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope, would you shake the cable or keep on shouting out to him, 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter; Blondin, stoop a little more; go a little faster; lean a little to the north; lean a little more to the south?' No; you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The government are carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across."

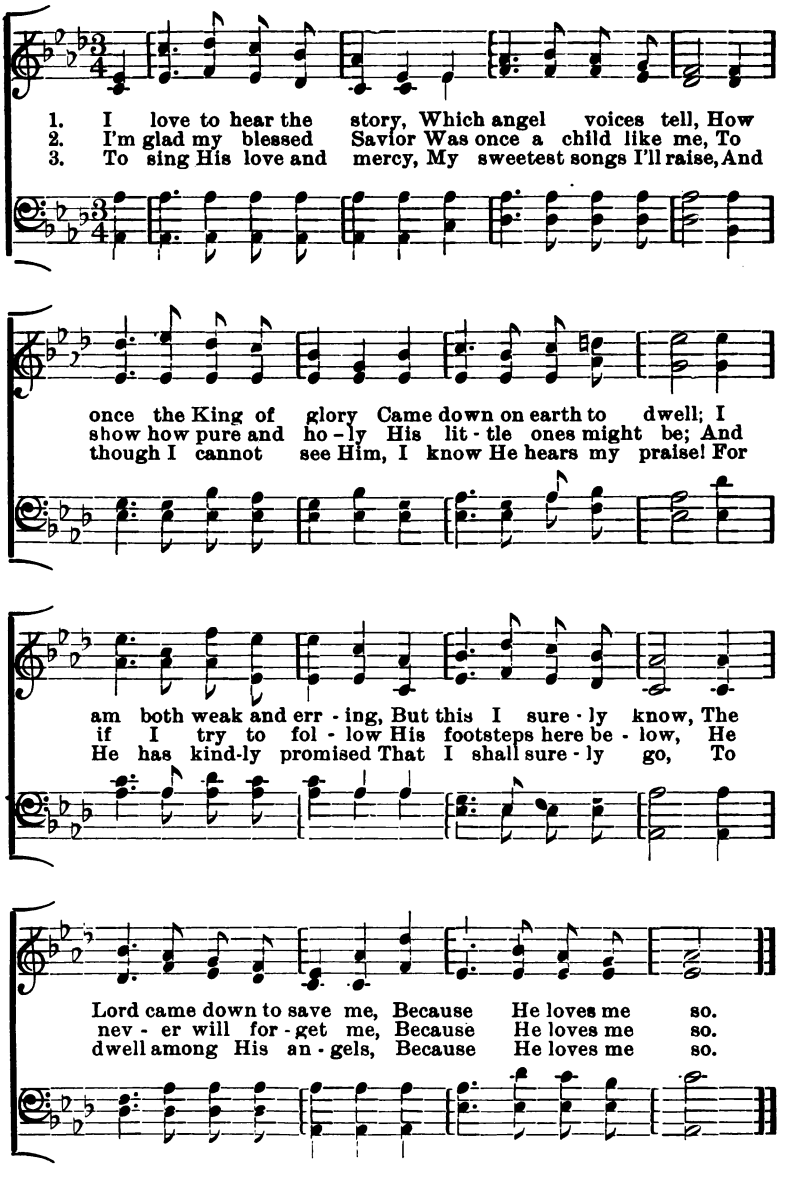
How blessed 'tis to give;
And they who think of others most
Are the happiest folks that live.
—Cary.

Richest gifts are those we make:
Dearer than the love we take,
That we give for love's own sake.
Hands that ope but to receive
Empty close: they only live
Richly, who can richly give.
—Whittier.

How smooth the sea-beach pebbles are!
But, do you know,
The ocean worked a hundred years
To make them so?
And once I saw a little girl
Sit down and cry
Because she could'nt cure a fault
With one small "try!"
—Selected.

BECAUSE HE LOVES ME SO.

WORDS SELECTED. MUSIC BY H. H. PETERSEN.


1. I love to hear the story, Which angel voices tell, How
2. I'm glad my blessed Savior Was once a child like me, To
3. To sing His love and mercy, My sweetest songs I'll raise, And
once the King of glory Came down on earth to dwell; I
show how pure and ho-ly His lit-tle ones might be; And
though I cannot see Him, I know He hears my praise! For
am both weak and err-ing, But this I sure-ly know, The
if I try to fol-low His footsteps here be-low, He
He has kind-ly promised That I shall sure-ly go, To
Lord came down to save me, Because He loves me so.
nev-er will for-get me, Because He loves me so.
dwell among His an-gels, Because He loves me so.

SECOND GRADE.

LESSON V.

PALESTINE AS IT IS TODAY.

When you read in the Bible the account of the mighty warriors and the unnumbered hosts of soldiers under their commands; of the numerous kings and peoples that lived in and near the land of Palestine, you might think your own America but small in comparison. Yet when you journey through Palestine, and understand more about those mighty kings and warriors you greatly change your opinions. For Palestine from the northernmost to the southernmost point—from Dan to Beersheba—is but 140 miles, a distance you could easily ride on horseback in three days; and from the sea-coast on the west to the eastern border of the land, Palestine is not more than 70 miles, a space that could be covered in a single day with a strong, swift horse.

The country of Palestine is not so beautiful to the eye as are our own green valleys and wooded hills. It is dry and barren, with unkind-looking stones covering large parts of the surface. During the greater part of the year there is hardly a spear of grass to suggest life and hope. On the hills and mountains grow no trees or bushes, for they have been stripped off and are never allowed to be renewed. In fact, the inhabitants have to dig up the roots of the trees that once grew there in order to get heating material, the roots being made into charcoal and used for the purposes for which we use coal and wood.

One reason why the general surface of Palestine is so desolate and uninviting is the great scarcity of water. There are few springs and fewer constant streams there. While the country is very hilly and uneven—you will remember the Bible speaks of the hill country of Judea—only in the far northern part are there any mountains in which the snow is held bound as in our Utah mountains. In fact, in most of Palestine snow rarely falls at all. One of the best remembered days in the recent history of Jerusalem is one on which there was a snow fall there. It was so strange an event that its remembrance is vividly alive among the people.

There are two seasons in Palestine, the wet and the dry. During the wet season, which extends from October to March or April, rain falls. During the dry season which covers the remainder of the year, there is never a cloud in the sky to dim the clear atmosphere through which the stars shine with a mystical

radiance. Just after the wet season the earth is bedecked with a carpet of green into which are woven the most brilliantly colored flowers. This beauty, however, lasts only a few weeks, when all is burned into barrenness and withered gloom again by the rays of the fierce sun.

As a result of the scanty supply of water for household uses and irrigation, the people are compelled to store up what water nature sends them and use it in a way that we should not always like to do. Large holes or cisterns are made in the massive rocks that to a great extent make the surface structure of the country. Into these cavities the rain is gathered, and when the parched months come, travelers slake their thirst at these sources. It is hard sometimes for a foreigner to drink with a zest the liquid stored in these caverns. As the season wears on, the color becomes greenish brown like the water in a frog pond, and scum and refuse gather on the surface of the mass. Then if this foreigner happens to come up as a troop of natives are refreshing themselves, he is likely to lose his desire to quench his burning thirst; for he will see the dark-skinned Bedouins and Turks, washing themselves in the water, then brushing the surface nearest them clear of the floating rubbish, and drinking with delight. Once as I was traveling over a particularly desert area, and my throat was burning with thirst, I begged my Mohammedan guide to take me where I might get a drink of water. He led me to one of these cisterns. I looked down into it, and the water was as brown as tea. However, I had the guide reach me a cup of the liquid. He himself ravenously gulped down several cupfuls, before he brought one for me. The color made me shrug my shoulders, but worse than the color were the multitudes of small bugs in the water. Thirsty as I was I could not take food and drink together, so I went on till evening. Then, ariving at a Khan, or inn, I rushed into the room, which was rather dark, seized a quart cup, and filling it with water from a barrel that stood there, I drank to my satisfaction. The next morning, when the room had become light, I was about to take another draught of the grateful liquid, but as I raised the cup to my lips, I discovered its contents were filled with the tiny bugs which the day before had so repulsed me; yet I had drunk and was satisfied the night before, because I knew not what was going over my palate. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

This journey of mine suggests a notice of how traveling is done, and goods are transported in Palestine. Only two railroads have been built there—one from Jerusalem through the hills of Judea to the sea-coast of Joppa; the other from Damascus over the Lebanon mountains to Beyroot, also on the sea-coast. Apart from these lines of way you are sometimes able to ride in a vehicle from place to place. However, there are relatively few good roads; the large stones are as abundant, and the care of the ways

is so scant that generally vehicles can not pass along. So the chief means of travel is on the back of a donkey, a horse, or a camel. Often I have seen a small donkey, with a basket hanging from each side in which was a child, the mother sitting astride of the donkey between the baskets. Stone and lumber, and merchandise, and wheat, and hay from the fields are all carried on the backs of animals. You sometimes come across a patient little donkey with a load much larger than the beast itself. Indeed, a big man is frequently carried by a donkey so small that the fellow's toes knock along the ground as he sits astride the burdened carrier. To the foreigner, the long line of camels with their loads of goods, called a caravan, is a strange sight. I remember the first one I saw. It was in the moonlight, for during the scorching hot days the caravans rest, and travel when the sun is not present to wear them out. There were 50 or 60 ugly, awkward camels in succession, the halter strap of the one tied to the tail of the next in front. Some of the halters were gaudily decorated with shells. The leader carried a bell on its neck. As we passed the line, now and then one of the band would shy and break from his place—thus giving the tail of his fellow in front of him a hard jerk. Then would be heard the coarse curse of one of the guides as he rushed after the shying beast and brought it back into line. Leading the entire caravan was a dusky native on the back of a small donkey. Here and there along the line and also in the rear were other such guides. They largely rode on their diminutive burden bearers. They get so used to it that they can sleep as they go.

There are passenger as well as freight caravans; that is, persons traveling often go in bands. This is on account of the fear of robbers along the way. When we missionaries used to go about, the Turkish government always furnished us a soldier for protection. The government treats all foreigners thus. But as the natives have no such care, they go in groups for self-protection.

The robbers there are not so select in their choice as are our kind. Ours want only money or jewelry, but those in Palestine take everything they can get, even stripping their victim of his clothes.

While I am on the topic of traveling, let me say a word about the Khans of Syria. Perhaps I ought to call them inns or hotels, but to do so would be unkind to the hotels. They are the posts where you get food and lodging on your journey. They usually consist of four walls, making a complete enclosure, sometimes of several hundred yards in circumference. Commonly there is but one entrance to the enclosure. Against the inside walls around the sides the stalls for the animals and the rooms for

the travelers are arranged. When the entrance is closed the inmates are protected from outside attacks of robbers and other enemies. It was in a khan, you will remember, that our Saviour was born. Generally a foreigner doesn't sleep very soundly in such a place, for multitudes of bugs and often lice prey upon him, and make life miserable. Sometimes there is but one large room in which the animals and the travelers dwell together for the night. Let me describe an experience of mine in a khan of the latter kind. Three of us reached it at dark after a long day's ride on horseback. There it was, a square building about 70 feet on each side. It had but one door for exit and entrance, and no other opening to let in even a breath of fresh air. We had for our companions of the night, camels, horses, mules, donkeys, goats and some Turks and Arabs. We were put over in one corner where the floor was slightly raised. There, too, were all the other guests. There we ate; there we slept, with the soldier who was accompanying us on the journey lying guard at our feet. There, too, our Mohammedan companions performed their religious vows and said their prayers, for the elevated corner was a Mohammedan prayer place, having its niche in the wall in the direction of Mecca —the sacred city of Mohammedans,—towards which the pious worshiper always turns his face as he utters his prayers. Our animal companions were all about us. Sometimes the nose of an inquisitive camel would almost brush against us. More frequently during the night a provoking donkey would let out its unearthly bray, or a camel would rouse us by one of its characteristic grunts as it would lie down or get up. Just outside were a flock of sheep, and all night long their bleating, and the barking of the shepherd dogs, and the calls of the shepherds, mingled in strange and disorderly confusion with the noise of the beasts within. I was glad when the morning came that I might escape from the noise and the foul air within to the peace and freshness of the open air.

I see that already I have overrun the limits set me, and I have not told half my story. Perhaps in a later issue of the Friend, I may be able to tell something of the people who dwell in Palestine, and their peculiar customs.

—Philip S. Maycock.

LESSON VI.

OBEDIENCE.

Teachers' Reading.

Life of Christ.—Farrar.
Jesus in the Temple.—Luke 2:40-52.

JESUS IN THE TEMPLE.—Luke 9: 40—52.

Childhood of Jesus—Feast of the Passover—what it is (See Children's Friend, No. 4, page 134) Journey to Jerusalem— how they travelled—Jesus lost—search for Him—Mary's grief—Jesus found—talking with the doctors—"Wist ye not know that I must be about my Father's business?" (Did ye not know that I must be about my Father's business?) The obedience of Jesus.

A LESSON.

"Oh. mother," cried Ruth, in dismay. "If I have to wipe the dishes we shall miss the coach."

Mrs. Blake glanced at the clock. "Oh, no," she said briskly. "There's nearly half an hour yet, and I have so much to do this morning. I really need all the help you can give me."

"Mr. Day said they were going to start earlier this morning," said Ira, uneasily.

"Well, I'll not keep you long," returned his mother.

"Now, Ruth, let's hurry," urged Ira, when they were ready to go. So they almost ran down the street, around the corner, up the hill, and then around another corner to the meeting house, from which the excursionists to the beach had arranged to start.

Alas! there were no coaches there, and no excursionists.

Ruth and Ira looked at each other in despair, and the tears gathered in Ruth's blue eyes.

"Don't cry," said Ira, "I know a way to go now; and we've got money enough, too. We can take the train to the city, and then inquire the way to the wharf and take the boat. We'd get there almost as soon as the others did."

"But mother told us never to go on the water unless she or father was with us," objected Ruth.

"Then you won't go?" said Ira.

"Are you going?" demanded Ruth, irresolutely.

"No!" was the savage answer; and then they both turned and walked home.

The disappointment was very great, and their mother even felt worse than they did. "I am sorry," she said. "I didn't think they would start so early."

She looked at the clock. "Why, it has run down!" she exclaimed. "That explains it. I'll tell you what you can do," she said after she had wound the clock. "Right after dinner you may go to your Aunt Martha's, and stay till after supper. I'd let you go now but I'm afraid it might not be convenient for her to have you all day."

Ruth and Ira brightened, for going to Aunt Martha's was almost as great a treat as going to the shore. They always had a delightful time there with their six cousins, to say nothing of the ride in the electric cars.

Ira immediately began packing up a homemade telephone apparatus he had promised one of the cousins to put in between the house and a room over the stable; and Ruth made up a package of books, consisting of certain volumes she had borrowed and others she was going to lend.

After this Ruth took the baby to ride; and Ira went on several errands, which occupied the time till noon.

Mrs. Blake had made some cream cakes for Ruth and Ira to carry to Aunt Martha, and had then begun on the week's ironing, heating her irons on the oil-stove, which was placed on the kitchen range, and hanging the clothes as fast as ironed on the clothes-horse which stood close behind the stove. Just before sitting down to the hasty dinner, she rocked the baby to sleep and put him in his cradle, which happened to be in the kitchen near the clothes-horse.

Ruth had on her prettiest gingham, and Ira, too, was already to start. So as soon as they had swallowed the last mouthful, they put on their hats, kissed the sleeping baby, took the basket of cream cakes and started.

Mrs. Blake followed them to the door. Just then the door of the next house burst open, and a woman rushed out, wringing her hands and screaming.

"Oh, Mrs. Blake," she cried out on seeing her neighbor. "Johnny's cut himself and is bleeding to death. Come over quick!"

Mrs. Blake almost flew across the yard between the two houses, calling to Ruth and Ira, as she ran, not to leave the house till she came back, and disappeared within Mrs. Dill's.

"Humph! I don't believe it's anything," Ira grumbled. "Mrs. Dill always makes a mountain of a molehill."

"Well, if it isn't, mother'll be back in a few minutes," said Ruth.

"Yes, but we'll miss the car and have to wait an hour for the next one."

They sat down in the sitting-room, gloomily silent. At the end of a very long five minutes, Ira spoke:

"What's the use of staying in the house?" he said. "The baby'll cry when he wakes up, and let us know."

"Mother told us not to leave the house," returned Ruth hesitatingly. Ira waited a few minutes.

"Well, are you going?" he asked crossly.

"Going where?"

"Out under the trees, of course."

"No," answered Ruth, decidedly. "Are you?"

"No," snapped Ira; "Mother told us not to leave the house." Then they looked at each other and laughed.

"Let's have a game of checkers," Ruth proposed.

"All right," agreed Ira, jumping up to get the board.

Ruth paused, in the act of crowning her first king, to lift her head and sniff the air. "Seems to me I smell smoke!" she said slowly, still sniffing. Then Ira sniffed. "It is smoke!" he cried, turning pale and starting up.

The board fell to the floor, and the checkers rolled all about, as they both rushed to the kitchen.

"Oh?"

A light wind had arisen, and blowing on the oil-stove, had caused the blaze to burn higher, and set fire to the clothes on the clothes-horse; and, as Ruth and Ira entered the kitchen, a corner of the light cotton coverlet over the baby was sending up a little flame.

Ruth seized the cradle and dragged it half across the room, frantically put out the little blaze with her bare hands, and then snatched up the baby while Ira, with all fury, pumped the wash-basin full of water to dash over the clothes-horse.

In three minutes every spark of fire was out. The baby was crying, and Ruth was hugging and kissing him, and crying, too. Ira had found the mop, and was wiping the water from the floor, carefully concealing his face from Ruth; for he was ashamed to be caught showing emotion.

When Ruth warmed the milk for the baby's dinner, Ira took his turn in petting him; and they then both watched him eat, and after he had eaten, they carried him out and took a great deal of pains to amuse him.

At length, as he seemed to prefer creeping about the floor to anything else, Ruth and Ira let him have his sweet will, and, collecting their scattered checkers, sat down near the window to continue their playing.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Ruth, after several games, "it's after three o'clock; what do you suppose is the reason—"

"Here she is now," said Ira.

Seeing them at the window, Mrs. Blake came in the front way. She looked very tired, and Ruth and Ira studied her face earnestly.

"Is—Johnny—" began Ira in an awed tone.

"No, dear," said Mrs. Blake, reading what was in his mind. "He's going to get well, but it will take a long time. The doctor said if I had been half a minute later it would have been too late."

"'Tis too bad you had to be disappointed a second time, but it couldn't be helped," she went on "As soon as I had tied a strip of my apron around the poor boy's leg above the cut and twisted it up with the poker, I had to go for the doctor, and when I had helped him to tie up the artery I put Johnny to bed, and then

Mrs. Dill began to faint, and I couldn't leave her till just now, when her sister—

"Do I smell smoke?" she said, interrupting herself, and then hurried out to the kitchen, while Ruth and Ira began telling her about the fire.

She turned very pale at sight of the blackened clothes; and, when she learned about the little coverlet, she caught up the baby from the floor, and, holding him fast, began to cry. This last was such a rare occurrence that it filled Ruth and Ira with dismay, and they hung about her, begging her not to cry.

Finally she wiped her eyes, smiling at their distressed faces. "I'm all right now," she said; "and you are good children. You've stayed indoors all the afternoon. Now go out and swing in the hammock."

They swung back and forth in the hammock for some time in silence.

"It doesn't seem as though I should ever again be even tempted to disobey mother," said Ira at length, with a little choke in his voice.

"And I shall never feel so badly about being disappointed," said Ruth soberly. "I shall think it is for some good reason. Suppose we hadn't missed the coach, or supposing we had started a little earlier and gone to Aunt Martha's."

"That isn't nearly so bad as supposing we had taken the cars and gone to the shore or gone out to sit under the trees," said Ira. "If we had disobeyed mother, Mrs. Dill would have had to use up that half minute in coming clear over, and Johnny would have died, and the—baby—would—"

"Oh, don't, Ira, don't!" sobbed Ruth.

"Well, I won't," said Ira. Then, after a minute, "I say, Ruth, let's go into the house and see the baby."—Lizzie Robbins.

Memory Gem.

Obedience brings forth the blessings of heaven.

LESSON VII.

REPENTANCE.

Teacher's Reading.
Life of Christ.—Farrar.

PREACHING REPENTANCE.—Luke 1 and 2. Matt. 3.

Zacharias, the Priest, in the Temple—the appearance of the angel—the promise—the sign—birth of child—named John—the

wilderness—John's mode of living—his clothing—his mission—"Repent for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."

NAT'S EDUCATION.

Nat was sitting on the low sill of the barn door, listening eagerly to a few gentle, earnest words his father was speaking at intervals as he worked in the stalls. They were all about Nat's education.

"Your mother and I talked it over last night," his father said. "You know, son, there ain't much money to do with. We'd do more if we could. We never had any education ourselves, but we know what it is for young folks nowadays. We decided, your mother and I, that you might have more of your time to yourself for study, or to work for yourself, if you can get the chance. Maybe there's considerable work for a strong boy to do at the store down to the Corners You better ask 'em. You can do what you like, and maybe if you're careful and saving you can get enough together by spring to pay for a term's schooling at the academy. Then by fall I'll see what I can do."

That was all. Corn must be hauled from the fields and wood brought for the winter fires. There was little time to stand idle or to talk.

It is hard to tell what is in a man or a boy until some earnest purpose takes him in hand and makes him show what he can do. It was so with Nat. Never before in the fourteen years of his life had the days seemed so full to overflowing with things to be done; never had there seemed so little time for the doing of them.

He must study to be ready for his examination; that was the most important of all. And then every minute of the rapidly shortening days must be economized, for it was the daylight which must be used to bring him his coveted dollars.

Old Mr. Bellaire, who owned the small store at the Corners, had listened with sharp curiosity when Nat spoke of work at the store.

"What's made ye so keen for work?" he asked. "Want an education? Well, now! That's the way to talk! There aint many that would try it by themselves. Well, no, there aint no work here that I know of. Ben an' I do it all, an' have time to rest. Sorry. If there is anything, of course I'll let you know."

Nat thanked him, and was going out when Mr. Bellaire called:

"Hold on! Say, Nat, why don't ye pick nuts? There was a feller here from Detroit yesterday, selling goods, an' he said nuts were scarce down there this fall. Land o' mercy! They are plenty enough here—beech and walnuts, too. You might do well

pickin' 'em, an' the next time a traveler comes in here I'll tell him you've got some to sell. See?"

Nat was about to answer when the old man broke in again: "An' say! I saw a mink down toward Scanlon's Creek yesterday. Muskrats an' rabbits an' squirrels are right plenty, too, an' there's some otter left up toward the timber, if you're smart enough to ketch 'em. Mighty scarce, though."

Nat had heard enough to bring up his hope and courage. With enthusiasm in his heart, he bent his small back willingly through the hours of daylight gathering nuts. He knew where they grew largest and best.

Then there were traps to be made and set, and he must pass hours in discovering where the muskrats and otters hid themselves. He grudged every minute, too, that must be spent away from his beloved books.

As the days slipped away and brought Christmas near, it seemed to Nat that there was but little to show for so much hard work. Seven weeks had gone since he had begun, and the small box which served as a bank held only twelve dollars, besides a few pennies. It was almost hopeless now to think of swelling the sum to forty dollars by March, but forty dollars, at least, he must have to carry him through the term.

There was Sammy, now; twelve-year-old, ruddy, light-hearted brother Sammy. He seemed to have hardly a care or an ambition in the world. He thought nothing of educating himself; and yet it seemed that the rarest and best of the skins were found in Sammy's traps. The animals seemed to hunt for his traps, wishing to be caught! He had actually saved fifteen dollars, while Nat, who had a purpose back of it all, had only twelve.

There were no nuts to gather now. They were buried deep under the snow. There were only the skins to depend upon, and he must study hard. That was the secret of it; Sammy gave all his time to the traps, for he had nothing else to do. It was too bad, thought Nat.

A feeling almost of despair had possession of Nat's mind as he made the rounds of his traps one day, with these thoughts uppermost. Why couldn't he get money, when it meant so much? He had passed three of Sammy's traps already that day, which held a further store of skins for that lucky brother. They would add at least another dollar to his savings. Not one of Nat's own traps had been sprung. Why couldn't it have been different?

Why—It was a sudden, half-formed idea which flitted through his mind, but it started him and brought a swift color to his cheek. It made him feel hot and angry, as though some one had struck him. But there it was again, bobbing up as though it had nothing to be ashamed of. It was more definite this time, too.

"Sammy's skins!" "Sammy's lucky." Sammy has fifteen

dollars, and three more skins in his traps today." "What will Sammy do with his money when he gets it? Just waste it—spend it for some foolish thing or other. Why couldn't—"

No! Nat wouldn't think of it! And yet he did think of it; he couldn't help it.

"There are Sammy's skins. There is no one to see. Sammy doesn't need the money. You could pay it back to him, anyway, some time. Take Sammy's skins."

Oh, the shame of it! He would not listen. He turned far out of his way after that, so as to avoid seeing Sammy's traps, and hurried home as fast as he could, to find relief in his studies.

But when he lay awake in the night, the first drifting bits of thought were of Sammy's skins; he dreamed of his little brother's good fortune, and in the morning, when he arose and went down to his early hour of study in the kitchen, he could not fasten his mind upon his work, but sat for a long time with his eyes fixed upon the dancing red flames.

Today the thought did not wait for him to get to the woods before it attacked him. When he left the house it was busy in his brain, and had persuaded him to listen while it argued. Long and persistently it worked; and when he reached the dark shelter of the timber land he was too much occupied in his struggle with it to think of avoiding Sammy's traps today.

The very first one upon which his eyes fell held a beautiful red fox!

Was it ordered so? No one can tell. Nat hardly stopped to question. If it had been a rabbit or a muskrat, he might have resisted; now he did not struggle, but with a sudden fierce determination he released the fox and slung it across his back, then carefully reset the trap and covered all traces of his visit.

He did not care to stop to reason now; it was too late. He only forced himself to say, over and over again: "I'll pay Sammy back, some day. Then he won't care."

After that, yielding was easier. It is always easier after the first struggle is lost.

Then Nat's dollars increased. It seemed to those at home that some kindly fate must be determined to help Nat on, his little hoard of money grew so raapidly. Sammy's grew, too, but so slowly!

"The beasts have found out it's Nat that wants the education," their father said, jokingly; "that's why they've quit coming to you, Sammy."

But Sammy had nothing to say; he only looked across at Nat, seated at the other side of the fireplace, bent over his books. Nat would much rather read the pages of his history than look into Sammy's honest brown eyes.

Well, and so it was accomplished. The first of March brought

a new sense of living to the ambitious boy, when he realized that he had only three or four dollars more to win. He would trust to good fortune in earning them in some way at Belmont, in odd moments out of school hours. He would certainly not let that keep him at home.

Then came the day of leave-taking. That is a day always clear in the memory of every boy, until boyhood slips into the dreamy shadows of final forgetfulness. Belmont was only twenty miles away, down the river, but there was as much sorrow and hope in the preparations for leaving home as though it had been on another star.

"Good by, Nat. Mind what your mother tells you."

There was an unaccustomed warmth and tremor of feeling in his father's voice, it seemed to Nat, and in his mother's close clasp and words of counsel and blessing. Somehow it was the sound of the voices, more than the words, which hung in his brain as he started bravely down the road toward the station. He thought of this so much that he forgot to look for little Sammy, to say good-bye, until he was far on his way.

Then he was glad that he had escaped it; he was better satisfied not to have to look into Sammy's face.

A sudden sharp turn in the road made his heart sink, for there, a little way ahead, stood Sammy, kicking his feet against a tree to keep them warm. When he saw Nat he stopped exercising.

"Hello!" he said; "I been waiting for you. Gimme hold of your valise, an' let me help you."

Nat paused, but did not accept the proffered help.

"I'd rather go alone, Sammy," he said; "I don't feel like—like talking. I'd rather be alone and think. You'd better go back home and keep warm."

He spoke with half-averted face. He was willing to be rude to get away from his little brother's kindness. Sammy did not press it upon him.

"Good-by," he said; "you want to write to a fellow sometimes."

"I will," Nat said, hurriedly. "Good-bye, Sammy. I'll write," and again he started on his way. Sammy stood for a moment, irresolute, and then trotted after him.

"Say, Nat," he began. His red mitten was off and he was tugging at something in the pocket of his old brown jacket.

"I wish you'd take this," he said, drawing out an old leather pouch and thrusting it into his brother's hand. "'Taint much, but you'll need it down to Belmont. It's twenty-five dollars. You take it. I been savin' it for you."

Nat stood suddenly still in the roadway, his whitened face turned full upon his brother. Then in a moment more he had

thrown himself at full length upon the snow, burying his face upon his arms, sobbing with all the bitterness of his long pent-up feelings.

And this was Sammy! Careless, light-hearted, thoughtless brother Sammy, who, he had no doubt, meant to waste his money foolishly, whom he, the elder brother, had been robbing for weeks together!

Was there not enough in the thought of it, without this? Oh, why had it come just now?

Sammy stood by, waiting. There was wisdom in that small head of his, as well as brotherly kindness. He let Nat sob himself calm before he spoke.

"Don't do that, Nat," he said, at last, "what's the use cryin'? I didn't want to make you feel bad. You needn't take it if you don't want to. I'll keep it till you need it, an' then you can send for it. What's the use cryin'?"

Nat's passionate burst of crying had set his own honest heart beating again in his breast. Tears sometimes act so.

"I can't take it, Sammy," he said, lifting his stained face, "you don't know how mean I've been. I stole from you—I've been stealing from your traps all winter! Most of the skins I got since Christmas I took from your traps."

It was a plain, blunt confession, with no attempt to shield the wrong.

"There aint no need cryin' about that," Sammy said, with a warm color mounting to his brown cheeks. "I knowed that. I seen you the time you took that red fox. I was back in the woods. I knowed how bad you wanted the money. I was goin' to give it to you anyway, so where's the difference?"

"No, no!" Nat cried, "I can't take it. Help me with this valise, Sammy. I'm going back home."

"Home!" the little brother said, with dismay. "Oh, my! Nat, I wouldn't do that. What! you goin' to tell daddy an' mother?"

"I'm going to tell them the truth," Nat said. He was quite calm now. "I won't make my start wrong, not after this. I'm going to tell them the truth."

And at home, with his face bowed in his mother's lap, he did tell the truth, from the beginning to the end. Then he went to his work on the farm again, with a fresh and stronger courage and hope in his heart.

"Next fall," he told Sammy, "I'm going to Belmont. Then I can begin honest."

He was not afraid, now, to look into Sammy's big brown eyes.—Youth's Companion.

Memory Gem.

"Cease to do evil; learn to do well."

LESSON VIII.

BAPTISM.

Teachers' Reading.

Life of Christ.—Farrar.

BAPTISM OF JESUS.

Matt. 3: 13—17; Mark 1: 9—11; Luke 3: 21—23.

Great crowds of people—the River Jordan—John preaching repentance—Jesus appears—His request—John's answer—Jesus baptized by John—the dove—the voice from heaven. Connect with baptism in our Church today—manner of baptism—why? At what age children are baptized.

BAPTISM OF JOSEPH SMITH.

As the sun was setting on Sunday, April 5, 1829, a young man came into Harmony and sought Joseph for the purpose of making his acquaintance and helping him. This man was Oliver Cowdery, who during the past winter had taught school at Manchester and, as teachers in country schools used to do, he boarded around at the students' homes. In these visits he came to live with the family of Joseph Smith, Senior, and there he heard of the younger Joseph and his work. He was at first struck by the strangeness of it all, and then prayed seriously to God to learn whether He really had revealed Himself in this day. The Holy Ghost manifested to him that Joseph had assuredly been visited by celestial beings and that he was called to aid the young Prophet in his work.

When school had closed, therefore, Oliver came to Pennsylvania, and two days after meeting Joseph, the young men set themselves earnestly to the work of translation. There were few interruptions, and as Oliver was used to writing, the progress was rapid. Sometimes they found things in the Book of Mormon or the Bible that they did not understand, although they talked them over together and studied them ever so hard, and when this happened they asked the Lord to explain these matters to them. Sometimes they prayed just as we do, and sometimes Joseph put on the Urim and Thummim besides; but the Lord always answered them and showed them what they did not understand.

About a month after beginning work, Joseph translated from the plates a passage that spoke of baptism. It said that it is necessary to be baptized in order that a person's sins may be washed away and forgiven. Neither Joseph nor Oliver had been forgiven of past sins by baptism, and after talking over the mat-

ter earnestly, on the fifteenth of May, 1829, they went into the woods to pray for light. While they were kneeling a voice from the midst of heaven bade them have peace, then the veil parted and John the Baptist came down before them. This is the same brave prophet who preached repentance and the coming of the Saviour, in the wilderness of Judea and baptized Him in Jordan. John was beheaded while in prison by Herod, but now he came quickened and clothed with glory.

He calmed them with his gentle yet thrilling voice, telling them he was their fellow-servant and acting under the dierction of Peter, James and John. He laid his hands upon their heads and ordained them to the Aaronic Priesthood, which he represented in life. His words were:

"Upon you my fellow-servants, in the name of Messiah, I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels and of the gospel of repentance and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never again be taken from the earth until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness."

John then directed Joseph to baptize Oliver and that Oliver should baptize Joseph; after this in the same way they should ordain each other to the Aaronic Priesthood. He said that they must not lay on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, as that was not the power of the Priesthood of Aaron. Later the Melchizedek Priesthood would be given them and then they could lay on hands and perform other holy offices.

There was a river near by and Joseph and Oliver went into it together, prepared to perform the sacred ordinance. It was a strange sight on earth, and no doubt the hosts of heaven were glad, for since the righteous Nephites no man had been cleansed from sin in the waters of baptism. Joseph seriously spoke the simple words of the ordinance and then laid Oliver beneath the water. As he drew him up, suddenly the spirit of prophecy came upon Oliver. He was filled with joy and foretold glorious things that were about to come to pass. Oliver then baptized Joseph and the Holy Ghost fell in a like manner upon him. He prophesied concerning the rise of the Church and its progress, and declared many things that were to happen in that generation.

Filled with these exalted feelings, Joseph laid his hands upon Oliver's head and ordained him a Priest after the order of Aaron, and Oliver did the same to Joseph. They already held the Priesthood, because that was given by John, but they re-ordained each other as a pattern for others, since the Priesthood was to be conferred in the future after baptism.

From this time on the minds of the young men were enlightened and they understood things that had been mysteries before. Persecution had begun, and for a time they said nothing about

what had taken place; but soon they began explaining the scriptures to all who would listen.

Joseph's brother Samuel, who came on a visit at this time, was shown the translation already made, and heard the testimony of Joseph and Oliver. After a time he became partially converted and went alone to pray and learn from the Lord whether the work was true. A strong testimony was given him, and soon after Oliver baptized him. On coming out of the water, he, too, began to prophesy remarkable things, as Oliver and Joseph had done. Samuel returned home and Hyrum came to Harmony. He heard the truth and believed.—George Q. Cannon.

Memory Gem.

"Except a man be born of the water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

'Tis splendid to live so grandly,
That long after you are gone,
The things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely,
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keeps its thought of your natal day.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

The longest life is but a parcel of moments.

Two things indicate a weak mind,—to be silent when it is proper to speak, and to speak when it is proper to be silent.

Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.—Horace Mann.

There's always a river to cross,
Always an effort to make,
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take;
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

THIRD GRADE.

CHURCH HISTORY.

LESSON V.

Chapter 5. Young Folk's History of the Church.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

President Brigham Young is to the people of our Church what Moses was to the children of Israel. Moses led his people across the Red Sea and through the desert almost to the promised land of Canaan. Brigham Young was the leader of the Latter-day Saints. Across the great Mississippi river, across the vast prairies and deserts of the unknown west, enduring all manner of hardships and suffering, this great pioneer not only successfully led his people to the promised land, but lived with them and governed them so wisely and so well, that they have prospered and rejoiced ever since in the results of the good work begun by President Brigham Young.

We will tell you a few interesting stories of the wonderful journey of the Pioneers.

At about noon on the 1st of March, 1846, the "Camp of Israel" began to move, and at four o'clock nearly four hundred wagons were on the way traveling in a north-westerly direction. At night they camped again on Sugar Creek, having advanced five miles. Scraping away the snow, they pitched their tents

upon the hard frozen ground; and, after building large fires in front, they made themselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Indeed, it is questionable whether any other people in the world could have been happy amid such surroundings, with such a past, fresh and bleeding in their memories, and with such a prospect before them.

These Mormon pilgrims took much consolation on their journey by likening themselves to the pilgrim fathers and mothers of this nation, whose descendants many of them actually were,

At night the President had the "brethren" and "sisters" out in the dance, and the music was as glad as at a merry-making. Thus in the song and the dance the Saints praised the Lord. When the night was fine, and supper, which was of the most simple kind, was over, some of the men would clear away the snow, while others carried large logs to the camp fires. Soon in a sheltered place the blazing fires would roar, and fifty couples, old and young, would join in the merriest spirit, to the music of the band, or perhaps the joyous scraping of a solitary fiddle.

The hymn and the prayer were never forgotten at the close of the dance, before they dispersed to make beds within the shelter of the wagon, or under it, exposed to the cold of those bitter nights.

The care of Brigham Young over the "Camp" was something remarkable and very uncommon. It extended to every family, every soul; even the very animals had the master friend near to ease and succor them. When traveling, or in camp, he was ever looking after the welfare of all. No poor horse or ox had a tight collar or a bow too small but his eye would see it. Many times did he get out of his vehicle to see that some suffering animal was relieved.

The strictest laws of honesty were kept by the people. If any failed to do right they were promptly brought to time by their leader. One day a boy shot an otter and then discovered that it had been caught in a trap. He skinned it and brought it to camp. The man who had set the trap came and complained that somebody was taking his traps. President Young had an investigation and the boy was brought before the council, with the result, that he had to take the skin and the trap back to the owner.

On the 26th of June came the call from the government for men to join the army and help in the war with Mexico. Five hundred of the strongest and most able-bodied of the men in the camp answered the call. This must have been a severe trial, but, they made the best of this, as they had done of all the other trials they were called upon to endure.

On the 24th of July the Pioneers entered the Valley of the

Great Salt Lake. Tents were pitched upon the banks of two small streams of water. Ploughing was immediately commenced and potatoes planted, hoping, that with the blessing of the Lord, they might at least save seed for another year. Soon after their arrival there was a thunder shower, and it rained over nearly the whole valley.

How well this arrival of the pioneers into their "Land of Promise," illustrates the character of the "Mormon" people. Empire founding on the first day; planting their fields before rest or dinner. Rain on the day of Brigham's arrival, a miracle of promise! Already were the visions of the Great Leader being fulfilled.

LESSON VI.

Chapter 6, Young Folks' History of the Church.

JOHN TAYLOR.

John Taylor was the third President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was born in England, November 1st, 1808. Three years after the death of President Brigham Young at the semi-annual Conference of October, 1880, he was sustained as the President of the Church and held that position until his death, which occurred July 25, 1887.

John Taylor was the trusted friend of the Prophet Joseph; he was a preacher of the Gospel; and as an Apostle, a pioneer, a legislator and finally as President of the Church, he was prominent in his steadfastness for the truth and faithfulness to his Church and people.

The following sketch is taken from B. H. Roberts' Life of John Taylor:

On what was known as the Upper Crossing of the Sweetwater,

east of the South Pass, between three and four hundred miles east of Salt Lake, Elder Taylor's division met the pioneers returning from the valley. That band of men had entered the Salt Lake Valley, selected a site for a city, commenced the erection of a fort, plowed several acres of land and planted late crops; and having left a few of their number with some members of the Mormon Battalion who had joined them there to continue the work, they were now on their way back to Winter Quarters with the glad news that a gathering place had been selected for Israel.

The morning that Elder Taylor's division met the returning pioneers, there was a flurry of snow. The heavens were darkened, the bright sunshine which they had enjoyed without a cloud to obscure it for weeks together, was now shut out from view, and snow fell two or three inches deep. Snow! and in September, too! Was that the kind of climate they were going to? The hearts of some sank within them, and the prospect looked gloomy enough. But that which produced fears in the breast of the timid, only provoked laughter from Bro. Taylor. He bade them be of good cheer, and laughingly proposed to insure the lives of the whole company at five dollars per head.

Elder Taylor and the other leading brethren in his division met in council with the Apostles in the pioneer company. What a weight of responsibility rested upon these men! They had selected a location for a great people in an unknown climate; they had planted seed in an unknown soil; they knew they would have to depend upon new methods of agriculture to mature their crops —irrigation—would it succeed? There were tens of thousands of people on the banks of the Missouri waiting for them to return to lead them forth into the wilderness, to the new home; the means of getting them there this body of men in council must devise; they were founding a commonwealth in the wilderness; the whole world was watching their movements and would hold them morally responsible for any disasters that might occur. With this burden upon them, they might well hold council meetings, whenever convenient, in order to discuss their present situation and future prospects.

But while the brethren were in council the clouds cleared away, and before the warm sunshine, the snow soon disappeared. There was a nervous activity in the camp, mysterious movements among the sisters. Trunks that had been undisturbed on the journey were opened, their contents investigated and certain articles hurriedly conveyed to a beautiful, natural lawn enclosed by a dense growth of bushes. Several improvised tables of uncommon length, covered with snow-white linen, and fast being burdened with glittering tableware, gave evidence that a surprise was in store for the weary pioneers. The "fatted calf" was killed; game and fish were prepared in abundance; fruits, jellies and rel-

ishes reserved for special occasions were brought out until truly it was a royal feast.

Moreover, though the place selected for the spread was adjacent to the camp, it was successful as a surprise. The pioneers knew nothing of what had taken place until they were led by Elder Taylor through a natural opening in the bushes fringing the enclosure, and the grand feast burst upon their astonished vision.

One hundred and thirty sat down at the supper; and if for a moment rising emotions at this manifestation of love choked their utterance and threatened to blunt the edge of appetite, the danger soon passed under the genial influence of the sisters who waited upon the tables and pressed their guests to eat; in the end they paid a full and hearty compliment to the culinary skill of the sisters.

Supper over and cleared away, preparations were made for dancing; and soon was added to the sweet confusion of laughter and cheerful conversation the merry strains of the violin, and the strong, clear voice of the prompter directing the dancers through the mazes of quadrilles, Scotch-reels, French-fours, and other figures of harmless dances suitable to the guileless manners and the religious character of the participants. Dancing was interspersed with songs and recitations. "We felt mutually edified and blessed," writes Elder Taylor, "we praised the Lord and blessed one another." So closed a pleasant day, though the morning with its clouds and snow looked very unpromising.

And we like, too, old Winter's greeting;
His touch is cold but his heart is warm;
So, though he may bring to us wind and storm,
We look with a smile on his well-known form,
And ours is a gladsome greeting.

—Longfellow.

In honor of truth and right,
In honor of courage and might,
And will that makes a way,
In honor of work well done,
In honor of Washington,
Our flag is floating today.

—Youth's Companion.

LESSON VII.

Chapter 7, Young Folks' History of the Church.

VILATE KIMBALL.

A very queen among women and beloved by the whole Church, during her long, eventful lifetime, was Vilate Kimball. Today she sleeps by the side of her great husband, for Heber C. Kimball was one of the world's remarkable men.

Vilate Murray was born June 1st, 1806, in Florida, Montgomery County, New York. At the time of her marriage she was in her seventeenth year. The story of the meeting between Heber and Vilate is a romantic one and is related in Whitney's Life of Heber C. Kimball as follows:

"Meanwhile the sun of love dawned on his horizon. In on of his rides he chanced to pass, one warm summer day, through the little town of Victor, in the neighboring County of Ontario. Being thirsty, he drew rein near a house where a gentleman was at work in the yard, whom he asked for a drink of water. As the one addressed went to the well for a fresh bucketful of the cooling liquid, he called to his daughter Vilate, to fetch a glass from the house, which he filled and sent by her to the young stranger.

"Heber was deeply impressed with the beauty and refined modesty of the young girl, whose name he understood to be "Milaty," and who was the flower and pet of her father's family. Lingering as long as propriety would permit, or the glass of water would hold out, he murmured his thanks and rode reluctantly away.

"It was not long before he again had "business" in Victor, and again became thirsty (?) just opposite the house where the young lady lived. Seeing the same gentleman in the yard whom he had accosted before, he hailed him and asked him for a cup of water. This time the owner of the premises offered to wait upon him in person, but Heber, with the blunt candor for which he was

noted, nearly took the old gentleman's breath by saying: "If you please, sir, I'd rather My-Laty would bring it to me."

"Laty," as she was called in the household, accordingly appeared and did the honors as before, and returned blushing to meet the merriment and good-natured badinage of her sister and brothers.

"She, however, was quite as favorably impressed with the handsome young stranger, as he with her: More visits followed, acquaintance ripened into love, and on the 7th of November, 1822, they were married."

Vilate Kimball was a very kindhearted woman, her whole life being filled with kindly deeds. When Brigham Young's wife, Miriam, died, leaving two little daughters, Vilate took charge of them and cared for them until Brigham married again.

During the famine of 1856 the Kimball's kept an open house, and fed from twenty-five to one hundred poor people at their table, daily, besides making presents innumerable of bread, flour and other necessaries, which were then literally worth their weight in gold.

"It was Vilate's chief delight to sally forth with a basket on her arm, filled with nicely cooked edibles and little domestic comforts, and seek out some poor, obscure person in need of help, though perhaps too proud or timid to make it known. She would often go to the houses of such persons, on finding that they were away from home, and provide for their needs in their absence, in order that they might meet a glad surprise on their return, without knowing the good angel who had visited them.

"While thus feeding the poor on the best that her larder afforded, Vilate would send her own children into the fields to dig roots (artichokes) which she would cook for them. This, with coarse corn bread, while her guests were served with wheaten bread, potatoes and boiled beef, was the frequent diet of the Kimball family during the famine of "fifty-six."

On the 22nd of October, 1867, Vilate Kimball passed to the great beyond and there was great sorrow in the home of Heber C. Kimball. Her remains were laid in the family burial ground and so closed the mortal career of one of the noblest of women, the purity and loftiness of whose character will loom as a monument through coming ages, while the memory of her good deeds will shine forever like the pathway of the just.

"Don't forget that each care
And the trials we bear,
Are blessings though sent in disguise."

LESSON VIII.

Chapter 8, Young Folks' History of the Church.

ELIZA R. SNOW.

All the children in the Primary Associations should know something about Sister Eliza R. Snow because she did so much to help them. When Aurelia S. Rogers, the originator of the Primaries, told Sister Snow that she believed meetings should be held for the boys and girls, Sister Snow was ready and willing to help to have such meetings established. So in 1878 these two good women went to see John Taylor, the President of the Church; they told him that everybody else had meetings except the children. People were very busy in those days and perhaps the children did not get so much attention or care as they do now. They were often on the streets when they should have been at home, and we all know that too much play makes children dull and stupid. President Taylor was very much pleased with the sisters and their loving plans for the children and advised the organization of Primary associations in all the wards in the Church.

Eliza R. Snow traveled a great deal through the Stakes of Zion, and after President Taylor approved of the work, she organized Primary associations as she went from place to place.

Sister Snow enjoyed meeting with and talking to the children and always showed them with great pride the watch which she wore, because it was the same timekeeper that the Prophet Joseph used when he was alive.

She also wrote many of the hymns and songs that we sing in our meetings as well as dialogues, recitations and poems, that were published for our benefit in books called The Primary Speakers Nos. 1—2.

Sister Snow was among the pioneers and tells of some of the experiences of the Saints during their travels across the plains.

"We were two days on our way to Far West, and stopped over night at what was called the Half-way House, a log building perhaps twenty feet square, with the chinkings between the logs, minus—they probably having been burned for firewood—the owner of the house, Brother Littlefield, having left with his family to escape being robbed: the north wind had free ingress through the openings, wide enough for cats to crawl through. This had been the lodging place of the hundreds who had preceded us, and on the present occasion proved the almost shelterless shelter of seventy-five or eighty souls. To say lodging, would be a hoax, although places were allotted to a few aged and feeble, to lie down, while the rest of us either sat or stood, or both, all night. My sister and I managed so that mother lay down, and we sat by (on the floor, of course), to prevent her being trampled on, for the crowd was such that the people were hardly responsible for their movements.

It was past the middle of December, and the cold was so intense that, in spite of well packing, our food was frozen hard, bread and all, and although a blazing fire was burning on one side of the room, we could not get to it to thaw our suppers, and had to resort to the next expediency, which was this: The boys milked, and while one strained the milk, another held the pan (for there was no chance to set anything down), then, while one held a bowl of the warm milk, another would thinly slice the frozen bread into it, and thus we managed for supper. In the morning, we were less crowded, as some started very early, and we toasted our bread and thawed our meat before the fire. But, with it all, that was a very merry night. None but saints can be happy under every circumstance. About twenty feet from the house was a shed, in the center of which the brethren built a roaring fire, around which some of them stood and sang songs and hymns all night, while others parched corn and roasted frosted potatoes. Not a complaint was heard, all were cheerful, and judging from appearances, strangers would have taken us to be pleasure excursionists rather than a band of exiles.

When the family with which Sister Snow traveled were staying at Winter Quarters they had a little house in which they lived that was little better than a dugout, the floor was the bare ground and the roof was such a poor one that when the storms came (which they did very often) the water leaked through and it was almost impossible to keep dry. Sister Snow, naturally a delicate woman, was taken sick from the exposure and hardships she was compelled to endure, and lay sick, sometimes wet from head to foot. She was distressed with a troublesome cough, and remedies of even the simplest kind were hard to procure. One day Emmeline B. Wells (now editor of the Women's Exponent) fixed up some delicacy to take to Sister Snow and finding how uncomfortably she was situated, said to her:

"How in the world do you manage when it rains in?"

Sister Snow replied in her usual cheerful way:

"Oh, I put up my green parasol, and it keeps off the rain, only when it rains too long the parasol gets so wet that the water comes through that as well, the only difference being, that the color in the parasol runs and my clothes are all spotted with green."

Eliza R. Snow lived to be nearly eighty-four years old, and when she died, she left a reputation of goodness, kindness, integrity, and faithfulness. The story of her life is one of honest, earnest endeavor, doing all the good she could. Her name stands high among the Saints of God.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

OUR THOUGHTS AND OUR HEALTH.

An eminent physician has recently said: "Thousands of people think themselves sick, even think themselves to death." The importance of this truth is altogether too lightly esteemed by most mothers. Indeed, many never pause to remember that their own thoughts have anything to do with their health. It is far more potent in its influence on our health than drugs. The thoughts that other people express to us influence our health for good or ill to a large extent. The medical almanac, by relating long lists of symptoms of diseases, has, by the power of suggestion, made thousands of people sick, and turned their feet toward the drug store to procure the nostrums advertised in that same almanac to cure the disease that never had any existence till the unfortunate read that calender. Thoughts are the most potent things in the world. There is no force or power equal to them. The thinker forgets the thought, clothes and invests it with power. and sends it forth quicker than the flash of lightning, and mightier than the thunderbolt. Thoughts make and destroy men, and they build up and cast down empires.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so he is." Physiologically and psychologically what we think and expect tends to appear in us. Colonel Ingersoll used to say that if he had been making man he would have made health catching instead of making disease catching. The Colonel did not speak wisely, for God has made health catching. Health and disease come more through our thoughts than through microbes. Our thoughts are more deadly than germs. Microbes and deadly germs never get into

our minds and hearts, but poisonous and deadly thoughts do. Bad thoughts aggravate and prolong many disorders of both body and mind. Our habits of thought are capable of producing chemical and anatomical changes in our bodies. Anger and sudden passion seriously disturb the heart and the circulation. Indulgence in angry thoughts tends to poison the blood and impair digestion. Much of our indigestion and dyspepsia are due to our thoughts and habits, and can be cured only by changing our habit of thinking and the character of our thoughts. A case is on record where a mother, soon after quarreling with her neighbors, fed her infant from her own breast, fatally poisoning the child. An examination proved the mother's milk to have been a virulent poison resulting from her angry thoughts. The milk of an angry cow is poisonous. This all farmers and dairymen know. Fear thoughts produce changes in the circulation and disturbances in the nervous system, causing many functional and nervous disorders. It is said by competent authority that most of the cases of hydrophobia are due to poisonous fear thoughts constantly harbored by the victim, and not to any specific virus in the "mad dog's bite." His friends fill his mind with thoughts of morbid fear until he finally succumbs to the deadly poison generated in his system by these malignant thoughts. A mad man's bite is as poisonous as that of a mad dog or other rabid animal.

Jealous thoughts have a peculiar action on the liver and bile ducts; and those who suffer long in this way manifest it by their sallow complexion. When people read about heart disease they often fix the mind upon their own heart and dwell upon the disorder till they are actually sick. A man reads of kidney trouble, fixes his mind on the symptoms till he feels a peculiar sensation in his back, concludes he has kidney trouble, and he has. It was brought on by his undue anxious thought. It can be cured readily and only by changing his thought on this subject. The mental photography of disease makes a deep impression on the minds of some people, indeed, many people, and cause much sickness. The discussion of diseased condition by the sick, and in their presence telling of headaches, pains, backaches, weak spells, and such ills as the mind can conjure up, is always depressing and should be discouraged.

It is far more conducive to health to think calm, pure, and good thoughts, for they promote digestion and a pure blood. What a wonderful purifier is a proper habit of thought! "Thoughts are things." Our own thoughts rule us. They rule even our bodies as well as our moral and spiritual lives. Our good or ill lie in our thoughts. Let the mind dwell on the beautiful pictures of health and happiness. Control your thoughts, keep the body under. Keep the beautiful ideals before the mind, ideals of health and strength, and you will realize the expectation, for what we expect tends to appear in us.—Dr. J. L. Parsons, Indianapolis, Ind.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Questions in regard to Primary Work will be answered in this Department. All Officers and Teachers are invited to contribute.

THE NICKEL FUND.

At the meeting of the Stake officers of the Primary Associations, held April 5th, 1902, in Salt Lake City, Utah, it was decided to establish a Nickel Fund for the following reasons:

The work of the General Board has so increased that it is necessary to maintain an office and engage the services of someone capable of taking care of books, attending to the correspondence, etc. Up to one year ago our Board was the only one of the auxiliary organizations without a central office.

Many of the distant Stakes of Zion rarely if ever receive a visit from the General Board; this has been due to lack of means. The richest Stakes in the Church are the ones best able to assist and they are so close to the center Stake that it has cost them very little, when they desired a visitor from the General Board. We hope by the establishment of a Nickel Fund, that all will give an equal share and all receive an equal profit. The money received by the General Board from the Nickel Fund will be devoted exclusively to the advancement of the Primary Associations throughout the Church.

The plan suggested for the collection of the Nickel Fund is as follows:

Each Stake shall decide upon a special date to be set apart and known hereafter as Nickel Day. This day to be when it is most nearly convenient for all the associations in the Stake.

The total amount sent in should represent one nickel for each officer and child enrolled in the associations.

The nickels may be given as voluntary donations, or entertainments devised to raise the amount. If more than enough be made, the balance belongs to the local associations.

Each local association should forward their donation to the Stake Secretary or Treasurer, who will send the total from all the associations in the Stake to the General Secretary at Salt Lake City. The Stake Secretary will give each association a receipt for the amount donated. The General Secretary will give a receipt for the total amount donated by the Stake.

The establishment of this Nickel Fund in the Primary Associations has received the endorsement and approval of the First Presidency, and we trust that there will be a hearty and willing support from all the associations throughout the Church, that the Primaries may grow and flourish and the children of the Saints be blessed and preserved in the paths of truth and righteousness.

Your sisters and co-laborers,

The Members of the General Board.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Edited and Published by the General Board:

VOL. II. MARCH, 1903. No. 3.

THE WEE FLOWERS.

A wee flow'r was sent from the garden above,
To gladden us all one day;
And a message of love it brought in its breast,
To fill each heart by the way;
And the kindly Gard'ner smiled to see
How prized in its home the flower would be.

With care we must water the delicate plant,
And watch that its blossoms grow,
And the message it brought we will learn by heart,
And give it to all we know;
Then the Gard'ner feeding his plant with the sun,
Will rejoice that its work was so nobly done.

The little ones all are flowers sent
From heavenly gardens above,
With minds as fresh as the new-turned earth,
To be planted deep with love;
And the years of our care will quickly tell
On the flowers our Gard'ner loves so well.

—Maud Lima Betts.

FIRST GRADE.

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH.

Opening Exercises.

Song. A Happy Band of Children. S. S. Song Book, page 41. To be repeated after the teacher.

"Father of all, in Heaven above,
We thank Thee for thy love.
Our food, our homes and, all we wear,
Tell of thy loving care. Amen."

Song. Shine On. Dainty Songs for Little Lads and Lasses, page 34.

Suggestive Talks.

1. "Let us see how many lights we can remember about? The sun by day. The moon and stars by night. When we are indoors at night and the blinds are pulled down, what kinds of light can we use to help us to see? Candles, lamps, and some of us have electric light. Suppose we live in the country and father or brother needs to go out to the barn to feed the horses and cows, what can they carry to show them how to go safely? "Yes, a lantern."

"One day a number of men were busy digging in the road and when night came there were large holes left in the street. If we were going along that street and did not know about the holes, what might happen to us?" "Yes, we might fall in the holes and be hurt. What could be done to let us know about the holes?"

"When you are watching for a train at night, you can tell when it is coming by the light that is placed on the front end of the engine. That light is good for two things, it tells us to keep out of danger and it shows the engineer the way to go. Sometimes people have to travel on the water and often there is great danger of running on rocks, especially when the weather is dark or stormy. But good people build strong, high houses on the rocks, bright lights are put in the windows to let the sailors know where the rocks are, and so people may travel in safety when there are lights to keep them from danger. The lanterns on the street,

the light on the train, and the light on the rocks at sea are all to show us how to go and to save us from danger.

"Can you remember what I told you last week about Jesus saying, "I am the light?" It will tell you something else about Jesus. "He saved others." Jesus is like the lights we have been talking about today. He shows us how to go and saves us from all danger if we trust in Him."

2. "If we should pull down the blinds in the day time, do you think we could see as well as before with the blinds up? No, it will be dark. We have shut out the light. Everyone of us have blinds on our faces and we can shut out the light if we want to. Who can guess what they are? Yes, they are our eyelids. All shut your eyes for a minute.

"Now I will tell you about a poor old man who was going down the street, when I looked at him I could see by the way he walked that he was blind. That means that he could not see; the light was shut out all the time for that poor man, and he could not find his way alone. But there was someone to help him; by his side was a little girl, holding his hand, keeping him on the right road. and out of the way of holes or stones which might hurt him. As I watched them I thought that little girl was like the light that Jesus told us about, showing the old man the way to go and saving him from danger at the same time.

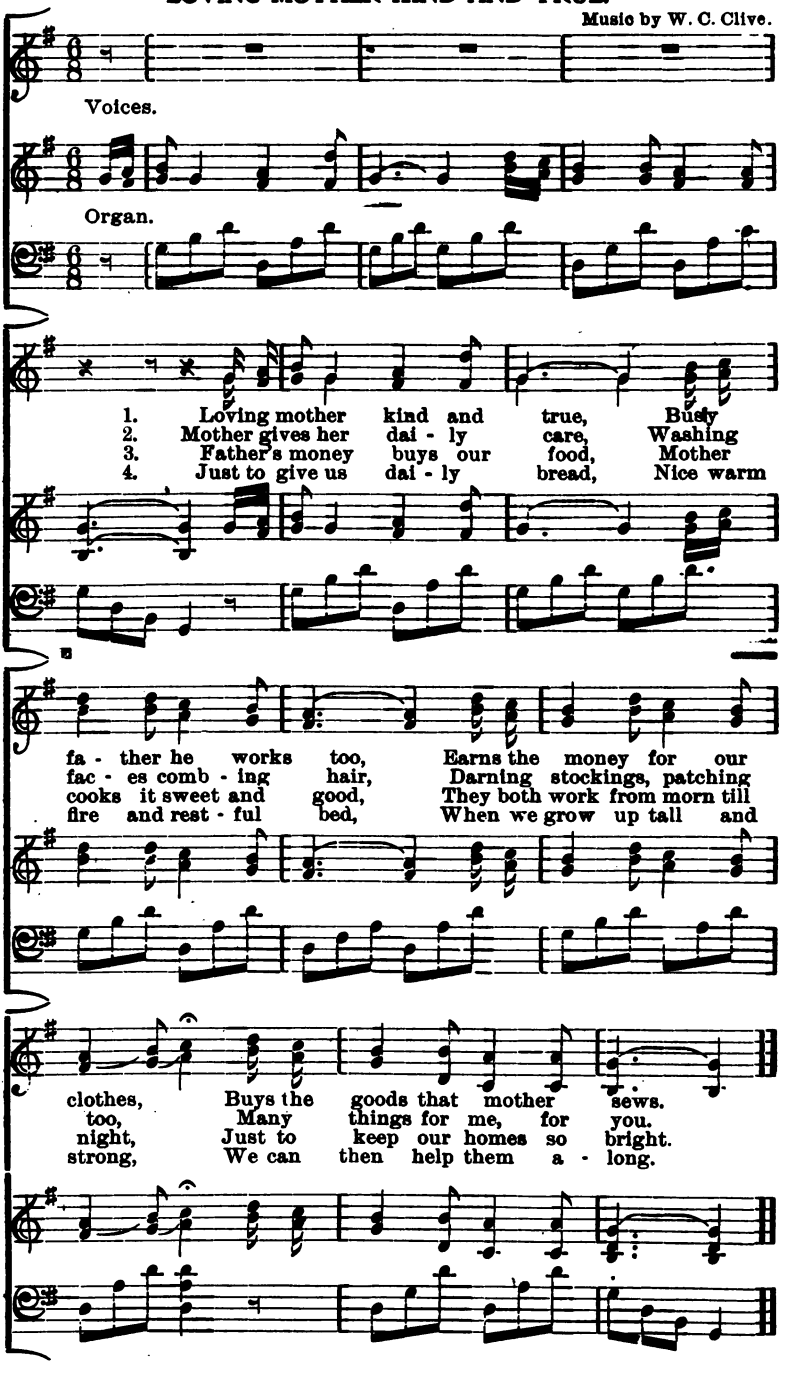
"Everybody can be a light and do some good for others.

3. "Where does mother live?" Yes, at home; who else lives there? Father, mother and the children make a family. What makes the house for the family? Sometimes bricks and rocks and quantities of wood. Who worked hard so we could have a home? Father works every day to earn the money to pay for our home, and what else does he earn money for? Yes, food and clothes. Father does all this for us, and what does mother do? Keeps the house nice and clean, cooks the food that father brings and makes and mends the clothes that father's money buys.

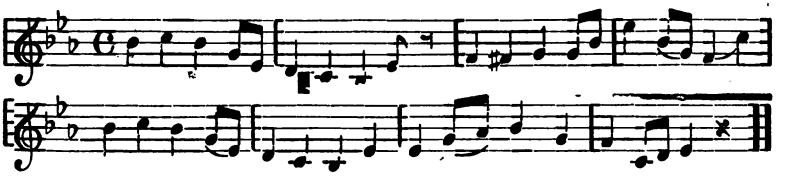
Sometimes we have a little baby in our homes, who perhaps is just learning to walk and maybe learning to talk, too. Who takes care of baby? Anyone else besides mother, who is glad to take care of the dear little baby? That is such a little thing to do to help mother. Let us see how many things father and mother does for us. Would you like to learn a little song about the way father and mother work for us?

LOVING MOTHER KIND AND TRUE.

Music by W. C. Clive.


Voices.
Organ.
1. Loving mother kind and true, Busy
2. Mother gives her dai - ly care, Washing
3. Father's money buys our food, Mother
4. Just to give us dai - ly bread, Nice warm
fa - ther he works too, Earns the money for our
fac - es comb - ing hair, Darning stockings, patching
cooks it sweet and good, They both work from morn till
fire and rest - ful bed, When we grow up tall and
clothes, Buys the goods that mother sews.
too, Many things for me, for you.
night, Just to keep our homes so bright.
strong, We can then help them a - long.

4. Let us say the words of the song we had last week. "Loving mother kind and true." Now let us see how many workers there are in our homes. Father, mother, brother, sister, and sometimes we have other people come in to help, sometimes it is a girl to help mother, sometimes it is a man to help father. What does the girl do to help mother? What does the man do to help father? Each one has something to do and we seem to be all helping each other, "just to make our home so bright."

Now, I can think of a little family which each one of you have, and which you take care of all the time. Hold up your hands and let us see. Here is a family of fingers, and sometimes we say the thumb is the mother, the first finger the father, the next one the brother, then the sister and last of all the little finger is the dear little baby. Here is a little song about the finger family. As we say the words we will point to each one.

This is mother, kind and tender,
Loving all her children dear.
This is father, strong and faithful,
His kind smile is full of cheer.

This is brother, brave and merry,
Growing up so straight and tall.
This is sister, gay and happy,
Playing with her dearest doll.

This wee finger is our baby,
Dearest, sweetest, best of all,
Here you see the happy family,
Father, mother, children all.

How much work these fingers do for us and other people! They are just like little servants. Think, and tell of some of the things they do.

GAMES.

Ducks Fly can be played by any number of children, and in any room. The children all stand separate so they can stretch their arms sideways, the teacher stands in front so that all the

children see her easily. She says: "Ducks Fly," and raises her arms to represent flying. The children imitate her as long as she mentions creatures that fly. If she names a creature that cannot fly, as "cats fly," or "elephants fly," and any child makes a movement, he has to sit down. The teacher, of course, moves her arms every time, so that the children can not tell by what she does whether they ought to fly or not. The children have to think for themselves and have to think quickly.

Sharp Eyes. The children stand with arms by their sides, facing the front of the room. One child is chosen for leader, and he stands where all can see him, facing the other children. The teacher acts as judge. At a signal from the teacher the leader executes some simple gymnastic movement; at another signal he resumes ordinary standing position. The children now try to imitate exactly the movement of the leader. The leader executes another movement, and the play continues until six or less exercises have been imitated. The play may then be resumed with a new leader. The main purpose of this game is to bring out originality on the part of the leader, and to teach the other children to see quickly and correctly.

LITTLE GLISTEN.

Once upon a time in a beautiful lake lived some dainty little creatures. They were so happy playing together, for there were so many of them. The sun shone upon the lake and they were never tired of looking up into his face. It was a bright, sunny day when one of these little fellows, after gazing at the sun, said he would like so much to go with him as he traveled around.

The sun smiled and said he would take him, and, what do you think? The little creature and some of his brothers and sisters found themselves lifted out of the pond and carried up, up, through the air.

They were soon joined by others, and they all decided to take a ride in a beautiful carriage of soft gray. They enjoyed it very much, passing over the country, the trees, and the houses. By and by they began to feel chilly, it was so much cooler riding up high.

Our little friend said: "I am cold." "So am I," said another. "You must put on your warm coats," a kind voice replied.

"Let us all put on our white coats," they cried.

Each one stretched out his arms, and what do you think happened? They did not look one bit like they did when they started on their journey from the lake.

"Oh, look at that beautiful star coat!" and "that lovely one with six arms!"

"Over there is one with eight sides," exclaimed these little creatures as they looked from one to another in surprise.

Our little friend from the lake had such a shiny white coat they all called him Glisten. He was very much astonished at his handsome, glittering wrap.

After they had put on their winter coats they continued their ride and joined a number of other gray coaches which now covered the sky. It was noon, and school was just dismissed. The boys and girls noticed, as they came out, the beautiful gray carriages floating in the air, and while they were watching them down came Glisten with his friends. There were so many of them they made the ground white. They kissed the faces of the children and covered their cloaks and hats.

"It snows! It snows!" cried the happy children.

"Oh," said the boys, "if it only snows enough so we can make a snowman after school."

Little Glisten wondered what that could be and asked one of his companions. "Wait and see," said he.

When school was over, out came the boys, and they began rolling a large snowball. Little Glisten, sitting on a fence post, watched them very closely. The boys made the body, then they said they must have some very nice snow for his head.

"Oh, here is just the thing!" exclaimed one and picked up the snow from the post on which was little Glisten, and made the head and face. There was Little Glisten looking out of the snow-man's face, and how he enjoyed watching the children's play.

One March day the sun grew warmer and Glisten wanted to lay aside his winter coat, and those beside him said they were too warm, too, and wondered what to do, so they concluded to run down the snow-man, and when they reached the ground, lo! their lovely white coats were gone. They ran into the street and down into the river, which carried Glisten and the other little creatures back to their home in the beautiful lake. How glad Little Glisten's mother and brothers and sisters were to see him and to hear about his trip with the sun.

What was Little Glisten? A snowflake.—M. Estelle Martin.

FROM SUNSHINE TO FIRELIGHT.

Many, many, many years ago, in a great forest, there grew a beautiful tree. It was so strong, tall, and graceful that the ferns and mosses beneath loved it dearly, and nestled close to its big trunk.

One day two little sunshine fairies coming from their far-away

home in the great, warm, shining sun, flew straight to this beautiful tree. And as they sat on a leaf resting, after their wonderful journey through air and clouds, one of them said: "Isn't this a lovely tree? Let us go inside and see if we can help to make it even stronger and taller."

So they found a tiny door in the leaf and crept in. There were a great many of their fairy cousins inside, little fairies of the sunshine, busily at work doing their part toward building up new leaves, twigs, and branches, and all so happy that the little sisters knew that they, too, were glad to be there.

In company with some carbon fairies, whom they learned to love very dearly, the little sisters were sent to give strength to a twig which was beginning to sprout, and there they lived a long, long time, so long that the twig became a large branch, and their dear old tree grew so strong and tall that it was called the king of all that wonderful, great forest which stretched for miles.

At last the little fairies grew sleepy; they hardly noticed that their beautiful tree was no longer crowned with leaves, and that when wind storms came the branches cracked and fell. They nestled together close to their friends, the carbon fairies, and fell into a sound sleep.

While they were sleeping many wonderful things happened. One day the wind blew such a gale and shook the tree so hard that there was a crack, a snap, and with a great crash it fell over upon the ground. After a while some soft green moss and lovely gray lichens crept over it. Then the leaves and twigs and seeds from other trees slowly, slowly covered it.

So many years rolled by and so many wonderful things took place, that by and by a lovely lake glistened in the sunshine just where the great forest had been. Even then the little fairies did not awaken, and they never knew that the water was washing stones and sand and clay far over their beautiful tree and crushing it, so that it was not at all like a tree any more, but was slowly turning black.

They slept on and on, while the lake passed away and another great forest grew where the first one had been; but the fairies were far, far beneath the ground now.

At last they were almost awakened by a muffled "boom!" then the tap, tap, tap of miners at work, and they dreamed that they were in a dark, dark coal mine hidden far away from the sunshine and the deep, green forest, with its wild flowers and creeping vines, and that their beautiful tree had been changed into a big, black, shiny lump of coal.

And, sure enough, their dream was true, for in a little while they were taken up, up, out of the darkness into the fresh, cool air, and sent away to a city where a little girl lived; and soon the lump of coal, which was now their home, was put into a fireplace

in the very room where the little girl was playing with her Christmas toys.

Then, as they grew warmer, and warmer, the tiny fairy sisters slowly awakened. They noticed a bright glow all around them and soon discovered that it came from a great number of their fairy cousins who were beneath the lump of coal singing a low, peaceful chant, and, somehow, as the coal began to crackle and splutter, they grew happier and happier, and commenced to dance and sing.

Then they sang a joyful good-bye to their little friends, the carbon fairies, whom they had long loved so dearly, and saw them slip into curious gowns of some invisible material and flit away up the chimney. Next they clung together and danced with joy while they burst out into a glad new song, telling how, long ago, they had come from the sun just tiny bits of sunshine, how they had loved their beautiful tree and had worked so patiently for it, and now, after their long, long sleep, they were so happy because they could give brighness and warmth to the little girl sitting before the fire.

Do you think she heard the song they were singing, the song of countless ages? Do you think she saw the dear little fairy sisters as they danced before her, while she gazed and gazed into the leaping flames? Do you think she guessed that it was real sunshine in the fireplace which made her so warm and glad?—Susie M. Willison.

Little by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the region of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night;
Little by little, and day by day.

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

Attempt the end and never stand in doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
—Herrick.

SECOND GRADE.

LESSON IX.

TEMPTATION.

Teachers' Reading.

Life of Christ.—Farrar.

TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

Matt. 4: 1—11; Mark 1: 12, 13; Luke 4: 1—13.

Jesus goes into the Wilderness—fasts—He is tempted;—the first temptation—the reply—the second temptation—the reply—the third temptation—the reply—Jesus overcame temptation.

ALINE'S AMBITION.

"Oh, I should like to do something grand and brave. I wish I could go out and rescue a perishing crew, like Grace Darling, or lead an army like Joan of Arc. If I'd lived in the times of the Reformation I should have been a martyr—I should have gone to the stake—"

"Aline, dear!"

"Yes, mother, I'm coming," replied the child, as she put down her book and hastened to the room where Mrs. Beaumont was sitting with her baby on her knee and a tiny boy, two years old, by her side.

"I've just received a letter, dear, from Aunt Jessie," she said. "She is going to Silerlea next week to stay with Kate and Florence Desmond at the cottage their father has taken again this summer, and Mrs. Desmond kindly told her to invite you to spend two months with them there."

"Oh, mother! do you really mean it? Two whole months at Silverlea—the dearest, prettiest spot you can imagine! Oh, it is so good of Mrs. Desmond (you would love her if you knew her), and Kate and Florence are such nice girls and—but what is the matter? You look troubled. Don't you want me to go?"

"Yes, dear, of course I do, but I cannot help wishing Beth could have gone. She is so pale and languid, and has such a poor appetite. Change of air might do her so much good, and, as you know, we cannot go away this year. We shall have to be careful."

"Yes," said Aline, thoughtfully, "but about Silverlea, couldn't Beth go as well?"

"No, dear, certainly not. No doubt the girls will have their cousins there part of the time; it was very kind of Mrs. Desmond to invite one of you."

"Very kind," repeated Aline; "but, oh, dear, why haven't we money to go away like other people?"

"Hush, my child; remember our many mercies. Although your father has lost a great deal of money lately, he still has his business. Then we are all fairly strong, with the exception of Beth."

"What are you saying about me, mother dear?" asked a sweet-faced, delicate-looking girl, as she entered the room just at that moment.

"It is such a lovely day," she continued; "the sun is shining so brightly, and there is no wind, only a gentle, little breeze. Do go out and have a walk, mother; you have been in the house all the week. Daisy and I can take care of Bertie and Baby, if Aline is busy. Aline, have you your history lesson to learn?"

There was no reply. All unnoticed Aline had slipped quietly away, and neither Mrs. Beaumont nor Beth saw her again until tea time.

Seated alone in the room she shared with Beth, the child thought about the letter received that day and the invitation it contained.

"Beth has never been to Silverlea," a little voice seemed to whisper to her, "and she does not know Kate and Florence Desmond. She is very shy about visiting strangers, and she would never be willing to accept an invitation intended for you. If she went, she might be homesick."

"Homesick!" Aline repeated the word to herself. Then she smiled as she thought of the kind, loving aunt who was so much like her own dear mother, and the two merry, good-natured girls, who would vie with each other in sharing all their pleasures with gentle little Beth. It was not likely that Beth would have a chance of feeling homesick.

"Why, the garden at Silverlea, the garden alone would make Beth happy," said Aline; "then there is the lake, the boating, the driving, and the riding (Kate and Florence are sure to have their ponies there)."

"Still, you want to go," whispered the little voice," and the invitation was for you, and—"

"Yes, it was for me, and I should have been delighted to go, only Beth needs to go far more than I do. Oh! why don't I feel ever so pleased to give up? Why does it seem difficult?"

She knelt down by her own little bed as she asked herself the question, and when she rose from her knees and went away down stairs, a few minutes later, the victory was won.

"Beth shall go," she repeated to herself, and when her mother

returned an hour later from the walk Beth had prevailed upon her to take, she told her of her decision.

"Mother, dear," she whispered, fearful of being overheard, "please write to Aunt Jessie tonight and tell her how delicate Beth has seemed lately and how much she needs a change, and ask her to ask Mrs. Desmond kindly to send an invitation for her instead of for me. Only be sure you make her quite understand that Beth must never know that I was invited first. This must be a little secret between you and me. You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Beaumont, as she kissed the child's flushed face, "I quite understand, and I cannot tell you how pleased, how thankful I am to find you so ready, so willing to give up your own pleasure for Beth's sake."

"But I wasn't willing at first," interrupted Aline; "and only think, mother, just before you told me about the invitation, I had been thinking how I should like to do some great, grand work; and then when I had the chance of doing something for our own dear Beth, why, I felt I'd rather not do it until—until I prayed and asked God to take away the horrid, selfish feeling. He did take it away, really and truly. I am now more pleased to think about Beth going to Silverlea than I was when I hoped to go there myself. It's all settled now."

Yes, it was all settled. Three days later an invitation came for Beth, and a week later she went to Silverlea. She wrote home twice each week, and as Aline read the letters, giving full descriptions of all the plasures she was enjoying, she felt glad that she had put her own wishes on one side. And when her Aunt Jessie wrote saying that the change of air was doing Beth a wonderful amount of good, and that she was daily growing stronger, she felt, as she told her mother, "happier than she had ever done in all her life."

"I don't believe," she said, "that Grace Darling or Joan of Arc ever felt any happier."—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will aid you
Some other to win."

LESSON X.

REVERENCE FOR HOUSES OF WORSHIP.

Teacher's Reading.

Life of Christ.—Farrar.

Picture, "Christ Driving out the Money Changers."

CLEANSING THE TEMPLE.

John 2: 13—25.

Jesus goes to Jerusalem—the feast—the Temple—the money-changers, oxen, sheep, etc.—the command of Jesus—how it was obeyed—Our houses of worship—how they should be respected.—**Why?**

A RED MAN'S REVERENCE FOR THE LORD'S HOUSE.

School had closed for the day, and a heavy, wet snow was falling.

As the larger boys rushed out, they began catching up handfuls of the wet snow, squeezing it into balls and throwing them at each other. They were laughing so merrily and having such fun that seven-year-old Georgie Morse wanted to join them. He picked up some snow and made a ball, as the other boys were doing. Then he looked about to see whom he should throw it at.

"Hit me, little boy; me no hurt you," said some one so close to Georgie that it made him jump; and looking around, he saw standing but a step or two from him a great, tall Indian "brave," with a large, heavy, red blanket over him. His face was painted red, with yellow stripes on it. He smiled at Georgie, and stepping back a short distance said good-naturedly, "Hit Powder-witch, little boy, Powder-witch no hurt you!"

George felt so encouraged by the friendly way in which the red man introduced himself, that he drew up his little form, raised his arm and threw the snow-ball with all his force at the painted face. He struck it, too, which made the Indian wince and rub his cheek with his hand, and then shout with laughter, as he gathered up a handful of snow and scattered it over Georgie's cap This Georgie thought was just fine sport; for it seemed the red man didn't know anything about playing snow-ball, and so he could easily hold his own with him, and more, too.

The Indian took care of his face after that first throw of Georgie's, covering it with his blanket when the little boy would raise his arm to throw. And that pleased Georgie and made him laugh as much as it would have done to hit the red man's face.

Powder-witch still played very cautiously, that he might not hurt or even frighten his little play-fellow; and the two were having as jolly a time as any on the ground, when something very sad happened.

Great, clumsy Zim Starker came lumbering that way, with a very hard snow-ball, which he had been squeezing a long time; and instead of throwing it at some one his own size or age, as if to try to be smart by spoiling the sport between Powder-witch and his new friend, Zim struck an awful blow with the hard ball right on the side of poor little Georgie's head.

With a cry of pain, Georgie went tumbling head over heals into a pile of frozen snow and gravel, upon which his face was badly cut and bruised. He did not see what happened next, as he was picked up and carried home by some of his neighbor boys.

But the other boys heard a short, sharp war-whoop given, as Powder-witch first bounded into the air, and then commenced pelting Zim vigorously, not only with snow but with stones from the gravel pile.

Zim made no effort whatever to defend himself, but, running to the door of the school-house, either fell or was knocked down on the step by a stone or hard snow-ball from the Indian's strong swift hands.

If Georgie had seen Powder-witch then, he would no longer have thought the red man didn't know how to play; and, whatever his first feelings might have been toward Zim, when that great, big fellow had struck and hurt him so, he would have pitied him, and would have cried for Powder-witch to stop, had he seen how mercilessly the Indian pelted the boy.

The stones and snow-balls, piling up on Zim and on the step, bounced against the school-house door, and finally shook it open Then the stones and snow went rolling and whizzing into the house.

Nannie Myers, a young woman who had stayed in the school-room to study for a while, now came to the door.

None of the boys had dared to interfere with the angry red man, or to try to assist Zim; or perhaps they felt as if Zim deserved a good thrashing and was getting it.

But when Nannie came to the door and saw what was going on, she shook her head at Powder-witch, and raised her hand for him to stop.

"Um pike! Um pike, squaw;" Powder-witch called to Nannie, in answer to her movement in Zim's behalf, meaning "You go! You go, woman!"

Instead of retreating into the house, however, Nannie stepped bravely out, clambering over the boy and the snow and stones on the door step. An Indian always admires a brave and daring action, and despises cowardice; and Powder-witch let his hand drop instead of throwing again as Nannie stepped out.

She approached the Indian, and laid her hand on his arm.

"See what you have done to the school-house!" she said,

pointing to the stones and snow that littered the floor and doorway, as Zim slowly got up and sneaked off.

"Ka wyno wickyup! Ka wyno boys!" said the brave, savagely, by which he meant, "The house is not good! The boys are not good!"

Nannie could talk with the Indians some, and she answered Powder-witch very gravely:

"Wickyup shonta wyno! Great Spirit's wickyup! Bishop, Bishop's wyno white men kim ick wickyup, tegwin Great Spirit!"

As she spoke of the Great Spirit," Nannie raised her eyes toward heaven, and Powder-witch understood her. She had told him that the house was very good; that it was the Lord's house, and that the Bishop and his good men came to it to talk with the Lord.

Powder-witch had thought of it only as a school-house for such boys as Zim; but when Nannie had impressed him with the thought that it was also used for a house of worship—as in earlier times it often happened that the same building had to answer for both meeing and school-house,—the Indian's manner changed at once.

Dropping his blanket on to his shoulders, thus reverentially uncovering his head, he stepped humbly forward, and with his moccasined feet cleared off every stone and all the snow he had thrown upon the doorstep and floor, leaving them cleaner than they were before he came there.

It is good to be able to tell that the next morning before school time, although quite stiff and lame, Zim Starker hobbled over to the home of Georgie Morse, anxious to know if the little boy was much hurt; and it was a great relief to Zim to find that Georgie was nearly all right, and not seriously injured.

Zim's apology for his thoughtlessness in hitting Georgie as he did was gladly accepted, and he was freely forgiven.

Nannie Myers told the school teacher of the great reverence shown by the red man for the house of the Lord. The story was repeated to the whole school, and it helped the boys and the girls as well to remember to show proper respect to the house themselves.—L. Lula Greene Richards.

LESSON XI.

KINDNESS.

Teachers' Reading.

Life of Christ.—Farrar.

Picture, "Jesus and the Woman of Samaria."

THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

John 4: 1—43.

The journey—Samaria—Jews and Samaritans unfriendly—Why?—Jesus sits down to rest—Woman comes to the well—request of Jesus—the conversation—surprise of disciples—Why?

PLAIN LITTLE PUG.

Her real name was Edith, but none of her brothers or sisters ever dreamt of calling her anything but Pug. She had received her nickname very early in life, in fact, upon the occasion of her first introduction to her family. She was only a day old when nurse proudly displayed her, a cosy little bundle of flannel, to her eager brothers and sisters. She was small and red, with silky black hair and big wondering dark eyes. Her brother Maurice, a fat little boy of four, burst out excitedly—"Look, oh, look at its wee crumple nose! It's a darling, so it is; just exactly like a dear little pug puppy." From that day forward the baby was known as Pug, and as Pug she grew up to be an odd, dark, elfish-looking child, with great, burning, wistful eyes, a swarthy skin, and quantities of troublesome black hair.

Pug was not strong, and when the others were romping and shouting, she would sit with a book in her lap, reading and dreaming alone. Among all her melancholy fancies the one which troubled her most was the idea that she was ugly. She had an intense love of beauty, and because the rest of the family were fair she fancied that no charm would be found in her little dark face.

Pug was often consumed by a fierce jealousy of Julie, her pretty little sister, whom she loved dearly at other times. Julie was so graceful, with her rippling hair and soft voice, such a favorite with the elder brothers and sisters, and even with the nurse.

Pug was always imagining slights, and fancying that nobody loved her, not seeing that she never tried to be pleasant, helpful, or lovable, that she discouraged all attempts at friendliness by her cold, shy manner. Poor Pug!

One winter's day when she was about eight years old, Pug was sitting up in the window-seat, reading, and twisting a lock of hair round her little brown fingers, as she had a habit of doing. It was too wet to go out, so she was dressed in a washed-out Holland dress and little well-worn shoes, rubbed almost white at the

toes. The Raymonds were not rich, and few new clothes found their way to the nursery. Pug was deep in her book when Julie came running into the room with sparkling eyes.

"What do you think, Pug? A visitor is coming tomorrow to stay a week! He comes from Australia. Just fancy! And he hasn't been in England for years and years. Mother said so. Do you think he would p'r'haps give us chocolate like the last visitor that stayed here?"

"I don't know," said Pug slowly. There were so many brothers and sisters that the nursery children seldom got presents of sweets or toys. Pug seldom got on well with strangers, who did not take to her as they did to Julie, and she did not expect to make friends with the Australian.

He came the next day—a big, bearded man, with a loud voice and a cheerful laugh. He had a pleasant, rugged face, with bright, kindly eyes, and when he took Pug's shy little hand in his great, strong, warm one, the child looked up at him with a timid liking just dawning in her strange, dark eyes. The small child had an odd fascination for the big Australian, and the two were soon fast friends. It was a new experience for Pug to be anyone's favorite, and it made her very happy. Her friend stayed for some time, and every day she grew to love and trust him more and more. He was very kind to the children. They called him Mr. Billy, for he had a very long and tiresome surname.

His visit was like a dream of delight to Pug. Sometimes he would take her out for a walk alone, and once they lunched at a confectioner's, and afterwards she was bowled smoothly along in a carriage, with Mr. Billy talking kindly at her side. How happy she was that day! The odd friendship amused every one, and pleased Mrs. Raymond, who had a very soft corner in her heart for wayward little Pug.

As for the child herself, she was never shy with Mr. Billy, and one day he somehow discovered the reason of Pug's gloomy solitude in the nursery. He listened gravely, but with an occasional sudden twinkle in his eyes, to Pug's complaints of her uglines, her dissatisfaction with the little, odd, dark face which had attracted him from the first.

They were walking together when Pug made her little moan, and that evening she was very late for supper. Nurse wondered where she was, but Julie observed a little wistfully, "She's out with Mr. Billy."

Pug went to bed early that night, for she wanted to think about his advice. It was so nice to nestle down contentedly in her little cozy bed and watch the firelight flickering on the ceiling while she thought rapturously of Mr. Billy's sympathy and love. He said that she reminded him of a young sister of his who had died. She had not been an actually pretty girl, but the beauty

of her soul had been reflected in her face, and had made it the sweetest face in the world to many men and women who had loved her.

Mr. Billy's eyes had been bright with tears when he spoke of her, and he had inspired Pug with a longing for this loveliness, the truest and best in the world. How little she had ever tried to please the others! She could not remember a single instance when she had sacrificed herself in the slightest degree for them. She seldom joined in their games, she was cross and impatient when they disturbed her. Could she wonder if they did not love her as she wished? She was often unkind to Julie—Julie, who was so sweet and faithful always. Pug sobbed and slipped gently out of bed. She heard her sister's soft, regular breathing as she crossed the floor. Julie lay fast asleep, her flushed cheek buried in the fair hair which shone like a golden mist in the dim firelight. Pug kissed the warm, parted lips—she was not jealous now. On her knees beside her sleeping sister, the child asked God to give her strength to live a beautiful life. She could not explain it in words, but her heart was praying for a loving influence whose sweetness would remain with her brothers and sisters all their lives.

For some days all went smoothly with Pug. Her friendship with Mr. Billy made her a person of importance in the nursery, and she found it quite easy to be good-tempered and sociable. Then Mr. Billy went away, and Pug was in despair. He went to Paris, leaving to the children happy memories of sweets and puzzles, and visits to the circus.

But to Pug he left more. One the day of his departure he gave her a little miniature, a sweet girl's face framed in brilliants. It was his young sister who had died, and Mr. Billy had had it copied from a portrait of his own.

"I shall look at it whenever I feel cross and horrid," whispered Pug, as she said good-bye to her friend. "Thank you very much, and I do love you, dear—dear Mr. Billy."

When he was gone the child was very lonely, but she tried hard to interest herself in others and think less of herself.

But one day, about a fortnight after Mr. Billy had left, Pug lost her temper and struck Julie. Mrs. Raymond was out all day, but in the evening she entered the room with a happy smile on her face. She did not notice Julie's red eyes and Pug's defiant expression, nor that they were seated far apart, but began at once—

"Julie and Pug, here's a delightful invitation for you to go to a children's party at Mrs. Glenville's next week!"

Both the little girls forgot their quarrel and jumped up. Pug clapped her hands, but practical Julie said slowly, "How can we go, mother? You know you said you couldn't get us new dresses

this winter, and our old ones are too shabby to wear. Besides, Pug spilt lemonade all over hers at the last party we went to."

"Ah, but you don't know all my news yet," replied the mother, with a happy laugh. "Come down to my bedroom, both of you, and see what is lying on the bed."

"Oh, what?" cried both children in a breath, as they hurried down stairs.

"Something which came by mail a few minutes ago—something which came from Paris from Mr. Billy," said Mrs. Raymond, still smiling.

Julie and Pug ran up to the bed, and then stood still in a perfect ecstacy. Two dresses lay there—soft, gauzy clouds—but it was upon the nearest one that both pairs of eyes were riveted in breathless admiration. This dress was pink, of the most beautiful shade.

"Which is for which?" was the children's first question.

The other dress was not nearly so attractive to a child, although really quite as pretty. It was a soft, clear yellow, trimmed with silk of a beautiful bronze shade. "Mr. Billy writes," said Mrs. Raymond, "that he saw these dresses, and simply could not resist them. They are exactly the same size, and so are you, and therefore one of you must choose. I think they will just fit you. Julie chose between the two dolls auntie sent at Christmas, so it is Pug's turn now."

Julie's face flushed scarlet with anxiety, but she bravely looked away from Pug. She longed desperately for the pink dress, but she thought it was most probable that Pug did so, too. And Pug stood silently there with all sorts of conflicting feelings surging wildly in her heart. To her the yellow and brown dress looked almost ugly beside the glowing pink. It was so seldom, too, that the little Raymonds got new dresses, that this was no ordinary choice. Pug scarcely glanced at the yellow one; the glory of the pink fascinated her, and she could hardly turn her eyes from it. But already she was resolving to do so. She was trying to ask herself what Mr. Billy's sister would have done. Ah! she knew it well. She thought of the many presents she had received from Mr. Billy in which Julie did not share; and Julie had been so sweet and sympathizing, never showing jealousy as Pug herself would have done.

"Now, Pug, decide quickly," said her mother's cheerful voice, but Pug had already decided. There were tears in her eyes, and she felt half-choked, but she said steadily, "I should like the yellow one, please."

Julie flung her arms around Pug's neck. "Oh, I am so glad you like it best," she cried. "I was hoping so for the pink. It is perfectly lovely."

"So is mine," said Pug bravely, and no one noticed the break

in her voice. Julie must never know, or all the pleasure of her dress would be spoilt. When both dresses had been admired by the whole household and were folded carefully away, the little ache left Pug's heart, and she felt peaceful and happy. The sacrifice had been very hard, all the more because she had to appear as if there was no sacrifice at all. Everyone thought that Pug preferred the yellow dress, and she was determined they should never think otherwise.

All the week she was gentle and good, and at last the day of the party came. Julie looked radiant in the pink dress, which showed off her fair skin and golden hair.

When Pug was dressed she looked eagerly at her quaint little figure in the glass in her mother's room, where they were waiting. A sudden flush overspread her features. She saw that she looked better than she had ever done before. She did not know the reason, but her mother noticed the soft light shining in her dark eyes, and saw that the clear yellow color of the dress suited her well. "I am proud of my little daughters," she said, as she kissed them, and Pug saw the tender appreciation in her eyes as she stroked her dusky hair. "I hope you will enjoy yourselves, and be very good."

They did enjoy themselves; in fact, Pug thought there never was such a party. They danced, and laughed and chattered to their heart's content, and came home glowing with pleasure, though very tired. Pug passed her eldest brother Tom on her way upstairs, and he stopped short with a little whistle of astonishment. "Upon my word, Pug, you do look jolly!" he said briefly, with a sudden kiss on the top of her ear,—and Pug's bliss was complete.---Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits."

LESSON XII.

FORGIVENESS.

Teacher's Reading.

Life of Christ.—Farrar.
Picture, "Sermon on the Mount."

SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

Matt. 5, 6, and 7.

Jesus speaks to the people—teaches them to be merciful (5: 7)—to love their enemies (5: 43—48)—how to pray (6:5—13)—forgiveness (6: 14, 15)—the Golden Rule (7: 12).

CHICO'S REVENGE.

Chico was a Pueblo Indian boy. His home was a small, flat-roofed adobe in an Indian village on the Rio Grande in New Mexico.

He was fourteen, and a very bright, active lad. At the Mission school near the village he had learned to read and speak the English language well; here, too, he had learned about Christ, His gentleness and self-sacrificing life, and Chico wished to become brave and good like Him.

One warm morning in Midsummer, Chico took a large basket —one that his own father had made—and went to the mountains to gather wild red raspberries for his sick mother. The bushes that lined the canyon were heavy with the dainty wild fruit, and he was not long in filling his basket.

As he refreshed himself at the clear spring up in the mountain, he remembered how his mother had been wishing for some good crackers to eat.

"I know," he said to himself, his dark eyes beaming; "I'll take these berries down to Modus' store, and trade them for crackers and sugar. Then I'll come back here and pick some more berries to take home. I'll surprise her, and make her glad, too."

So saying the Pueblo lad put a strong stick under the basket handle, and, elevating the load to his shoulder, started down the mountain. The thought of the good things which he would get in exchange for his wild fruit made him happy.

Sam Modus was a white man, who had a small country store about three miles from the village where Chico lived. Tired and warm from his long walk, the Indian boy entered the store and placed his basket of fruit on the counter.

"What have you there?" asked the storekeeper, laying aside a newspaper and coming forward.

Modus was a sharp-eyed, gruff-speaking man, and the sensitive lad shrank back half-timidly.

"What have you there, I say?"

"Berries from the mountain," answered Chico, coloring beneath the searching eyes of the country merchant.

"Oh, some mountain raspberries!" beginning to eat from the basket. "They're fine. What do you want for them?"

"Some crackers and sugar," returned Chico, looking with natural boyish longing at the pretty striped sticks of candy in the glass jars on the shelf. "I can do without candy, though," he quickly told himself. "But mother is sick. She must have something nice to eat."

"Are you Jose Pisano's boy?" abruptly asked the storekeeper.

"Yes, sir," said Chico.

"I thought so," Modus returned, taking up the basket of

raspberries. "Well, boy, your father owed me thirty cents when he died last Spring, and I'll just keep these and call it square."

"Don't keep the basket," cried Chico in alarm. "My mother will miss it so. It is the last one my father made. Keep the berries, but let me have the basket."

"No, I won't let you have the basket," Modus answered gruffly. "That's the way with you Indians. You are always trying to get out of paying your debts."

Chico knew that statement to be untrue, and his dark face flushed with indignation. He was well enough posted, too, on the markets of the territory to know that his raspberries were worth much more than thirty cents. He gathered courage to tell the storekeeper this, but Modus only laughed scornfully. "The account has been running so long, that I must have a little interest," he said.

"Please let me have a few crackers for my mother," pleaded Chico. "She is sick, and—"

"There, there! Go home, and let's have no more whining here. Folks will be coming in to trade soon, and I don't want any scene," said Modus with a frown.

Chico said no more, but walked away with very bitter feelings toward the unjust merchant.

"I'll pay him back," said the Pueblo lad, his eyes flashing angrily. "Some time there will be a chance. Then, white man, look out!"

The vengeful fires of his race filled Chico's heart, and as he went moodily homeward he thought only of revenge. But he did not want to take his angry spirit with him to the abode where his mother lay sick, so he sat down on a rock by the river until he should be calmer.

While he sat there, Miss Thompson, his teacher, came down the path, a basket on her arm. She greeted him kindly. Then noticing his anger-clouded face, she said, "What has vexed you, Chico? You do not look like the sunny-faced boy that was in my class yesterday."

Chico hung his head and was silent. Miss Thompson seated herself on the rock beside him, and by degrees drew from him the story of how he had been wronged by the storekeeper in the valley.

"But I'll pay him back," cried the Indian boy, warming up again. "Just let me find him in some tight place. Then will come my revenge."

"No, Chico, do not say that," said Miss Thompson firmly but kindly. "No matter how much you may have been wronged, do not let ill-feelings drive out the good in your heart. Do not think of revenge. It is not noble; it is not like Him who suffered all wrongs that were heaped upon Him without even a murmur. To

be like Him, we must love those who treat us badly, and return good for evil, always."

Chico listened attentively, for he loved the kind lady who had given up her pleasant home and good friends to teach and work among his people. His dark thoughts were put to flight before the light of her sweet countenance.

"Now, Chico, let us go on to the adobe and see your mother," said his teacher, rising. "I have a basket of food for her. I am sure she will like some of the nice currant jelly which my sister sent me from my old home."

And Chico's mother did enjoy the nourishing dainties brought by the gentle woman, and began a steady improvement from that day. The boy was so happy over his parent's recovery that he almost forgot how he had been wronged by the storekeeper. But when he missed the pretty basket—the last thing made by his father before his death—his heart would fill with bitterness towards the man who had kept it.

As the Autumnal equinox drew near there were unusually heavy rains in the mountains of New Mexico, and the streams began to murmur with their fullness of water. One afternoon Chico was walking along the bank of the Rio Grande, watching the rapid rising. It was a fascinating sight to the Pueblo lad. He had never before seen the river so high. The waves were huge, dark, foaming volumes, that rushed and roared past him as if in awful anger.

But suddenly an object afloat on this torrent caught his keen eyes. He soon discovered that it was a small boat with a single occupant being swept madly on the river. As the boat was dashed swiftly to a point opposite him, Chico recognized the man clinging in white-faced terror to the edge of the doomed craft. It was Modus, the merchant, at the mercy of the wild flood.

That morning, before the river had risen so angrily, he had left his store in charge of his brother, and entering his boat had gone to trade some baskets and pottery at an Indian village several miles above his home. This was done in order to get ahead of a rival trader, who was coming on the next day to trade with the Indians. Having transacted the business which had brought him to the Indian village, Modus started back in his boat. But the river was now a torrent; his oars were torn from his hands, and he was soon at the mercy of the roaring water.

As Chico gazed at the terror-stricken merchant in his boat, his heart beat with strange agitation. Would it be worth while to try to rescue this man? Did he really care to risk his life for such a one? Could he ask for a greater revenge than to see the miserly old merchant sink beneath those dark waves? These questions chased each other in rapid succession through the Indian lad's mind. He had longed for revenge, and now the opportunity to take it had come.

But a swift reaction of conscience took place. If he let his enemy drown, without putting forth one effort to save him, would he ever forget it? No, no! That white face would always rise up and deny him peace. Then the thought of all Miss Thompson's good teachings, and his face flushed guiltily as a full sense of the awful wickedness of such a revenge came to him.

"Yes, I will return 'good for evil,' I will try to save him," Chico quickly decided.

But even while he was making this noble, brave resolution, a dead pine tree drifted down the river and upset the little boat. The next moment Modus was struggling wildly in the water. He could not swim, and he believed he must sink.

"Cling to the tree!" shouted Chico.

The man heard, and, grasping a large limb as it brushed past him, he was able at last to draw himself on top of the floating tree. The man's wild struggles in securing a firm hold on the tree swept it around out of the mad current. Presently it was caught by eddying waters and turned towards a broad irrigating ditch, used by the Indians to carry water to their grain fields and vineyards.

Then Chico snatched his lariat from his pony that was grazing near by, and tossing one end of it to Modus, he said:

"Tie it around your waist, and I'll draw you to the bank."

The merchant did so, but he was too utterly exhausted from terror and struggling in the flood to help himself further; and had it not been for the strong arms of the Pueblo boy he would never have reached the bank alive.

"Why, Chico," exclaimed his teacher, whom he met while hurrying towards his mother's adobe, "what has made you so wet?"

"I have been taking my revenge," he said with a smile.

"Your revenge?" she asked.

"Yes, on Mr. Modus."

"Oh, Chico!"

"Yes, I've pulled him out of the river," and he gave her a full account of the rescue.

"That was a noble revenge; the only kind to take on our enemies—'good for evil!'" she said encouragingly.

The next morning he found his father's basket, filled with many good things, before the door of the adobe.

This was the way the gruff merchant had taken to thank him for his generous revenge.—A. H. Gibson.

Memory Gem.

"Therefore all things whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

THIRD GRADE.

CHURCH HISTORY.

LESSON IX.

Chapter 9. Young Folks' History of the Church.

HEBER C. KIMBALL.

Heber C. Kimball was very prominent in the early history of our Church. He was a man of great power and influence; remarkable for his wonderful faith and the gift of prophecy which he possessed. The story of his life is a very interesting one and all the boys and girls belonging to our Church should read and study his history. But now, we will just tell you about some of his prophecies and their fulfillment.

The Prophet Joseph called Bro. Kimball on a mission to England, saying to him: "Brother Heber, the Spirit of the Lord has whispered to me: 'Let my servant Heber go to England and proclaim my Gospel, and open the door of salvation to that nation." Some months before this call Heber C. Kimball and Willard Richards, who were very dear friends, were talking together, when Heber was filled with the spirit of prophecy and he predicted that he (Heber) would be called to Europe on a mission.

"Shall I go with thee?" enquired Willard.

"Yea, in the name of the Lord, thou shalt go with me when I go," Heber replied.

But now Heber was called and ready to start on his mission, Willard was away in the Eastern States, and it seemed impossible that the prophecy could be fulfilled. Just one day before Brother Kimball was to begin his journey, Brother Willard Richards returned home, and that very same day he was called to go on a mission to England, set apart and blessed by the Prophet Joseph and in company with Heber C. Kimball left the next day for England.

While on this mission many interesting and remarkable events took place. In the town called Barshe Lees on the 7th of October, 1837, a little girl was born, the first child born in the Church in England. After she was born, her parents wanted to take her to be sprinkled or christened, as they call it. Bro. Kimball used every kind of persuasion to convince them that it was not right for children of Latter-day Saints to be christened, it being contrary to the will of God; the parents felt very badly and would not or could not give up the desire to have this ceremony performed for their little one. When asked why they were so determined they said: "If she dies, without being christened, she cannot be buried in the churchyard." Then Brother Kimball answered: "I say unto you in the name of Israel's God, she shall not die on this land, for she shall live until she becomes a mother in Israel," That decided the matter for them, and when Mary was two weeks old they put her child in Heber's arms and he blessed her, saying that she should live and grow to be a mother in Israel.

The child's name was Mary Smithies. She grew to be a woman came with her parents to this country, married Heber C. Kimball and had five children.

One day when the Queen of England was on her way to the House of Parliament she passed Brother Kimball, and some of his friends who had found a good place in the crowds gathered to see the royal lady passing by. The gorgeous state carriage in which the Queen and her husband sat passed very close by our missionaries, so close, indeed, that when she was bowing to the people, she seemed to be bowing directly to Brother Kimball and his friends, Brother Kimball returned her bow with a hearty "God bless you." The Queen, of course, did not know that she had received the blessing of an apostle, but if you ever study about the life of England's greatest Queen, you will not doubt that the blessing was realized on her head.

LESSON X.

Chapter X, Young Folks' History of the Church.

WILLARD RICHARDS.

Willard Richards was well known among the members of the Church as Dr. Richards. He had studied the system of medicine, and in 1835 was practicing as a doctor when he went one day to his cousin's home, where he found a copy of the Book of Mormon, which had been left there by Brigham Young, who was also a cousin of the doctor's. Before this he had never seen an Elder of the Church or read or heard anything that was good about the "Mormons."

Dr. Richards was very curious to see what was in this "golden bible," and had read but half a page when he exclaimed: "God or the devil has had a hand in that book, for man never wrote it!" In about two weeks he had read the book twice, and was convinced that the record was a divine one. He was baptized by his cousin Brigham Young, and the rest of his life was devoted to the Church.

Willard Richards and Heber C. Kimball were very dear friends and, as we told you at our last meeting, went on a mission to England together, where they accomplished a great work.

A young lady, the daughter of a minister, was the first to be confirmed a member of the Church in England. Her name was Miss Jenetta Richards; she was baptized by Brother Kimball, one of whose remarkable prophecies concerned her future life. Brother Willard Richards and this young lady had never met, but later in the day Brother Kimball said to Brother Richards: "Willard, I baptized your wife today."

Soon after Brother Richards did meet Miss Jennetta and probably admired her very much, which was not such a wonderful thing, as she was a bright, intelligent young woman. Anyway, Brother Richards walked with her and another young lady to meeting, and on the way he remarked: "Richards is a good

name; I never want to change it; do you, Jennetta?" "No; I do not," was her reply, "and I think I never will."

After a time they were married, and thus another of Brother Kimball's prophecies came true.

When the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum were martyred, Brother Willard Richards and Apostle John Taylor were with them in Carthage jail. The mob were at the door, trying to get in, Elders Taylor and Richards standing on the inside, parrying off the guns with their walking sticks. When the Prophet fell from the window, Brother Richards rushed to it and in spite of the danger, looked out to see what had become of his beloved leader. The mob were still shooting into the body of their innocent victim and there stood Brother Richards gazing until he knew that the life had gone from the Prophet's body. He then turned back into the room where he saw the Prophet's brother lying dead and Elder Taylor seriously wounded. He carried his wounded brother into a room in the jail and remained there until the mob had fled.

The burden of the Church rested for a time upon Brother Richards; but God qualified him for the task. And up to his death he was faithful and true and many there were who were blessed and comforted by his wise counsels and inspired teachings.

LESSON XI.

Chapter 11. Young Folks' History of the Church.

ZINA D. H. YOUNG.

It has been said of Zina D. H. Young that "she was the most humble person in the world." Known to all her friends as "Aunt Zina" she was dearly loved for the many excellent traits in her character. Descended from the Puritans, her genealogy tracing relationship with George Washington, the first President of the United States, it is not surprising that she developed the characteristics of the sturdy pioneer with all the desires and ambitions of an intelligent and progressive citizen of her loved country.

When Zina D. was fifteen

years old she was baptized by Patriarch Hyrum Smith. She went with her family to Kirtland and joined the choir which sang in the Temple there. Once when she was in the House of the Lord she heard a whole invisible choir of angels singing, till the Temple seemed filled with numberless voices. Another time that Zina was attending services there, the Spirit of God was manifested so powerfully that it was like the rushing of a mighty wind.

Sister Zina passed through the hardships and sufferings of the Church in Missouri and Nauvoo. Her mother died during this sad time and when Sister Zina told about the hardships and trials of those days she would say: "Thus died my martyred mother." When the Prophet Joseph organized the first Relief Society, Sister Zina was one of its members. With the pioneers in 1848, this brave little woman began the journey to the valleys, walking, driving team, cooking at camp-fires, and when, finally, the journey was over, living in tents and wagons until log houses could be built for herself and weary comrades.

Sister Eliza R. Snow was chosen by President Brigham Young to preside over all the Relief Societies in the Church and Sister Zina was one of her counselors. In this position she has traveled all over this country wherever there were any branches of our Church, visiting and organizing Relief Societies and giving help and instructions to the sisters.

But Sister Young did not stop at Relief Society work, she helped and encouraged the other organizations in the Church and was always especially kind to the Primary Associations.

One of the things in which Sister Young was very much interested was the making of silk. She raised cocoons, attending to them with her own hands. Under her direction much was done to make the manufacture of silk in Utah a success; mulberry trees were planted, cocoons raised wherever the climate would permit their growth.

Beautiful silk was manufactured, and whenever we have a State Fair, the results of her labors may be seen in the department devoted to the exhibition of Utah silk. Sister Zina had a very handsome dress made from some of this silk, which she wore on special occasions.

Sister Young also studied medicine and knew how to doctor and take care of the sick, and there are many who can tell today about the kind ministrations of "Aunt Zina."

After the death of Sister Snow, Zina D. H. Young was appointed General President of the Relief Society and held that position until she passed beyond the veil to meet her many dear ones who had preceded her. Her life was spent for the benefit of others—and she was indeed "A mother in Israel."

LESSON XII.

Chapter 12. Young Folks' History of the Church.

EMMELINE B. WELLS.

Every Primary child will be pleased to learn something of Sister Emmeline B. Wells. Especially will this name be of interest to the children when they are told that Sister Wells wrote for them the favorite songs, "Our Mountain home so dear," and "Little children love the Savior," besides many other beautiful poems.

Emmeline Blanch. Woodward was born at Petersham, Mass., on the 29th of Feb., 1828. Little Emmeline was an exceedingly bright girl, she was sent to school early and learned very quickly. And she taught school herself when she was scarcely more than a child.

With her mother she joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints while she was still very young, her father had died before they heard the Gospel.

She saw the Prophet Joseph Smith a number of times and heard him preach, and she knew he was a true prophet of God and as such she greatly loved and reverenced him.

For the Gospel's sake, this faithful young woman suffered many hardships and heart rending sorrows. Her mother died through privations and exposure while the Saints were being mobbed and driven from place to place in the early rise of the Church. So this noble woman was left with no one but friends and the Lord to depend on for comfort and council. But she continued true to the religion she had embraced, and remained with the Saints, coming to Utah with the early pioneers. She

became the wife of Daniel H. Wells, one of the best and wisest of the heroic men who were the founders of Utah. At the time of the death of President Brigham Young, Brother Wells was and had been for many years, one of his counselors. And he held many offices of trust and honor among the people, and did a great and good work in the building up of this country.

Sister Wells worked a great deal with Sister Eliza R. Snow and Sister Zina D. H. Young, having been General Secretary of the Relief Societies for a long, long time. She also traveled with these noble women in the interest of the Relief Societies, and the Young Ladies, and Primary Associations.

Sister Wells has been to Washington, the great capital of our nation, a number of times, and to other distant cities, to speak in defense of our people when our enemies have been trying to do us harm. She has talked with many women who have great influence, and with many congressmen and with the President of the United States, and told them the truth about things of which our enemies had spoken falsely to them. And in this way she has helped much to better the condition of our people. Besides she has written a very great deal about the truth of the Gospel, and has published a paper, "The Woman's Exponent," (you know, children, your mother's paper,) and sent it to many parts of the world, to let people know what the Mormon women can do, and are doing a great deal to help the world along and spread the light of truth.

Sister Wells has also published a book of choice poems, called "Musings and Memories," which her many friends prize very highly. And which you children will find interesting when you are older. You noticed, perhaps, you were told that Sister Wells was born on the 29th of February. How often does that day come? As it comes only every fourth year, which we call leap year, Sister Wells has had only eighteen birthdays, although this year she is seventy-five years old. In fact, she has had but seventeen birthdays, as the end of the last century, 1900, was not a leap year, and eight years are now passing without a 29th of February occurring.

There is much more in the history of Sister Wells that you will like to hear about when you are older, and you will be glad to know, now, that even in her advanced age, she is still bright and active, and writes and works for the purpose of doing good. —L. Lula Greene Richards.

What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise: and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner.—Thackeray.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

WORK AND THINK.

Oh motherhood, how great is thy responsibility! When we realize that each great and each small act and work in a child's life is either building for him the temple of his mind or undoing for him his happiness, it ought to drive us mothers to thinking. To think and what to think, that is the question. It involves the whole of being. Did you ever realize by night that you had drifted through the whole day and had not done one definite thing toward bettering yourself or your children, even though you may have worked hard from sunrise to sunset? Too often we let our legs and arms do it all, when really if we want some satisfaction in life the mind and heart must work as well.

I am going to talk to the busiest of busy mothers today—those who always have that good excuse of too much work. Every day brings with it more than one can do and do well, and all these duties seem not to include the children, save in their physical needs.

"What are we to do?" you will say.

First of all, study this huge duty of work, and see how you can justly and wisely make it less consuming of your time. Maybe you are trying to keep up appearances beyond your means. Try and see if you can't think it out by putting soul first and body next. Just to make this effort will help you to see more clearly, for there always seems to be a tangle of materiality to catch us in its web if we are not watching. Try for a month to thus change your basis of work before you give it up, and remember that if the right aspiration is throbbing in your heart and mind, it will have its result as sure as sunrise is to come. It will work a few of those untellable miracles for you, such as less weariness after hard work; more sense of satisfaction in your common duties, and, therefore, more sunshine to shed upon your babies, more patience and clearer insight to meet their needs. A weary, jaded mother is the one who works without aspiration.

After you have perhaps been able to somewhat classify your burden of work and simplify it, your next question will be, How may I use my extra time to the best advantage? I say, in making your motives higher, in pinning your faith on to the next peg above, in facing your own pet weaknesses with their right remedy, in stopping that perpetual excusing and self-criticism, etc. You all know as well as I do.

I should say that if you have gained but one hour out of the twenty-four for higher use, gather your children together and have a delightful visit, being a child with them, not a critic or superior. You will thus gain a truer knowledge of their real selves and their needs than you have ever had before. Then if you can have another hour just before bedtime, demand for yourself some reading or study which will lift you in your motherhood.

If perchance you can do nothing but jog along in your work and gain no time, demand of yourself that you think nevertheless. One woman who was thus beset with work, pinned for herself slips of paper all over the house upon which were written the sweetest and most reassuring truths. On her pantry door, over the sink, behind the stove, in her sewing basket, at the mirror, from the front to the rear of the house, everywhere she studied the words and the meaning quietly and constantly, until they became the clothing of her mind and entered into all she did; these words decided and acted for her in many a hard and weary hour. Instead of indulging in irritation and friction, she indulged and soothed herself with the perfect thought of loving kindness and high ideals. Over the sink was written:

"The lowliest work searches the heart to its deepest recesses, bringing forth the jewels of patience and humility. Never despise it, for God also goes down to the deepest places and there perfects all things."

On the pantry door was written:

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. His plenty can never fail if we make ourselves deserving, and become like unto his nature in plenteousness and generosity."

On the work basket was pinned:

"He clothed the lily in a seamless garment. Not the raiment of the body, but that of the mind shall shine in His sight and let us thus clothe our children from within first."

On the mirror was written:

"I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness and see myself in Thy image. The divine motherhood is never weary in welldoing and never grows old. Today am I born new if I walk Thy perfect way."

On the back door:

"Today I shall love my neighbors and see in them only what God intended and what each of us longs and strives to be. No one can enter my door and bring anything but the Christlike in, and no one can go out except the Christlike thought shall follow him."

And many more ringing words were scattered over the house, giving constant cheer and refreshment of thought. It were indeed

a fairy tale if I tried to tell you of the wonderful mental growth which came out of all this quiet pondering and its outworking.

There is no excusing ourselves for not thinking. We can work like slaves and yet be idle, all that drudgery counts for is how far has it urged us into reflection and philosophic thought. Tomorrow the work is all here to be done over again, but the thoughts, which we think today will tomorrow grow into greater thoughts, and hence are bound to free us from our struggles and liberate our lives from the ills which flesh and mind have seemed to inherit.—A. H. P.

IF.

If we noticed little pleasures
As we notice little pains;
If we quite forget our losses
And remembered all our gains;
If we looked for people's virtues
And their faults refused to see,
What a comfortable, happy,
Cheerful place this world would be!
—Adele Ingersoll.

Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he who rises late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night, while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him.—Franklin.

He liveth long who liveth well,
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truely done each day.

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, happier, or wiser for it. It recommends no one to society; it is disgusting to refined people and abominable to good.

Look up and not down, look forward and not back, look out and not in, and lend a hand.—Hale.

He who is good at making excuses is seldom good for anything else.—Franklin.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Questions in regard to Primary Work will be answered in this Department. All Officers and Teachers are invited to contribute.

At what age should children be admitted to the Primary association and when are they old enough to be promoted to the Mutual Improvement Associations?

President Louie B. Felt often traveled with Sister Eliza R. Snow in the interest of the Primary associations, visiting, organizing and giving instructions in regard to the new labor which was then devolving upon our sisters. Sister Snow having been appointed by President John Taylor to see that these associations were organized in all the wards of the Church, doubtless had counseled with him in regard to the proper manner in which these meetings should be conducted. Our General President, Sister Felt, states that Sister Snow set the Primary age at from 4 to 14 years, when the children should be promoted to the Mutual Improvement Associations.

Sometimes children who are less than 4 can go to meeting and behave very well. Sometimes an older child cannot go unless he takes brother or sister with him. We should not, and do not care to lay down any rigid rules, and if very little children can attend meeting and not disturb others,we should do our best to make them welcome and happy, too.

In regard to our older children many report great difficulty in keeping them, especially the boys, in Primary up to the age of 14. In the Y. L. M. I. A. they are not allowed to enroll the girls until they have reached this age; and though they may attend the meetings, they are not expected to take part in the lessons or contribute to the Dime Fund. In the Y. M. M. I. A. the entrance age has been definitely stated, that no boy under 14 may be enrolled as a member of the organization. If younger boys will attend and behave themselves properly there is no serious objection to their presence, but they are not to be enrolled as members.

We believe that these instructins should be carried out by these organizations. It is sometimes thought that if the Mutual Improvement Associations would insist upon the observance of these rules, part at least of our difficulty in keeping the older children in Primary would be overcome. Let the children feel that it is a privilege to join the Mutuals; that their admission to them is predicated upon reaching a certain age and the record of good work done in Primary Association. We want all our children

to gain the benefits offered them in the auxiliary organizations of the Church, but, let us also try to make them appreciate them and not feel as one superintendent put it, "The boys think they do us (the officers) a favor when they come to Mutual."

The teachers chosen for the third grades should do their part and give these older children such interesting lessons that they will not need urging but will want to come to their meetings. There is no longer any reason for the assertion that the lessons are just for the babies. There is nothing more interesting than the study of the History of the Church. Lessons well prepared by the children, interesting points and incidents all ready to be told by the teachers, faith in the Lord and in the work, enthusiasm and determination to win are the factors for success. Let it be part of the labor of our lives to gather into the Primaries the children of the Saints, and teach them to walk uprightly before the Lord, and the results of that labor will be part of your everlasting blessings.

Can we have last year's magazine bound and at what price?

Magazines can be sent to the office of this paper and we will get them bound in cloth for 50c, or leather for 75c. Mailing 15c extra.

MEMORY GEMS.

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved, waste of health seldom; but waste of time never.

To err is human; to forgive, divine—Pope.

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.—Bulwer.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do anything.—Johnson.

There is no one else who has the power to be so much your friend or so much your enemy as yourself.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one, no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—Johnson.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year.—Emerson.

WHAT TO TALK ABOUT.

The conversation of a family should include something more substantial than mere local gossip. What your neighbors do or do not do may be of importance to them, but you should not be so much interested about others as about those who make up your family.

Local gossip is generally very small talk, has but very little foundation to rest on and is very unprofitable. There is too much precious time expended for naught when the private affairs of neighbors are under discussion. As we all need to be improved it is a good plan to spend considerable time improving ourselves.

When the family is assembled together it is profitable to have a chat about the serious news of the day. The children should be taught to appreciate the news that is fit to read or be talked about. To know nothing concerning current events has the effect of making those so defective look small. Our heads should be filled with useful knowledge, for the person who is ignorant is often badly handicapped.

The history of every country and its inhabitants is a very pleasant luxury to have in the chambers of your memory. Such knowledge is good to have during the day and even at night.

You cannot talk much about what you do not know. Those who make the attempt to pretend to know much often appear very ridiculous to others.

Those who belong to a political party ought to be able to give a reason for their action. If they cannot, they had better take to studying and find out.

In religious matters it seems to me that men and women should be able to give some reason for belonging to the religious denominations they affiliate with.

Surely a man should be able to give a reason for the faith that is within him, and so should a woman. "Because" may be a very easy way in which to declare your reason why you are this, that or the other, but such an answer would not be taken as valuable in a court-room, and what is the use of spending your time saying nothing when there is so much that ought to be said regarding the liquor traffic?

It would be well if most parents would talk more to their children and thus have them less talked to by others.

Day-schools and Sabbath-schools are good places to send your children to; but they cannot take the place of discreet home training. What a boy's mother or father says to him has more influence on his future life than what strangers say to him. If such is not the fact the boy has queer parents.

It should be the business of parents to make the attempt to

tell their children about all they know that is worth knowing. It can be done gradually, and in that way not made a hardship.

It is not necessary that a father or mother should be a graduate of some college in order to impart useful knowledge to their children. Knowledge acquired from experience is often the most useful kind of wisdom.

The mother who instructs her daughter how to be a good cook has not lived for naught. Such knowledge may prevent the daughter from being early husbandless. A good old Brooklyn physician told me that many husbands went to their graves sooner than they otherwise would on account of the badly cooked food that they had been in the habit of partaking of at the family table. It is an awful thing to be slowly got rid of by members of your family who love you but who do not know how to prolong the lives of those they love.

How to cook is a good subject for discussion when the family is gathered together. How to cook and how to eat are twin subjects—both should be discussed at the same time.

How best to dress is a subject that ought to engage our serious attention. The subject of dress is much discussed, but often at the expense of the best way to dress.

The neatest dressed lady that I ever saw was a young Quakeress in Pennsylvania. She was a picture to behold—simplicity unadorned. She had solved the question, "What do I look best in?" Her father and mother had talked the matter over with her, and she had the good sense to take their advice. Her "get up" was not according to the latest styles from Paris; but, according to my ideas, her way of dressing was the nearest to perfection my eyes had ever seen.

I heard of a family the members of which use up much time talking about their ancestors. That may be a profitable theme if your ancestors were all that could be wished. But, as a rule, it is not so important who were behind us or who are with us now, as what we are and what will be the influence of our lives on those who come after us.

All family discussions should be subject to variation. Parents are apt to discuss even the most serious questions too often and too much at length. The Sermon on the Mount is short and sweet, yet contains so much that it takes a lifetime to put it in practice.

Parents, have nice little chats with your children about something, not nothing. Your children need to hear good and grand words from you to enable them to fully appreciate you after you are dead and gone. What my father said to me when I was a boy is now sweeter to me than honey in the honeycomb.

The best school for children to go to is the school around the family hearth, with father for the principal and mother as his first

assistant. The duty for mother to perform is to teach that which is so fine and tender that father is incompetent to teach it on account of the fact that he is not cut out fine enough to do it. What a father cannot say to his children a mother can say in such a way that the children will never forget. Mother-love can tame her boys and girls. The average mother carries a charm that wins on sight. Her children hear her voice and nod subjection to it. Great is mother when she presides over her household and directs it with intelligent, sanctified love.—Geo. R. Scott.

MEMORY GEMS.

The Sunday-school teacher of the infant class had drilled a few show scholars who were to recite verses of scripture at the "children's meeting." One little four-year-old had been carefully taught the verse, "It is I. Be not afraid." When his turn came he arose without the least embarrassment and shouted out, "It's me. Don't be scared." The people laughed and the little tot is still wondering why.—Eliza Green.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl. —Lowell.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend; but words once spoken can never be recalled.—Roscomcom.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies closely at hand.—Carlyle.

Teacher.—What's the meaning of "elocution," Harold?
Pupil.—It's the way people are put to death in some states.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest.—Shakespeare.

"Why, Clara, said a mother to her little daughter, who was crying, "What are you crying about?"

"'Cause," sobbed the little one, "I s-started to m-make dolly a b-bonnet and it c-comed out b-bloomers."

Teacher.—"What happens when a man's temperature goes down so far as it can go?"

Smart Scholar.—"He has cold feet, ma'am."

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we read but what we remember, that makes us useful.

Quarrels would not last long if the fault was only on one side. —La Rochefoucauld.

A little girl who had been studying fractions, when told by her mother that eggs were nine cents a dozen, called to Bob, her younger brother:

"You don't know how much that is apiece, and I do."

Robert thought a moment and answered proudly:

"Yes I do; you get a cent apiece for nine, and three for nothing."

"Johnnie, did you take your cough medicine regularly in school, as I told you?"

"No'm; Johnnie Budds liked it, an' he gimme an apple fer it."—Puck.

Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

—Longfellow.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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A SOLILOQUY.

The task is finished. The time is gone
Wherein I might have done
More good deeds than I did;
Or rather, say an abler soul
Could have better filled my place,
For I did the best I could.
Yet though I did my best
Someway I do not feel content.
I did not do the best I knew.
Our passions rise sometimes
And we act against our reason;
But if we struggle for the right
And try to do the best we know,
Then we do the best we can.
I know my work has been some good,
Some seeds have been implanted
That will grow and bring forth fruit;
Yet when I count the failures
I feel a sad regret.
But a new task is before me—
New work to be begun—
With new hopes I shall begin it,
Trusting it to be the truth
That no task to one is given
Greater than his strength to bear;
And although a better person
In my place might better do,
I will strive to do my best
In the place he wants me to.

Hebron, Ind. —Mary Rex.

FIRST GRADE.

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH.

OPENING EXERCISES.

Song. Little Children, Love the Saviour. S. S. Song Book, page 43.

To be repeated after the teacher.

"Heavenly Father, through this day,
While I work and while I play,
May I be thoughtful of others' needs,
Ready with my loving deeds.
May no words that I may say
Cause another pain, I pray;
Help me every hour to be
Gentle, pure, and more like Thee."

Song. God Sends His Bright Spring Sun. Songs for Little Children, by Eleanor Smith.

Suggestive Talks.

Use picture, "Milking Time."

1. How many little helpers have we on our hands? Let us say them to each other, "This is mother, etc." Now we will sing about them.

How many helpers are there at home who help to make our home so bright? (Father, mother, and others.) What did you have for breakfast this morning? Who cooked it and made it all ready to eat? How many like milk for breakfast? How many have a cow at home in the barn? How many have to buy milk? Who milks and takes care of the cow? What does the cow like to eat? What does she like to drink? How does the cow help us? Breakfast would not be nearly so nice, if the cow forgot to give us nice, sweet milk. If we have no cow, we must thank the milkman who gets up early in the morning and brings the milk to our door. And we must say, "Thank you," to God who makes the grass grow and the water to flow, that the cow may have food and drink that she may give us milk. Now can you think of anyone else who helps us in our homes? Talk of farmer who raises grains and vegetables. The baker. The grocery man. The butcher, etc., all these are helpers and each one does their part to make everyone happy and comfortable. The children, too, must do their share. What can each one do?

2. Picture, "Feeding the Hens."

Every man has his work to do, every woman and every little boy and girl. But there are others who must help. Can we think of some of them? At our last meeting we talked about a large animal who likes to eat grass and drink water, what do we call this good animal? Sometimes mother wants to make a cake or a pudding, she needs milk, but there is another little creature who must help, if mother wants a very good cake or pudding. This little creature lives in a house that is near the barn, sometimes right in the barn; the children love to feed it corn and wheat; can you guess who it is? A chicken. What does the chicken give us that helps? The good mother takes good care of her chickens, gives them plenty to eat and drink and a nice, warm coop to stay in at night. Let us see how many families we know about now who help us in our homes. The family of cows and the family of chickens, and we must not forget the finger family that is going to be ready to help father and mother. Sing song, "Loving Mother," etc.

3. Picture, "The Washerwoman."

Our Father in Heaven has told us that we must keep our bodies and our clothing clean. We need to use plenty of water and fresh air. What shall we do the first thing in the morning when we get up? Have a good wash and breathe some fresh air, open our doors and windows and say "good morning," to the 'merry sunshine," that will make us all feel good and help us to grow strong. Now, how about our clothes, how shall me make them clean? Sometimes our mothers must wash and then is the time for the finger families to show that they are ready to help. It is such a busy day, we need plenty of water; some of it must be heated, and we will need wood and coal to keep a hot fire. What else do we need besides water? Yes, soap, starch and bluing, and when the clothes are all washed clean we must hang them on the line to dry. Then we will see that somebody else is ready to help, somebody who will help the sun to shine and the wind to blow so the clothes will dry in a very little while. Who is it?

4. Picture, Spring.

"God sends His bright spring sun
To melt the ice and snow,
To start the green leaf buds,
And make the flowers grow."

The winter is nearly all gone, the farmers are all busy in the fields preparing for the summer's work. How many things have

you seen that tell us spring is here? The trees are turning green and some of them have blossoms on. The grass and the flowers are coming up from the ground where they have been sleeping cosy and warm all through the cold winter weather. How many of the children are going to have a little garden this year? We can plant some flower seeds and if we take good care of them, water them, and keep the weeds away, we shall have some pretty flowers by and by. We could pick some for mother's table and maybe if we knew of anyone who was sick, we could pick a nice bunch and take to them.

The birds are all coming back, too, and are busy building their nests. We must watch that nothing disturbs them, and by and by we shall hear some little birdie's chirping in the nests. We are so happy to have the flowers and birds again, and we shall say "Thank you" to God every time we say our prayers for His goodness to us.

"God sends His love to us,
To make our goodness grow,
Let us be sweet like flowers,
That in the garden blow."

GAMES.

The Shaker Dance. This is a very old-fashioned game, but is always enjoyable, and gives opportunity for good exercise. The words explains the method and the tune is so well known that teachers who are not acquainted with it will surely be able to find some who will teach it to them. If, however, the tune cannot be procured, the words may be repeated with the action. A good variation of the game is to go through the exercises without singing or speaking the words aloud, in the liveliest but quietest manner, going through the whole dance.

"I put my right hand in!
I put my right hand out!
I give my right hand a shake, shake, shake,
And turn it round about.

I put my left hand in! etc.
I put my two hands in! etc.
I put my right foot in! etc.
I put my left foot in! etc.
I put my little head in! etc.

Children standing in benches may stretch hands, feet, etc., forwards for in, and backwards for out.

The Storm Game. In the spring we have many rainy days, and here is an exercise that will help to brighten and rest the children. The children may either sit or stand. The teacher will ask if the children would like to play the Storm Game. "Let us all get ready." This means that all will have heads, feet, and hands ready and every eye is on the teacher. The teacher will say softly:

"The leaves rustle."

Then raising both hands above the head rub them gently together to immitate the sound of rustling leaves, the children all imitating the teacher.

"The wind blows."

Rub hands together with a stronger movement.

"The birds fly home."

Wave hands and arms to imitate birds flying.

"It begins to sprinkle."

Tap lightly with fingers on bench or seat.

"It rains hard."

Fingers tap faster and louder.

"The thunder rolls."

Fists are doubled and using the soft outside part, beat on bench, first one hand and then the other.

"It rains harder."

Louder tapping with fingers.

"The rain is stopping."

Tapping grows fainter and fainter and gradually ceases.

"The rain has stopped."

All perfect quiet; then with animation.

"The birds fly out."

Hands wave high in air.

"And the sun shines."

Hands meet above the head and smiling faces represent the shining sun.

THE HERO AT THE DIKE.

This little boy's name was Peter, and he had been sent on an errand by his father. As he was coming home he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dike. Do you know what a dike is? A large bank which has been built up to keep out the sea. He stopped and thought of what would happen if the hole were not closed. He knew, for he had often heard his father tell of the sad disasters which had come from small beginnings, that in a few hours the opening would become bigger and let in the mighty mass of water. Then the angry, dashing sea would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property in

its way. Poor Peter did not know what to do. If he should go home for help, it would be dark before any one could get to the place, and then the hole might be so big that it could not be mended or closed. So he sat down on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his arm and waited for some one to come by. Hour after hour passed by. It became darker and colder, and Peter was so wet and tired and stiff he could hardly stand it. All night he staid there, and when morning came a man walked up the canal. Poor Peter was too weak to call for help, but the man heard him groan and came to see what the trouble was. "What are you doing here, my boy?" he said. "I am keeping back the water, sir, to save the village from being drowned," answered the boy, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could hardly speak.

The astonished man relieved the boy and sent him to alarm the people in the town, who came out and mended the dike. He saved their lives for them, and thousands of dollars worth of property. Was he not a brave and noble boy to do this?

THE THREE ACORNS.

(A Fable)

Once upon a time three baby acorns grew on a fine old oak tree in the village school-yard. They were the nicest, plumpest acorns on the great tree, and at first looked so much alike you could hardly tell them apart; but they were so very different, that as time went on they did not look like one another at all.

The first one never found things just to his liking. The sun was too hot—the wind too strong—it rained too much, or it did not rain enough. Then he was quite certain he would have been much happier in a different place on the tree. There was the twig on which the second little acorn grew. "Oh how much stouter and better that looks than the twig I am on," he would say. "How much better I could grow if only I were there instead of where I am."

While the foolish acorn was thus complaining a tiny black speck appeared right in the center of it, and kept growing larger and larger, until one day the acorn fell useless to the ground.

The second little acorn had a strange wish to bump up against the other little acorn growing near. He called to his help the mischievous wind, and the pranks they played on the smaller acorns were talked about by all the acorns on the tree.

One day while he was merrily dancing he bumped up against a heavy branch near by and was knocked to the ground while yet quite hard and green.

How different the third little acorn was. Glad and thankful for every ray of sunshine—for every drop of rain—and quite

contented with being just where he was on the great oak tree, to which he was proud to belong. Both inside and out he grew into a perfect acorn, ripening just at the right time.

After a heavy Fall rain he dropped from his place on the old oak into the soft earth, which seemed ready to receive him. The leaves soon formed a dark coverlet, then a soft white one was spread over him several weeks later. When the Spring sunbeams came again they found his "two green seed leaves" reaching — to them for help to grow.

Soon the little acorn was a tiny tree. The children who played in the school-yard noticed the baby tree and liked to watch its leaves unfold. They called a gardner to look at it. He saw at once what a fine young tree it was, and carefully removed it to a different part of the yard, where its branches would have more room to spread—its roots to grow.

The little tree was thankful and happy, gratefully stretching out its small branches to the light air.

Slowly and beautifully each day it grew—hoping and working to be great and strong like the mother tree from which it had come.—Florence B. Dunlap.

LITTLE DANDELION.

Early one spring a little dandelion bloomed out in a field. There were many other dandelions hiding away in the tall grass in this pleasant meadow, where the sunshine loved to linger, and where the birds came and sang sweet songs in the trees and bushes; but this little dandelion was the largest, the brightest, and the sweetest of them all.

Very happy was little dandelion in her lovely home, smiling up at the great sun, which seemed to her like a large dandelion up in the sky; drinking in the evening dews, washed by the Spring rains, listening to the songs of the birds, chatting with the bees and grass to nod a bright "good morning," or "good night," to her butterflies, dancing gayly in the breeze and peering through the dandelion cousins.

Every evening little dandelion folded her yellow hair away inside of a green night-cap and went peacefully to sleep. Every morning she shook it out again in the sunshine, and changed her night-cap into a pretty frill.

One day little dandelion noticed something very strange. Looking at one of her many little cousins she saw to her surprise that she still wore her green night-cap.

"It is very strange," she said, "for her to sleep so late. I wonder why the sun does not waken her." But she soon forgot

all about her lazy cousin, for the Spring breeze began telling her wonderful tales, and for several days she did not notice her. When she did, what was her surprise to see that her yellow hair had all turned white.

"Why, what is the matter?" she said.

Just then a pert little robin, who thought he knew a great deal, perched on a low bush near her.

"Friend robin," she said, "you can tell me what is wrong with my little dandelion cousin over there? Her hair has all turned white."

"Oh, ho," laughed the robin, "don't you know what that means? Why, she is growing old and gray. Dandelions do not live forever. Soon her white hairs will all blow away and she will go down into the earth. Good-bye, I hear my friends calling me," and he flew away.

Poor little dandelion; her head dropped lower and lower. What did it all mean? grow gray and lose her pretty hair—go down into the earth? She had never thought but that she would always live in that quiet meadow with her dandelion cousins.

Just then a bluebird stopped to rest on the same bush which the robin had lately left. Now the bluebird had lived longer than the robin, and seen many things, and he was also the father of a family, which made him wise and gentle. All the birds were fond of the bright little dandelion, who generally smiled on every one, and seeing her look so sad, he said:

"Dear little friend, what is the matter? Why do you hang your head this pleasant weather?"

"Oh, dear bluebird," said the dandelion, "Robin has just told me something so strange that I do not think that I can ever look up at the sun again. Look at my little cousin over there, who is so gray and you will understand. Ah, there goes some of her hairs now!" And the dandelion shivered as a gust of wind shook her little cousin, and carried away a bunch of white hairs, each with a dark something fastened to it. "Robin says," continued the dandelion, "that I shall soon grow gray, too, and lose my hair, and go down into the dark earth. Is that not enough to make me sad?"

"Poor little friend," said the bluebird, "the Robin did not tell you all. It is true that your pretty hair will turn white, and that the wind will carry it away; but listen, every tuft of hair will carry with it a tiny seed, which will drop somewhere on Mother Earth and she will take it to her warm bosom and keep it through the Winter. Next Spring little dandelions will spring up from these seeds to gladden the hearts of little children who love them, and these dandelions will all be your children. You will be here, too, for you only go down into the earth to sleep and rest through the

Winter, so that you may wake up bright and strong next Spring. So do not grieve, little friend, but be brave and happy, and think of next Spring. Now I must leave you, for my children will be hungry. There are so many of them that they keep me and my mate busy finding them food," and away flew the bluebird, thrilling a sweet song of joy and hope and carrying a bit of blue sky on his back.

Slowly little dandelion raised her head, higher and higher, until she looked up at the sun again. "The bluebird is so wise," she said, "and has so many children, that he must be bright, and I will be brave."

And so through the bright Spring days that followed little dandelion smiled up at the sun, and chattered gaily with her friends; and when one after another of her friends turned gray, she sent a loving message to each by the wind.

At length the day came when little dandelion felt very tired and sleepy, so tired that she did not care to take off her green night-cap. And soon, instead of a yellow dandelion, there stood a dandelion with snow white hair. "I am growing old," she said, "but I do not mind, for my white hairs will give me many children;" and as the frolicsome Spring wind shook her and carried away her hairs, a few at a time, she called after it: "Be careful where you drop those seeds, good friend." Then, bending near the earth, she whispered: "Take good care of my children for me, dear earth."

Soon the dandelion was quite bald, and began to grow stiff and dry, and to say goodbye to the birds and bees, and all her little friends. "Tell my dandelion cousins not to be afraid," she said to the Wind, "for I am only going to sleep and rest through the Winter, and I shall see them next Spring."

Soon there was nothing left but a tuft of leaves to mark the place where little dandelion had stood, and in the Fall these turned red and brown, and then withered away and sank down into the earth, as little dandelion had done. The Winter snows covered the meadow, and sometimes the wind whistled loudly over it, and sometimes whispered soft lullabys, remembering his little friend.

Was this the end of little dandelion? Oh, no! If you had chanced to go into that meadow the next Spring you would have seen her standing there, only larger, sweeter, and brighter than before; and in distant meadows, along the roadside, and on beautiful lawns, dandelions sprang up from her seeds. And as the wind, the bees, the birds and the butterflies traveled about and saw them, they brought little dandelion word, and she was happier than she had ever been before.

SECOND GRADE.

LESSON XIII.

WORK FOR THE HUMBLE.

Teacher's Reading—Life of Christ, Farrar.

CALLING THE DISCIPLES.

Matt. 4: 18—23; 9: 9—17; Mark 1: 16—20; Luke 5: 1—11; John 1: 37—51.

Jesus at the sea—the fishermen—the drought of fishes—the call—Matthew—his position—all humble men—No matter how lowly, there is work to be done, and the Lord often chooses humble people to perform His work.

"HIM MAKE SOMEBODY."

"Lady, what you call-a dis?"

The lady's eyes were raised languidly from the book she was reading. But as they became focused upon the strange figure before her they acquired a momentary interest.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Dis;" and the boy leaned eagerly over her chair without removing his dirty finger from the picture which he held up for her inspection.

She drew back with a slight frown. But it was only momentary, and was succeeded by a quiet look of amusement.

"It is an elephant," she answered. "Have you never seen one?"

"Dey ain't lib in my country—no. I tink dey is Ameriky."

"Oh, no; they are not Americans," she answered, smiling. "They belong to a warm climate. You have not been over long, I suppose?"

"I t'ink it be tree—what you call him? mont's," he replied, doubtfully. "But here is anudder I like for you tell me."

He turned the leaves of his little picture book rapidly and again held it up for her inspection.

"That is a tiger."

"Ameriky?"

"No. Warm climate."

"I glad of dat. Me an' my brudders an' sisters be Ameriky, an' I no like dat t'ing be same as we. He bad ur!r!"

"What made you come to this out-of-the-way place?" she asked, after a moment's silence. "Surely there is no work here for your father and mother."

Instantly the merry smile disappeared, and his face became grave and thoughtful.

"De fader an' moder die on de vesseel wid de fever," he said slowly, with an awed look in his blue eyes. "I haf two—t'ree dolla, and I no like stay in de big Noo York wid de brudders an' sisters. It bad place for small peoples. We come on de boat til the monna be gone, den we walk an' walk till de little ones be tired. Den we stop. Den we be here."

Th lady had unconsciously allowed the book to slip from her lap to the sand at her feet, and her face was losing its expression of bored indifference.

"Are you the oldest?" she asked.

"I be de fader now," he replied gravely. "I t'ink we lib here It be nice place for bring up de little ones. I lik it more as any place I seen. It make me t'ink of home country—only betta.'

"Not better than your own country?" she said, in some surprise.

"Ye. Ameriky de betta country for teach little ones. Dey learn t'ings an' make somebody, maybe. We lib here always, and I make the brudders an' sisters to be good people for Ameriky. I ask you dem eflants an' tiger-rs for de little ones. I learn all t'ings I can for dem."

"How many of you are there?" she asked, "and how do you manage to get along? What do you do?"

"Dere be two brudders an' two sisters," he replied, with the smile returning to his face, "and dey be all more little as me. An' we get along fust-a-rate. We find de clams an' de crabs an' sell to de peoples, an' de sisters do sell flowers. We haf some room in a barn, an' it not cost-a much to live in Summer."

"So you catch crabs and fish. I am very fond of them. What are crabs worth?"

"Fi cent," eagerly.

"Well, suppose you bring me a dozen tomorrow—to Mrs. Roper at the stone house on the hill."

As he was turning away he caught sight of the book on the ground, and with a graceful movement and a smile which displayed his even, white teeth, he picked it up and handed it to her.

"Thank you."

"You is very welcome."

She watched him as he went leisurely down the beach and across to the narrow bit of wharf where there were several men fishing. Here he evidently found a job, for she saw a man give

him a rod and a fish basket and point across to one of the hotels. Then she opened the book and soon lost herself in its contents.

But hers were not the only eyes that had glanced curiously at the gay figure of the boy. He was a bright dash of color for the dull background of these quiet New England streets, and there was artist enough in the hearts of the on-lookers to be pleased with the innovation. Once upon a time his jacket had been brave with bright colors and gay buttons, but time and the sun and the rains had been at work and now it was an uncertain mixture of dull greens and yellows, and the buttons had all disappeared. But his trousers had fared better. Perhaps the plant which had furnished the coloring material had more vitality, or the dyer had been more conscientious in his work; at any rate, their flaming glory had been scarcely dimmed by the vicissitudes they had been through. They reached only as far as his knees—below that was the firm brown skin—but they, and the saucy little head-covering which was neither hat nor cap, soon became the envy of the small boys at Seaview.

Originally Seaview had been a small settlement which had furnished the surrounding farmers with the few necessary things they could not raise. But one day an artist lounger strolled in and did the place the honor to be pleased. After that came a gradual transformation. A dozen or so cottages took possession of the more picturesque points, and here and there a hotel rose to meet the wants of those who could not own cottages. It had the reputation of being very exclusive. Its people came in the Spring and left in the Fall. There were few short-time visitors, no excursionists, no rabble." Perhaps this was owing to the fact that Seaview had neither railroad nor steamboat. People who have but a few days to spend on the shore do not care for a twelve-mile stage ride through a rough country. But whatever the reason, it was a point of much satisfaction to the favored few. They had the boating and the bathing and the fishing to themselves, and there was no elbowing crowd to mar the enjoyment.

When the group of strangely-dressed children came into town there were many who gazed at them with suspicion. But as the days and weeks went by, and nothing was missed, the distrust gradually gave place to idle curiosity. A few even showed some friendly interest. The children were neither beggars nor thieves, that much was now conceded by all. At present they seemed perfectly able to take care of themselves. When cold weather arrived it would be time enough to take some action in the matter.

Every day they could be seen on the beach, along the banks of the river, on the wharf; catching crabs, digging clams and fishing. Even the tiny little fellow in picturesque kirtle spent

most of his time in racing up and down the beach with crab-net and basket. Every morning the girls went back into the fields for wild flowers, or over to the shallow lake after pond lilies. And as days went by and the people became more familiar with their bright faces and eager ways, they grew more liberal in their patronage. The signs of prosperity began to show themselves in the disappearance of the showy rags and the substitution of such garments as were worn by the village children. The transformation began with the little fellow in the kirtle and extended by slow degrees to the other small boys.

The oldest boy still wore the faded jacket and red trousers. He was here and there and everywhere—working, smiling, asking questions, making notes, and taking his new knowledge home to the children.

"Dey be Ameriky now," he said to the storekeeper one day as he was selecting a pair of shoes for one of the girls, "an' dey must work an' be smar-rt like de Ameriky peoples if dey t'ink to be somebody when dey grow up."

A few days later, as Mrs. Roper stood idly on her piazza, she saw him going toward the kitchen entrance with a basket of crabs.

"Say, boy," she called, "come here a minute."

The basket was quickly set upon the ground, and he hurried across to the piazza.

"You haven't told me your name yet," she suggested.

"Name Paoli; fader's an' gran'fader's name before me."

"Well, Paoli, I want you to tell your sister to bring me a large bunch of pond lilies tomorrow, and—have you any nice fish?"

"Get some."

"Very well. You may bring rather more than usual, as I expect company. How old are you, Paoli?"

"I nebba know. I t'ink I pretty old. I seen a good many t'ings. How old you s'pose I be?'

"I should say about fourteen or fifteen."

"Is dat old 'nough to bring up brudders an' sisters to be some-t'ing?"

"Yes, I should think so—in some cases."

"Den I t'ink I 'bout dat old—'bout fo'teen or fi'teen. You hab some crabs tomorra?"

"Yes, you may bring a few, and—oh, Paoli, what is the matter with your hands?"

The boy laughed and held up his hands complacently.

"I wash dem—scrub! scrub! scrub! An' I make de brudders an' sisters wash, an' we clean de room an' fix up t'ings. I seed dat Ameriky peoples no hab dirt like people in home country. We Ameriky people now." Then a sudden sparkle came into his eyes. "De school begin nex' mont', an' I hab de brudders an'

sisters to go. I got dem all dress up nice like Ameriky peoples. I t'ink dey make somebody."

"But why don't you get some American clothes and go to school yourself, Paoli?"

The boy's face became grave.

"I like to, but no ready yet. Dese t'ings cost-a monna, an' de fader," the ready smile returning to his face, "haf to look out for dey little ones. When dey go to school, somebody haf to make de monna. Mebba I go sometime."

The next day Mrs. Roper was again on the piazza when she saw him coming up the path. This time he had no basket, and there was no smile on his face. Instead of going round to the kitchen he came directly up the piazza steps.

"What is it?" she asked kindly.

"Dis," and he took from beneath his jacket a small pair of opera glasses.

"My glasses!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "I had not even missed them. Where did you find them?"

"My brudder—stole dem."

"What!"

"Stole dem," he repeated gravely. "He come wid crabs one day an' see dem on de table, an' take dem. He mean to sell, but get scared an' tell de sisters. Dey tell me."

"But what did he want to sell them for? Did he need the money?"

The boy flushed and hesitated a little before answering.

"He—he tell de sisters dat he want buy clothes for Paoli, so all go school togedder. He verra small boy,"—apologetically.

"Yes, I know he is."

Paoli looked at her anxiously.

"He must be punish," he said, in a troubled voice, "an' I like for you help me. He be good boy an' smar-rt, and I t'ink make somebody, sometime, if he no get bad. He must be punish for lesson."

"But how am I to help you?"

"You been tell me rake grass an' pick up leaves an't t'ings. S'pose you haf Luigi do it. He hate dat kind work. He love catch feesh an' crabs t'ings like dat. Mebba it take him two, tree week, an' you must pay him not'ing—not'ing!" emphatically.

She looked surprised.

"I couldn't do that, Paoli," she said smiling. "I do not wish anyone to work for me without pay."

"He stole glass, you make him work; dat all right an' be lesson for him. He willing. I haf long talk wid him dis morning, an' he verra, verra sorry an' say he do it no more. But he must be punish."

"Very well, if you think it is best. But you must not be too hard with him, Paoli. He is such a bright little fellow."

"I know dat," a strange look coming into his face. "He smar-rt an' I like him make somebody. I gife my life if it be good for him."

As he was going down the steps she called him back.

"What are you going to do this Winter, Paoli?"

"Catch feesh an' clams an' t'ings," he replied, the gravity not yet gone from his face.

"But you cannot live in that barn all Winter. You will freeze."

"We no haf live dere," he said eagerly; "we get fine place soon—fi-n-e. De bazaar-r man go off Winter, an' he say we haf his place for two dolla mont'—t'ree room an' stove an' chair an' bed, an' we use dem all if we be careful. He say he trust me to look out for t'ings."

"That will be nice, but I have been thinking of a plan, Paoli, that may be of use to both of us. When I came here this Spring I found that one of my shutters had become loose and a window was broken. The rain and snow had driven in and spoiled a carpet and some furniture. This Winter I wish to leave someone in charge. I shall want him to visit the place at least once a week and see that the shutters and windows are secure; and everything all right. I have spoken to some of my neighbors and they feel as I do. You can easily look after four or five places, Paoli, and each of us will pay you a dollar a week."

A sudden light came into his face.

"Dat be fo'—fi' dolla week?"

"Yes. We will send you the money the first of each month."

"Fo'—fi' dolla week!" Paoli repeated, slowly; "more dan it cost a us to get along."

"Is it? Then you might go to school. You would have time enough to visit the places out of school hours."

"I just t'inking dat," drawing a long breath. "I go school, an' all de brudders an' sisters go school. Dat be gr-r-rand! We all makes somebody!"

Then the brave lad walked away with the air of a king—and who would say he was not kingly?—Frank H. Sweet.

Memory Gem.

"Do the duty that lies nearest."

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well thy part, there all the honor lies."

LESSON XIV.

FAITH.

Teacher's Reading—Life of Christ, Farrar.

HEALING OF THE NOBLEMAN'S SON AND CENTURIAN'S SERVANT.

John 4: 46—54; Matt. 8: 5—13; Luke 7: 1—10.

The nobleman—the request—reply of Jesus—the promise—its fulfillment—the Centurian—promise of Jesus—Centurian's reply—promise fulfilled—"I have not found so great faith, no not in Israel." Teach children to have faith in being healed by the power of the Lord.

LEON.

"The case has been decided in Graham's favor, and his little farm is saved," said Mr. Wray. "The poor felow has worried so about the matter, I wish he could have the news before night, if possible. He was kind to me when I was a struggling student of your age, Leon. Would you mind riding out there, and taking a copy of the decree of the court? It will fairly add ten years to the old man's life, and you could get back by bedtime."

"Why, yes, father," responded the boy, cordially. "I should like the trip, especially on as good a roadster as our Bellair."

"But dinner will not be ready for two hours yet, and then where is the dear child to get his supper?" queried the thoughtful mother.

"Oh, trust me for that, mother," laughed Leon. "Some biscuits in my pocket will be dinner enough, and I can stop at Darwin's, just this side of the creek, for supper.'

So the active lad of fifteen was soon enjoying the fresh country air, astride of his beloved Bellair. Leon had forgotten his biscuits, but he did not mind. He wanted to see the joy which would smooth old Graham's wrinkled face, and relieve the strained look of his kindly eyes.

Suddenly he was halted by an expanse of water spreading over the wide area.

"Hello, Pete," he called, turning back and meeting a man whom he had previously passed, "why didn't you tell me that I couldn't go on?"

The man looked enviously at the well-kept horse, and the glowing rider, and growled, "None o' my business."

"Other folks' benefit is always your business," returned Leon pleasantly.

Owing to the long circuit he had to make, it was nearly night when he drew up at Darwin's.

"Come in," urged the farmer, whose house and store stood on the main road. "You and your horse ought to be fed before you try to cross Caney Creek. It'll be hard fording, for the water is swift."

But Leon would waste no time.

"I must be back home tonight, or mother will be uneasy. We can wait till we reach Mr. Graham's," he said, patting Bellair and hastening on.

"I can't help thinking of that boy," said Mrs. Darwin, as darkness fell upon the lonely fields, and through the stillness came the sound of rushing water. "The creek was rising fast the last we heard, and we ought to have kept him till morning. Hark! there he is now."

They threw open the door, and Mrs. Darwin screamed with terror as the lamp revealed Bellair, trembling and dripping, the saddle still upon him, but no Leon!

It was a black night. Nothing could be seen beyond the faint circle of the lantern's gleam; and the roar of Caney Creek, now a raging torrent, seemed to swallow up the shouts of willing neighbors who turned out to assist in the search. Mrs. Darwin herself rubbed down Bellair, and made a place for him in the barn, all the men on the place having gone to the creek. Beyond some bruises and his fright, the animal was unhurt, but his noble head dropped, and the tender hearted woman wept in sympathy with his evident sense of loss.

Some of the searchers returned, shaking their heads at all inquiries, and silently one of them rode away to the city, a bearer of tidings which would plunge a household into mourning.

But Leon was not sent on an errand of mercy to be lost in Caney Creek.

When Bellair was swept off his feet, an overhanging bough caught his young master, and the boy swung himself safely above the whirling, foaming flood. This oak tree grew near a sulphur spring on the bank of the creek, where Leon had picnicked with many a gay crowd. But now, as near as he could guess, it was in the very midst of the furious stream. It would stand, however; he had no fear for the roots of a century's growth. Could he keep hold till daylight? His muscles were strong, and he had found a crotch where he might lean,—but the agony of loneliness! Would no answer come to his repeated calls?

At last he thought he distinguished movements on the bank, and soon discovered that a fire was being kindled, and a boat prepared. The searchers who had remained were evidently making ready to pass the night by the river, and Leon began to catch the

voices of Darwin and others of the searchng party. He could scarcely hope to make them hear, for the strong wind bore his own voice away from the figures outlined against the bright blaze. But he must keep them, if possible, from venturing to his rescue, for now and then a great log floated by, and their risk would be more than his.

"Stay back!" he shouted. "I'm all right. Wait till morning."

Fortunately they heard, and watched with him all the long night through. The boy grew still and chilled, and tears sprang in his eyes as he reflected that the light would not go out at home either, for he had promised to return, and he always kept his word. Then came thoughts of another Home awaiting him, and of a Father whose love was infinitely greater than that of earthly parents.

"The Lord will take care of me," he thought. "Why, I am trusting my weight to the branches of this tree; surely I can trust myself to the love and mercy of God. I will, right now." And he asked the Lord to help and take him safely home.

And such peace and comfort filled his heart that he knew he was not alone. A divine presence made him calm and happy, even in the midst of his danger.

With the blessed dawn a boat steered cautiously between driftwood and eddies, and the first face recognized among the rowers was that of old Mr. Graham, who had crossed the river the night before, and had been unable to return. Leon at once delivered to him the document which had cost him so much.

"God bless you, boy," ejaculated the old man, in husky tones. "You are a faithful son. May you be as faithful to your Father in Heaven!"

Leon would wait for nothing when he learned that his parents had been alarmed. Mounting Bellair, who was all right again after his night's ride, he galloped home and burst into the house, white and exhausted, to find preparations making to drag Caney Creek.

"Here I am, father, mother, and I gave Mr. Graham the paper, and—and—I know you were both praying for me."

His mother led him away for food and rest.

There was joy not only in that earthly home, but among the angels over the earnest, brave youth, who had such faith in the keeping of his Heavenly Father.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Content with all God may provide,
Believing all He saith,
Abiding, therefore, satisfied—
This is the rest of faith."

"According to your faith be it unto you."

LESSON XV.

MISSIONS.

Teacher's Reading—Life of Christ, Farrar.

SENDING OUT THE APOSTLES.

Matt. 10; Mark 3: 12—19; Luke 9: 1—12.

Jesus calls the Apostles; sends them forth—how they should go—what they should do—Missionaries of today. Show that if not called to preach the Gospel, still all have missions to perform, in doing all the good lying in their power.

FINDING HER PLACE.

When Agnes Berry sat down to lunch after her first day at school, there was a shadow on her face.

"I almost wish that we had not stayed in the mountains so late," she said. "I loved it dearly; but now I have to pay for it."

"Why, what is the matter?" asked her mother.

"I have to sit with Louise Barker. Everybody else got out of it, until when I came home there was no other seat left. Louise is a trial to have in the same class, but to sit with her every day—" The sentence ended in expressive silence.

"Is Louise Barker the girl who lives with Miss Vinegar Staples?" asked Ned Barry.

"Ned," said his mother, reprovingly, "you ought not to call an old lady by such a name."

"All right, mother, I won't."

"Yes, Louise Barker is Miss Staples' niece," said Agnes. "She is as overbearing and dictatorial as if she was the Shah of Persia; and as buzzing and spiteful and sharp as a gnat. It puts me in a prickly heat just to sit beside her. If I had only got here a week sooner, it needn't have happened."

"Look here, Agnes," said Ned, "listen to philosophy. This was the finest Summer we ever had, and the last of it was the best part; don't disturb its memory by a vain imagination. As for Louise, I believe you can break her spirit if you try. I should think that Miss Staples must help you a lot in that, out of school hours."

"Take the first half of Ned's advice," said her mother. "Then take mine. Don't try to break Louise's spirit, try to mend it. She must have pretty hard times at home, poor child!"

The next morning when Agnes was getting ready for school, she thought of this talk with her mother and Ned.

"Of course mother is right. The true behavior would be to overcome Louise with good. But it would take such heaps of good. I don't believe that I am sufficient for these things."

These words reminded her of others in the Bible: "My sufficiency is of God."

"I suppose it might be," thought Agnes, faint-heartedly. "Well, perhaps I will at least try."

At lunch Ned asked, "How was Louise today?"

"Dreadful!" said Agnes. "I tried to take your advice, mother, and I am worn out with being sweet and pleasant."

"I thought you looked fagged," said Ned. "Did she show any signs of giving in?"

"Not at all. It seemed to aggravate her to do her worst."

"If at first you don't succeed," quoted Mrs. Barry.

"Oh, yes'm, I know that. I said it over and over to myself enough times to fill a Webster's Dictionary unabridged."

"Keep it unabridged, my dear," said her mother. "So many beautiful beginnings of happiness are spoiled and thrown away."

For two or three weeks Agnes persisted in her course, with more than one failure, it must be confessed; but still on the whole she could honestly feel that she had made a pretty consistent endeavor after peace.

One afternoon Laura Bonsall, with a lively circle of girls about her, was expatiating on the delights of a "Winter picnic," which she was arranging for.

"Picnic!" cried Beatrice Holt. "You mean a house party. Why not be stylish when we may?"

The picnic, or house party, was to consist of a trolley ride of ten miles out to the country, an invasion of Mrs. Hart's big farm house, emptied of its summer boarders, and a two days' stay, since the twenty-second of February was obliging enough to come this year on a Friday.

"Everybody must bring plenty of lunch, and we must each contribute a little money, besides, to buy milk from Mrs. Hart, and eggs. Mother told her she must be sure to let us pay."

"Who are to go?" asked a voice.

"All of us six girls who are in the advanced Latin class. The line must be drawn somewhere, and I thought that would be an easy place to draw it. Nobody's feelings ought to be hurt then."

"Louise Barker's feelings are not to be considered, I suppose," suggested one of the girls, with a giggle.

"She hasn't any," said Laura. "We are certainly justified in thinking that, when she credits the rest of us with so few."

The whirl of talk and laughter went on fast and furiously. It was with difficulty that Agnes could at last find a lull in which to say, "But do you know, I believe that Louise Barker has feelings.

And if anybody must save them it must be I, for I sit with her. So leave me out of the house party, please; I guess I'd better not go."

Then there was a dead silence, while all the girls gazed at Agnes' flushed face.

"What a funny thing to say!" cried Laura. "And the funniest part of it is that I really think she means it. I have been noticing her mild conduct toward Louise for some time."

"Perhaps we might save our meat and our manners," said Beatrice. "You know we shall not get home till past nine o'clock Saturday evening, and that lovely snapdragon of an aunt of hers wouldn't think of letting Louise into the house a minute after dark."

"But I will take her home with me to spend the night," said Agnes.

Another astonished pause. Then Laura looked around her circle and nodded.

"You see! I told you that she was in dead earnest. We must ask Louise then. We would rather take her than lose Agnes, which is a compliment, Agnes, that I hope you appreciate."

No one ever quite knew how deeply Louise Barker enjoyed the surprise and delight of those two days. The feeling was very becoming, for it softened and improved her wonderfully.

"We were all so affected by Agnes' saintliness," said Laura, that we treated Louise like a queen."

Indeed I doubt very much whether real queens are often so happy as she was.

It did not disturb her at all, when she went home on Sunday morning, to be told by the maid that her aunt had gone away to be back on Monday. The peaceful Sunday quiet was another pleasure and good influence.

The school session was drawing to a close next day when a note was brought to the teacher's desk. Louise may have been the only girl who did not watch her face as she read it, and the glance that followed the reading. Louise was a close student.

School was dismissed almost at once, and Miss Howell came down to Louise's seat.

"Louise, my dear," she began.

"Then of course everybody listened," Laura said, when she told it at home, "for we knew that Miss Howell would not call her 'dear' unless an earthquake or something else had happened."

"Louise, my dear, this note is about your aunt," said Miss Howell; "she came home ill, and when the doctor come to her, he found she had—small-pox;" Miss Howell hesitated over the word before she stumbled into it with uncompromising bluntness; then, with an evident relief, she hurried on to say, "It is a mild case.

Dr. Hall hopes that she will soon be well. And she is to stay where she is, since the house is so far from any other. She sends word to you that you need not go back; you may board somewhere until the danger is over. She will get a nurse—if she can."

Louise was very pale, but uttered no exclamation, and said nothing after her first question, "Did Kate stay?"

"Kate? The cook, you mean? No, she went off, without stopping to pack."

Louise took no part in the question of board that was being discussed around her. She was thinking hard.

"Aunt Staples is nothing to me—nothing real. She never cared a scrap for me. She only took me because it wasn't respectable to let me go to the poor-house. I always hated disease; I'm afraid!"

Presently she felt a warm, sympathizing hand laid over her cold one, as it clung tightly to the lid of the desk. At the touch Louise rose up suddenly.

"Never mind talking about boarding houses," she said. "I'm going to Aunt Staples. It will be slow work finding a nurse for the small-pox, when they wouldn't get one for diphtheria a month ago. Aunt Staples has nobody but me. It is my place."

Not a word was spoken as Louise walked to the door, her footsteps sounding oddly loud on the wooden floor of the schoolroom.

All the way along the street, as she hurried on with her heart beating breathlessly, she kept repeating to herself, "It is my place. It is my place. Aunt Staples has kept me and given me a home all these years, even if she was ugly about it."

But it was only when her hand was on the door-knob that she confessed humbly, "And I was ugly, too. Maybe she expected something different, some one that she could like. And I disappointed her."

Things turned out to be far from tragic, after all. Miss Staples was well before many days, and Louise did not take the disease. One morning, at the end of a month, she was back at school again.

Here both the teachers and the girls swarmed about her, loud in admiration and hearty good fellowship. Louise found herself a full-fledged heroine. She laughed at the idea, declaring that it was silly, preposterous! But she liked it; she liked it very much.

Something else, something better yet, was in store for Louise and Miss Staples. When the cook came back and the household began to move again in its accustomed grooves, this aunt and niece found that a sweet and sacred tie was knit between them that would hold them all their lives.

When she knew it, Louise said reverently, "Thank God that

He did not let me run away from my place—the dear, happy place that He meant for me."

And if the thought of what Agnes had tried to do for her had gone far to make her brave, when her heart had almost failed, neither Louise nor Agnes realized it.—Young People's Paper.

Memory Gem.

"Let us go upon our mission,
Help the sick and suffering poor;
Let the weary, homeless wanderer
View with joy the open door.

"As we do to these our brethren,
E'en the least of those we see,
May we meet His glad approval,
'Ye have done it unto Me!'"

LESSON XVI.

POWER OF THE LORD.

Teacher's Reading—Life of Christ, Farrar.

CALMING THE TEMPEST.

Matt. 8: 23—27; Mark 4: 37—45; Luke 8: 23—25.

The Sea of Galilee—Jesus enters a boat—the storm—terror of disciples—their question—"Peace be still"—even wind and waves obey.

(The following description should be read by the teacher and told to the children in connection with the lesson of Calming the Tempest.)

"There are two lakes in Palestine, one in the northwest, the other southwest, with the river Jordan flowing between them, through a deep valley, eighty miles long. The southern sea is the Dead Sea, or Sea of Death. No living creature can exist in its salt waters. The palm-trees carried down by the floods of the Jordan are cast up again by the waves on the marshy shore, and lie strewn about it, bare and bleached, and crusted over with salt. Naked rocks close in the sea, with no verdure upon them; rarely is a bird seen to fly across it, whilst at the southern end, where there is a mountain, and pillars of rock salt, white as snow, there always hangs a veil of mist, like smoke ascending up forever and ever into the blue sky above. As the brown rapid stream of Jordan flows into it on the north, the waters will not mingle, but the salt waves foam against the fresh, sweet current of the river,as if to op-

pose its effort to bring some life into its desolate and barren depths.

The northern lake is called the sea of Galilee. Like the Dead sea, it lies in a deep basin, surrounded by hills; but this depth gives to it so warm and fertilizing a climate, that the shores are covered with a thick jungle of shrubs, especially of the oleander, with its rose-colored blossoms. Grassy slopes here and there lead up to the feet of the mountains. The deep blue waters are sweet, clear, and transparent, and in some places the waves ebb and flow over beds of flowers, which have crept down to the very margin of the lake. Flocks of birds build among the jungle, and water-fowl skim across the surface of the lake in myriads, for the water teems with fish. All the early hours of the morning the lark sings there merrily, and throughout the live long day the moaning of the dove is heard. In former times, when the shores of the lake were crowded with villages, hundreds of boats and little ships with white sails sailed upon it, and all sorts of fruit and corn were cultivated on the western plain."

STORM ON SEA OF GALILEE.

Dr. Thompson says:—

"My experience in this region enables me to sympathize with the disciples in their contest with the wind. I spent a night in that Wady Shukaiyif, some three miles up it, to the left of us. The sun had scarcely set when the wind began to rush down towards the lake, and it continued all night long with constantly increasing violence, so that when we reached the shore next morning the face of the lake was like a boiling caldron. The wind howled down every wady from the northeast and east with such fury that no effort of the rowers could have brought a boat to shore at any part along the coast.

"To understand the causes of these sudden and violent tempests, we must remember that the lake lies low—six hundred feet lower than the ocean; that the vast and naked plateaus of the Jaulan rise to a great height, spreading backward to the wilds of Hauran and upward to snowy Hermon, and the water courses have cut out profound ravines and wild gorges, converging to the head of this lake, and that these act like gigantic funnels, to draw the cold winds from the mountains. On the occasion referred to, we subsequently pitched out tents at the shore, and remained for three days and nights exposed to this tremendous wind. We had to double pin all our tent ropes, and frequently were obliged to hang with our whole weights upon them to keep the quivering tabernacle from being carried up bodily into the air. . . . . The whole lake, as we had it, was lashed into fury; the waves repeatedly rolled up to our tent doors, tumbling over the ropes, with such violence as to carry away the tent pins."

AN UNEXPECTED MEAL.

The few remaining Saints had been driven from the beautiful city of Nauvoo, and were waiting on the west side of the river for wagons to take them to the other Saints who had previously gone west.

It was very rainy weather, and many of the people were victims of the fever; they had no homes, no houses, and no friends to offer help. Fathers, mothers, children, and grandparents were suffering from fever, wanting even clothes enough to protect them from the storms. Often they wondered where the next meal was to come from; they had no way of providing.

One of the Saints who was in the midst of this suffering says:

"On the 9th of October several wagons with oxen having been sent by the Twelve to fetch the poor Saints away, were drawn out in a line on the river banks ready to start. But hark! what noise is that? See! the quails descend. They alight close by our little camp of twelve wagons, run past each wagon tongue, when they arise, fly around the camp three times, descend again and run the gauntlet past each wagon. See! the sick knock them down with sticks and the little children catch them alive with their hands! Some are cooked for breakfast.

"While my family are seated on the wagon tongue and ground, having a washtub for table, behold they come again! One descends upon our tea-board in the midst of our cups, while we were actually around the table eating our breakfast, which a little boy eight years old catches alive in his hands. They rise again, the flocks increase in number, seldom going seven rods from our camp, continually flying around the camp, sometimes under the wagons, sometimes over, and even into the wagons where the poor, sick Saints are lying in bed; thus having a direct manifestation from the Most High that although we are driven by men, He has not forsaken us, but that his eyes are continually over us for good. At noon, having caught alive about fifty and killed about fifty more, the captain gave orders not to kill any more, as it was a direct manifestation and visitation from the Lord. In the afternoon hundreds were flying at a time. When our camp started at three p. m., there could not have been less than five hundred, some said there were fifteen hundred, flying about the camp.

"As welcome to this famished 'forlorn hope' were these quails as the heavenly manna to the hungry hosts of ancient Israel in the wilderness."

Memory Gem.

"All things are possible unto the Lord."

THIRD GRADE.

CHURCH HISTORY.

LESSON XIII.

Chapter 13. Young Folk's History of the Church.

WILFORD WOODRUFF.

Wilford Woodruff was the fourth President of our Church. He was a great and good man, humble and industrious, and from the time he became a member of the Church until his death was faithful and true, devoting all his time and energy to the advancement of his religion.

He was destined to be a great man, although, as he often testified, two powers were working with him all his life, one to destroy and the other to protect him and enable him to complete his mission upon the earth. So many accidents of a serious nature happened to him especially in his youth, (we have not time to tell them all,) falling into a caldron of boiling water when he was but three years old; later, at different times he had both legs and both arms broken, narrowly escaped death by suffocation, drowning, exposure to cold, bite from mad dog, poisoning, etc. It would take a long time to tell how all these accidents, and many others which have not been mentioned, occurred and how wonderfully the life of President Woodruff was spared.

When Brother Woodruff was baptized, a peculiar thing happened which was prophetic. There were many others who were seeking baptism at the same time. There was nothing unusual or remarkable about Wilford Woodruff;—he was a very unassum-

ing, humble man, and yet, he seemed to have given even then the promise of what he was to be. The Prophet Joseph Smith had never seen him; but somebody told him that he had been baptized, and, when the prophet was writing in his journal, he put down these words, "This day, Wilford Woodruff was baptized."

President Woodruff spent most of his life, after he was baptized, preaching the Gospel. He traveled thousands of miles, attended thousands of meetings, organized fifty-one branches of the Church, received and answered great numbers of letters, kept an excellent journal, which has been of great assistance in writing up the history of the Church. He traveled through England, Scotland, Wales, six islands of the sea, twenty-three States of the United States and five Territories. He had many wonderful experiences and testimonies, and his life is full of lessons and examples that will be helpful to all who will endeavor to tread in his footsteps.

In May, 1898, he attended a meeting of the Y. M. M. I. A., and in addressing the people there, said: "I am deeply interested in the position we occupy. The Lord had appointed the place we are in, when the blessings were given of Joseph. We are the sons of Joseph. Here is the place where we are going to stay. No power beneath the heavens will ever drive this people from the mountains.

"This was a desert when we came here. President Young went to work with a will like a man. I was with him when he took his first walk from his carriage across the site where this city now stands. When he reached the place where the Temple now stands he stuck his cane into the ground and said: "Here will be built the temple of our God." I thought that was a strange prediction, but I lost no time until I cut a sage stake and drove it into the very spot where he had marked. That was before any survey or any street had been made, and on that spot, indicated by Brigham Young, and when I drove the stake, the Temple now stands. Men tried to persuade President Young to go to California, but he replied, 'I'm going to stay here, to build a city here, a Temple and a country.'"

Once when President Woodruff was traveling on the train to Provo, a man on the same train was declaring that Joseph Smith did not teach or practice the principles that we believe to be true, but said that Brigham Young established these things. President Woodruff arose and told him, and the rest of the passengers, that what he said was untrue, and, said he: "I shall be a witness of this in the spirit world, and I shall meet you all there."

President Woodruff lived to be ninety-one years old. Some years before his death he expressed the desire to see the Salt Lake Temple completed and dedicated before his death. All the members of the Church loved and honored President Woodruff, and they

set to work to try and gratify his desire. Everybody helped and soon enough money was gathered to finish the great building. And on the 6th of April, 1896, with great rejoicing, the Temple was dedicated. The services lasted three days and nobody was happier or more pleased than President Woodruff.

On July 20th, 1897, he officiated at the great Pioneer Jubilee celebration: he was presented with a gold Pioneer badge, designed for the oldest Pioneer present. On July 22nd, he was crowned with flowers in the Tabernacle, by the children, who had marched in procession to the number of about 10,000.

LESSON XIV.

Chapter 14. Young Folk's History of the Church.

LORENZO SNOW.

President Lorenzo Snow was baptized a member of our Church, June, 1836. Upon joining the Church, Brother Snow was filled with a desire to obtain a testimony for himself, and while pondering upon the promised witness, the adversary sought to darken his mind and weaken his faith. While in this frame of mind, he retired to a secret place and sought the Lord in humble prayer. The following is a description of the result, given in his own words:

"I had no sooner opened my lips in an effort to pray than I heard a sound just above my head like the rustling of silken robes; and immediately the Spirit of God descended upon me, completely enveloping my whole person, filling me from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, and O, the joyful happiness I felt! No language can describe the almost instantaneous transition from a dense cloud of spiritual darkness into a full flood of light and knowledge, as it was at that time imparted to understanding.

I received a perfect knowledge that God lives, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and of the restoration of the Holy Priesthood and the fullness of the Gospel. It was a complete baptism—a tangible immersion in the heavenly principle or element, the Holy Ghost; and even more physical in its effects upon every part of my system than the immersion by water."

President Snow was always true and undeviating from that testimony. He traveled tens of thousands of miles in bearing witness of the Gospel. He suffered privation, hardships, persecution, laid down his life in the Pacific ocean, and by the power of God had it restored again; suffered through bonds and imprisonment, yet with it all he bore the same testimony given sixty-five years before his death. This testimony will endure forever and be presented at the bar of Jehovah, a witness against those who have heard and rejected it.

Dr. Prentiss, a man not belonging to our Church, a student of human nature, gave, unsolicited, a pen sketch of President Lorenzo Snow, from which we give the following:

"Nothing is stranger in this strange world of inquiry and wonderment than the subtle power of the human heart to distill itself through and utter itself permanently in the human face. Every face is either a prophecy or a history. . . . . The droop of the school girl's eyelash, the furrow of the student's brow, the compression of the youth's lips in the various trials of life. are all promises of a tale that is yet to be told; but upon the countenance of the aged saint or sinner every line, every shade, every tracing speaks unerringly of a history of glorious triumph or disastous defeat. Before the story is told and the character completed, features and coloring may cover up the work going on beneath the appearances; but when these have fallen like forest leaves in the autumn of life, and the hoar frost of winter whitens the head and furrows the smooth skin, the history of life can no longer be hid, and men may read it as in an open book. . . . . To no one was this power of the soul to distill itself into the lineaments of the face better known than to Jesus of Nazareth. The face which speaks of a soul where reigns the Prince of Peace is His best witness. Now and then in a life spent in the study of man, I have found such a witness. Such a face I saw today; saw it where and when I least expected it; saw it in a business office, where great affairs are transacted, where grave responsibilities are borne, and where serious troubles come. I had expected to find intellectuality, benevolence, dignity, composure and strength depicted upon the face of the President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, but when I was introduced to President Lorenzo Snow, for a second, I was startled to see the holiest face but one I had ever been privileged to look upon. His face was a power of peace, his presence a benediction of peace. In the tranquil depths of his

eyes were not only the home of silent prayer, but the abode of spiritual strength. As he talked of the 'more sure word of prophecy' and the certainty of the hope which was his, and the abiding faith which had conquered the trials and difficulties of tragic life, I watched the play of emotions and studied with fascinated attention the subtle shades of expression which spoke so plainly the workings of his soul; and the strangest feeling stole over me, that 'I stood on holy ground;' that this man did not act from the common-place motives of policy, interest, or expediency, but he 'acted from far off center.' I am accustomed to study men's faces, analyze every line and feature, dissect each expression, and note every emotion, but I could not here. What would be the use of my recording the earnestness of the brow, the sweetness of the mouth, and all my commonplace description turns? The man is not reducible to ordinary description. If the Mormon Church can produce such witnesses, it will need but little the pen of the ready writer or the eloquence of the great preacher."

LESSON XV.

Chapter 15. Young Folk's History of the Church.

BATHSHEBA W. SMITH.

Bathsheba W. Smith is the General President of all the Relief Societies in our Church. Sister Smith is a very sweet old lady; a little child once said of her, "When I look at Sister Bathsheba, I do not see her with her bonnet on, I see her as she will look when she wears that crown that is waiting for her."

Sister Bathsheba has been earning that crown all her life; it will be very bright and beautiful, because it will be filled with so many jewels of good deeds, kind, thoughtful acts and willing sacrifice.

When only fifteen years old she heard the Gospel

preached and believed what the Elders taught. Later she was baptized and soon felt a desire to be with the people of the Church.

In 1840 Sister Bathsheba's family moved to Nauvoo. Here she continued to attend the meetings of the Saints and had many opportunities of listening to the instructions given by the Prophet Joseph Smith. Sister Smith was present when the corner-stones of the foundation were laid for the Nauvoo temple, and was also privileged to become well acquainted with the Prophet Joseph and his family. About this time Bathsheba was married to Apostle George A. Smith.

In the fall of 1845 Nauvoo had become, as it were, one large mechanic shop, for nearly every family were engaged in making wagons, preparing for the great move. Everybody was trying to help and everything or place that could be used was put to good service. Even the parlor in Sister Smith's house which was used as a paint shop in which to paint the wagons.

In the following spring the family of Brother George A. Smith and many others started to find a home in the wilderness. They left comfortable homes, the accumulation and labor of years, taking with them but a few of the most necessary things, such as clothing, bedding and provisions, leaving everything else for their enemies. The weather was very cold, the Mississippi frozen over so that many of the people crossed the river on the ice. It would be impossible to describe how these brave people traveled on through storms of snow, wind and rain—how roads had to be made, bridges built, rafts constructed to cross the rivers—how the poor animals dragged on day after day, with the scantiest feed—nor how the people themselves suffered from want, sickness and death. If the Lord had not been with them they could never have passed through it all with such cheerfulness of spirit and helpful bearing of each others troubles.

The company in which Sister Smith and her family traveled camped at a place called Cutler's Park for the winter. The men went to work cutting and stacking the coarse prairie grass for winter feed for the animals. Some seven hundred log-cabins were built and about one hundred and fifty dug-outs; these are cabins which are built partly underground. Chimneys were made of sod, clay was pounded to make fire-places and hearths, most of the roofs were made of timber, covered with clay. A meeting house, also, was built by these industrious people, where they could meet to worship God and also for such social pleasures as were enjoyed by them.

Food was scanty, their bread, which was generally made of corn, had to be brought a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. No vegetables to be had. The want of proper food together with all the other hardships caused a great deal of sickness and even death.

In 1849 Sister Bathsheba Smith and her family reached their destination; and after having been homeless and wanderers for so long a time, were prepared to appreciate a home where they could stay and rest.

The wagon in which Sister Smith traveled during the latter part of the journey is thus described by herself:

"On this journey my wagon was provided with projections, of about eight inches wide, on each side of the top of the box. The cover, which was high enough for us to stand erect, was widened by these projections. A frame was laid across the back part of our wagon, and was corded as a bedstead; this made our sleeping very comfortable. Under our beds we stowed our heaviest articles. We had a door in one side of the wagon cover, and on the opposite side a window. A step-ladder was used to ascend to our door, which was between the wheels. Our cover was of 'osnaburg,' lined with blue drilling. Our door and window could be opened and closed at pleasure. I had, hanging up on the inside, a looking glass, candle stick, pincushion, etc. In the center of our wagon we had room for four chairs, in which we and our two children sat and rode when we chose. The floor of our traveling house was carpeted, and we made ourselves as comfortable as we could under the circumstances."

LESSON XVI.

Chapter 16. Young Folk's History of the Church.

PRESCENDIA L. KIMBALL.

Sister Prescendia L. Kimball was the elder sister of Zina D. Young, the good woman whose history we talked about last month. These sisters passed through the same experiences in Missouri and Nauvoo, and during the weary journeyings to the valleys of the mountains, Sister Prescendia drove her own team a good part of the way.

In Kirtland these sisters enjoyed many blessings, being privileged to see and hear the power of God made manifest. On one occasion a little girl came to Prescendia's door and in wonder called

her out, exclaiming, "The meeting is on the top of the meeting house!" She went to the door and saw on the temple angels in white covering the roof from end to end. They seemed to be walking to and fro; they appeared and disappeared. The third time they appeared and disappeared before she realized that they were not mortal men. This occurred in broad daylight, in the afternoon. A number of children in Nauvoo saw the angels.

At another time the two sisters were attending fast meeting in the Temple, when the whole congregation were on their knees, praying in concert, as was the custom at the close of these meetings; there was no confusion; the voices of the people mingled softly together. While they were thus engaged in prayer, they both heard, from one corner of the room above their heads, a choir of angels singing most beautifully. They were invisible, but myriads of angelic voices seemed to be united in singing some song of Zion, and their sweet harmony filled the Temple of God.

On one occasion there was manifested in the Temple what is called "a pentecost." At that time the Holy Ghost filled the house to such a degree, that the congregation was startled, not knowing what it was. To many it seemed as if the roof was all in flames, And it filled the house like the rushing of a mighty wind.

When Sister Prescendia finally had a home, where she knew she could stay in peace and comfort, she was not satisfied just to be happy for herself and family, but up to the time when she passed away, devoted her life to the comfort and well-being of others. A very pretty story is told of her which illustrates her kindly, self-sacrificing disposition.

During the early days of the pioneers in Utah Prescendia's husband, Heber C. Kimball, prophecied of the famine that was to come. All of Prest. Kimball's family, as well as others, believed that this prophecy would be fulfilled, and they stored away grain and flour against the time of need. But, alas, there were many totally unprepared, and when the dreaded time arrived, were compelled to seek the assistance and aid of the wise and prudent.

Sister Prescendia Kimball had plenty of flour for herself and family, and they could eat and enjoy bread every day. Each day a large batch of bread was baked and distributed to those in need. But Sister Kimball desired to do more than this; each day a very small portion of the bread was reserved for the family, and Sister Kimball petitioned the Lord to take away from her the desire for bread, that she might be satisfied with other and less desirable food, that she might be able to give her own share away, and all through the days of the famine this noble woman prepared with her own hands batches of good bread and passed it away for others to enjoy.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

FEED MY LAMBS.

With all the reverance due these sacred words in their deep, beautiful, spiritual meaning, they are here used as the text in the more material but very important matter of their literal sense.

Can any of you remember how hungry you were when a child? Try to recall the sensation; it will aid you in ministering to your own little lambs. Just now, this minute, are any of them hungry? Of course a child ought to get hungry, but he ought not to stay so. It is very important that you should begin with feeding the blessed baby at regular intervals, to be decided by various conditions; not, I beg of you, by various relations. These intervals are subject to a sliding scale as the baby grows older, until when he is two or three, or more or less, he becomes a member of the family circle by coming to the table, and then he is subject to the law of our households, a law as irrevocable as though belonging to the code of the Medes and Persians. Who did decree, anyway: "Thou shalt eat three times a dav: no more, no less, except it be at an afternoon tea?"

Why should a constantly active little body, growing every hour, be subjected to the same program of eating as adult or elderly persons? The requirements are so entirelv different. On the other hand, why should that little big appetite be met incidently with the direction to run to get a cracker, or a cookie, or a doughnut, or any other most indigestible thing attainable?

Eating between meals is a most pernicious habit, and should not be encouraged or allowed. What then shall be done, you ask. Have a regular little lunch halfway between regular meals, not with any formality, necessarily, but with a regularity and a substantiality that shall be really beneficial, meeting fully the recognized requirement. This prevents the irritability resulting from constant knawing hunger or constant nibbling. This nibbling leads the steps, as soon as the distance can be measured, to the candy-shop, and later to more undesirable resorts.

This little lunch is becoming an institution in many kindergartens, and it would certainly be a great blessing if it could be carried into the lower grades. Many times the little children come home so cross that they are little bears, and it takes a great deal of forbearing to get along. This is simply from nervous exhaustion, not so much from overwork. What thev have really done could have been accomplished with much less outlay of strength if at the proper time they had a glass of milk, or a slice of good bread and butter, or jelly or jam.

Oh, I know this sounds like a fad and an undue indulgence; but I know homes where it is carried out with most gratifying results, and the plan is not confined to the lambs always either, some of the young sheep and goats come in for their share.

The old saying is as true as ever that the way to a boy's heart is through his stomach, and the location of the organ does not vary with the age of the individual. Who can say that the ancients' theory that the seat of the soul was in the stomach is entirely wrong? To be sure, man does not live to eat, but he must eat to live; and the better, the more wisely he eats, the better, the more wisely he will live. Depend upon it, food in its quality and quantity has an immense moral effect. Study this out and live up to it. It is much more worth your while than some of the other topics you "take up." Consult the children, especially as they grow older, as to the daily menu; they will learn much of adaptation, economy, and management in that way.

One word to the grown-ups, more particularly to the husbands: "Don't expect your wife to meet you at the gate with a spoon and feel cross if she does not. She knows you want your dinner or supper as soon as you can have it, and if she is the woman I think she is, you will have it as soon as she can get it. You are old enough to curb your feelings and hold on to your appetite, and the example will have a helpful influence upon your sons and daughters.

Fathers and mothers, never blame or punish a child when he is hungry. Expel the evil spirit by rational means. Remember our Lord fed the multitude and then preached unto them.—Ellen Lee Wyman.

1. What am I doing to make my house a real home for the children?
2. What share do they have in helping make the home?
3. Do I feel it is more trouble to teach them than do it myself?
4. Am I helping the children to desire to be of use in the world?
5. Can I give them this strong desire unless I am inspired myself to make the world better?
6. Can I name five ways in which I can lead my children to be helpful at home?
7. Can I name five ways in which I can lead them to be of use in the world for the good of all?
8. Can I name a few things to myself through which I am adding joy to others besides my own?
9. What helpful things are there still which I might do in my own neighborhood?
10. What higher joy can I plant in my children's hearts than the desire to be helpful and give loving service?

TWO MISTAKES.

The development of the ordinary child is so constantly interfered with, so constantly deterred that the poor little being can but grow into the half civilized, half educated barbarian which the most of us resemble. He is so meddled with, so mismanaged, so unwisely dealt with, that he loses all semblance of the innocent white soul he represented when he came into the world; and often, by the time he has received only three or four years of this sort of treatment, he is so absolutely rooted in wrong living that he can never, even by the strictest care, be entirely a free agent, entirely able to will to do right under all conditions, and to follow this willing to a life of true nobility.

As an instance of this ordinary mismanagement, Jamie, a boy of four summers, furnishes a normal illustration.

This small boy gets down in the dirt to dig wells, build bridges, make streams, to exercise the mind within him which must be thus exercised else remain in unprofiting stagnation, when his mother says to him: "James, James, come here his minute! You are getting your hands and trousers all dirty, you naughty boy!"

He runs after a toad, catches it and, in his wonder and interest at the active, moving, living plaything, brings it and deposits it in his mother's lap as some precious gift. She says, "Ugh, the horrid thing! Take it away quick and don't ever touch one again!" Or when he squirms with delight at the discovery of a beautiful brown caterpillar crossing his playground, she shows in face and voice and gesture her intense disgust and aversion to this simple bit of living matter.

Whatever the boy does, wherever he turns, he is met with a rebuff of some kind or other. When he comes into the house he is told to shut the door, when he goes out he is told to come back again; when he runs he is told to walk; when he goes on an errand he is given a thousand admonitions and directions, thus proving conclusively to his unconscious mind that he is not to be trusted.

With the great mistakes which are made every moment in the upbringing of our little ones, it is not strange that there are not more, many times more criminals, law-breakers and indifferently bad men than there are?

But there is a boy far different and far happier than this one just described. His type is represented by a little man of four named Albert. His father is a college professor and as such does not believe that any human being requires much training until he has become a freshman. His mother is of the kind described by the phrase "society woman" and as such has little time to devote to any human being until he has became at least a freshman.

So Albert finds himself so frequently in the way that he has taken it upon himself to get out of the way as often as possible; and as this happens every day and all day long, Albert is gaining experiences much to be envied by the average small boy. He has totally lacked, most fortunately, what is usually described as "a mother's care," and so has learned to care for himself. He plays in the mud, in the water, in the sand, in the dirt to his heart's content; but he has learned that if he becomes very dirty he becomes very uncomfortable and, as there is no one to make him clean, he avoids getting dirtier than he can help. In other words, he does not try to soil his clothes and person just because he knows he will be told not to, as the other boy does. His parents simply will not be troubled with his vagaries and whims. He knows it and so they have no charm for him.

The one thing which he must avoid above all others, at the cost of very severe punishment, is the causing annoyance to other people; so he amuses himself in other ways contrary to the system employed by Jamie. He wishes to do something about which he is a little fearful; he asks his mother; she (and here she shows a wisdom which all guardians and parents might well emulate) tells him just what the consequences of this act will be, and then leaves it with him as to whether he wishes to run the risk or not. For instance, he desires to go into the kitchen to fetch a forgotten toy: "You may do so, Albert, if you wish; but I am sure the cook will not like it and she may scold you." Albert is very proud and his spirit is so deeply cut by censure of any kind that, fully appreciating the truth of his mother's statement, he waits until a more propitious moment presents itself and thus gains a victory in self-control, impossible to Jamie. Albert grows in strength and power of mentality every day, while Jamie, were it not for the wonderful vivacity pertaining to all healthy childhood, would become a mental and moral wreck in the deepest sense.

But Albert's affections will never equal Jamie's and he will probably grow into a cold, unfeeling man, shunned by the world and blamed by the world which, unheeding the fact that "the greatest of these is charity," will make the usual mistake of placing the blame where it does not belong.

Jamie one day said to Albert: "Albert, I love you. Do you love me?" Albert, in a most matter-of-fact tone said: "Naw!" Jamie, in spite of Albert's coldness, constantly showers his caresses upon him and shows in every way his warm, tender affection, his power of loving.

At the same time, if Albert offends him he will not hesitate to pinch or kick or strike him with all his small might. He is totally unable to control himself in any particular, while Albert receives all such treatment stoically, never returning it unless there is some immediate advantage to be gained, but not hesitating to take the aggressive when there is such an event in view.

These two boys can be found everywhere; they are not unusual nor exceptional; they are so constantly before our eyes that they have become a matter of course and we have almost forgotten that it is our duty—whether or not we have any legal right—that it is the duty of all humanity to take the reins of moral control and hold them strongly for the good of such unfortunates.

These are mistakes which many good, well-meaning parents will and must make so long as the general ignorance of child-nature—its needs and mode of action, the child-mind and its movements, the child-soul and its growth—is so widespread. We, who are somewhat less ignorant through having devoted years of study to this line of thought, are equally culpable, equally responsible for the mistakes which parents and guardians make, if we do not share our knowledge with them—share it bravely in spite of rebuffs, share it willingly in spite of time and trouble, share it gladly for the sake of sweet childhood and, most gladly of all, for the sake of the one perfect child who shared all things with us and for us and left behind the shining path in which parents and teachers alike should walk with unfaltering footsteps.—Geneva Mary Nichols, Logansport, Ind.

IMPORTANT TO OFFICERS.

Notice. The regular meeting of all Primary Officers will be held as usual during the April conference. Time and place will be announced in the Deseret News later.

We are always pleased to meet the visiting officers, but if they can choose the time, we would like as many officers present as possible at our Annual Conference held the latter part of May or beginning of June.

Visiting officers are requested to call at our office, 413 Templeton Building, during conference, when they may purchase necessary books and by taking them home with them save postage.

GETTING THE PARENTS INTERESTED.

How many of the parents of the children in your Primary have been asked to subscribe for The Children's Friend? One of our best plans to get help from the parents is to get them interested in our work. Encourage them to take the magazine, to read it and know how much we are trying to help them. The Children's Friend is their friend, too; see the department for parents. It is our paper and we should be proud of it and help to sustain it and the work which we are all trying to accomplish. President Winder says it should be in the home of every Latter-day Saint.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Questions in regard to Primary Work will be answered in this Department. All Officers and Teachers are invited to contribute.

Q. Do the Primary Associations observe a Fast-day? If so, when?

A. The Primary Associations are not expected to observe Fast-day only in the regular manner appointed for all the members of the Church on the first Sunday in each month.

Q. Do you recommend the giving of cards for punctuality or the taking of parts in Primary Associations?

A. No. We believe that children should be taught to do right because it is right. It is a poor principle to offer rewards for the performance of duty. However, we have no fault to find with the distribution of good motto cards, providing they are not held out as rewards.

Q. Should Primary children be allowed to act rudely and disorderly in the meeting room previous to the beginning of the meeting?

A. Certainly not. Every effort possible should be made to give our children a feeling of respect for houses of worship. Unfortunately many of our houses of worship have, of necessity, to be used for various purposes, and it is a difficult matter to maintain proper reverence for them. And then, again, in districts where the people are sparsely settled, attendance is neither regular nor punctual, because of distances to be traveled. Children arriving early cannot be expected to sit down and remain quiet for any length of time unless there is something to interest them. We would advise that when the weather permits, the children play out-doors. When this is not possible, control them as much as possible by having all teachers and officers present early and let them talk to and interest the children so as to avoid any rude or boisterous conduct.

Q. What means of keeping children quiet or interesting them would you suggest?

A. The ability to keep children quiet and interested depends in a large measure upon the attitude of the officers and teachers. A nervous, fussy teacher will have nervous, fussy children, and vice versa. Teachers well prepared with the lessons of the day, who have taken time for a few minutes' secret prayer for help and guidance, who come to meeting to help the children, because they love them and desire to assist them by imparting knowledge and

moral strength to them, will have but little trouble in control, and though at first there may be annoyances, and some disorderly children, the loving teacher who has learned to control herself, will soon be strong enough to keep the children quiet and interested.

Q. Can you suggest some method to raise funds for Stake expenses?

A. It has been found satisfactory to give a Stake entertainment, where all the wards could be represented and held at the time most convenient for a gathering of the people, say, during a Stake conference. Sometimes each association is assessed so much per year. Of course, this would be independent of the Nickel Fund, all of which goes to the General Board for general use.

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THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Edited and Published by the General Board:

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PATIENCE WITH THE LOVE.

They are such tiny feet:
They have gone such a little way to meet
The years that are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go more sure and slow.

They are such little hands,
Be kind, things are so new and life but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon, and so
The hands are tempted hard, you know.

They are such young, new lives,
Surely their newness shrives
Them well of many sins. They see so much
That being mortal they would touch,
That if they reach
We must not chide, but teach.

They are such fond, clear eyes
That widen to surprise
At every turn; they are so often held
To sun or showers,—showers soon dispelled
By looking in our face—
Love asks for such—much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts;
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky—
They may not be here by and by—
Give them not love, but more—above
And harder—patience with the love.

—George Kringle.

FIRST GRADE.

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH.

OPENING EXERCISES.

Song, "Our Mountain Home So Dear." S. S. Song Book, Page 33.

To be repeated after the teacher.

"Can a little child like me
Thank the Father fittingly?
Yes, oh, yes, be good and true,
Patient, kind in all you do;
Love the Lord and do your part,
Learn to say, with all your heart,
'Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.'"

Song. "Merry, merry children, sweetly sing." S. S. Song Book, Page 40.

Suggestive Talks.

I. Teacher's Reading. Matt. 1. Luke 1: 26—55. Luke 2: 1—7.

Farrar's Life of Christ, Chapter 1.

We have learned something about our family at home. Loving father and mother and the dear brother and sisters, and we know, too, about other families that help to make our homes, bright and comfortable.

Long, long ago there lived a family who helped everybody in the whole world to be happier and better. Their home was a very humble one. The father's name was Joseph; the mother's Mary, and there was one dear little boy, and He was called Jesus. Joseph and Mary were very kind to this little baby, they loved Him just as our fathers and mothers do, who love and care for the small helpless babies. But this family had very few things to make them happy and comfortable. Relate in simple words the long journey before the birth of Jesus. The crowded inn, the kindness of the man who let them have a place with the sheep and cattle, and about the shepherds and the New Star.

2. Teacher's Reading. Luke 2: 22—29. Farrar's Life of Christ, Chapter 2.

The first Sunday in every month we have a fast meeting. Do you know what it means when we say fast meeting? Going to meeting before we have anything to eat. It is not always easy to do this, but God has commanded us to go without eating on fast mornings and He has promised to bless us if we obey Him. And then we are expected to give something for others on fast day. Sometimes we give money and sometimes flour or potatoes or eggs or whatever we have we should share with others, who perhaps have not as much as we have.

Can you tell why, when we have a new little baby come to our house we take it to fast meeting? The Bishop or one of his counselors give it a blessing and a name. Now, I will tell you why we take babies to fast meeting to be blessed. When Jesus was on earth He said, "Come, follow me," and that means to do as He did.

Tell in your own words about Mary going to the Temple with her offering of doves or pigeons, about the good man Simeon and the baby being blessed with the name, Jesus.

3. Teacher's Reading. Matt. 2. Farrar's Life of Christ, Chapter 4. The Children's Friend, Vol. I, No. 1.

Sing, "Loving mother, kind and true." Mother and father are very good to us. They are willing to work hard to make us comfortable and happy. They are very careful that no accidents happen to us. They would feel very sorry if we had to suffer in any way that might be avoided. If they thought that we were in danger, they would help us and tell us what to do to take care of ourselves. Suppose we were playing in the road and there was any danger from runaway horses or maybe we might be too near the track of the trains or street car, what would father or mother say to us? Keep out of the way. Sometimes there is danger so great that God warns people and tells them what to do. When Jesus was very small there lived a wicked man who wanted to hurt Him. Review the flight into Egypt, but be careful not to tell any of the horrors of the life of Herod. Emphasize the goodness of God and the loving care of Joseph and Mary.

4. Teacher's Reading. Luke 2: 40. Farrar's Life of Christ, Chapter 5. The Children's Friend, Vol. I, No. 1.

What can little children do for father or mother? Take care of the baby. Help wash the dishes. Bring in coal or wood. Run errands. Oh, there are ever and ever so many things that

mean "we want to help all we can." Mother stays home and works for us. What does father do? Works in the field. Goes to the office or store. Is a blacksmith, builder or carpenter (mention as many occupations as possible and talk about the different ways in which father works for his family). How many like to help father? If your father were a carpenter what could you do to help him? What does a carpenter make? What kind of tools does he use? Jesus' father was a carpenter. Jesus was a very good boy, and I expect helped His father and mother all he could. Describe the simple home life of the Jews in Nazareth as found in Farrar's, or any other good writer's, Life of Christ.

GAMES.

HAPPY CHILDREN.—This is a very simple game, and may be played without music, the teacher clapping her hands to mark the time, or any simple march tune will do. The children repeat the words, the motions are suggested by the words. The game with words and music will be found on page 7. Dainty Songs for Lads and Lasses.

First of all we stand in line,
Heads erect, you see;
Then we make a bow so fine,
Happy children we.
Clap the hands, stamp the feet,
Turning round in merry glee;
Snap the fingers, strike the seat,
Happy children we.

Now we raise the right hand up,
Now the left one, see;
Waving them we gladly cry,
Happy children we.
Clap the hands, etc.

Now we draw the elbow back,
Strike out bold and free;
Once again, now forward, back,
Happy children we.
Clap the hands, etc.

THE FARMER.—This is a very old and well known game, but the children always enjoy it in the spring when the farmers are all

busily engaged in sowing and planting. It is sung to the old tune, "All around the mulberry bush," and the motions are indicated by the words.

See the farmer in the field,
In the field, in the field,
See the farmer in the field,
So early in the morning.

This is the way he plows the ground, etc.
This is the way he harrows the ground, etc.
This is the way he scatters the seed, etc.
This is the way the rain comes down, etc.
This is the way the sun doth shine, etc.

A LITTLE ERRAND GIRL.

A sweet-faced woman stood in the doorway. Outside was her little daughter, a tiny tot not more than six years old. The little one was grasping with both dimpled hands a small basket full of sugared crullers, hot and crisp, over which a dainty napkin was carefully tucked.

"Well, good-by, dear," said the lady, smiling; "take the cakes right straight to grandma and don't stop on the way."

"I'll go right there, mamma, I won't stop."

"Hold the basket tight so as not to drop out any of the cakes. I want grandma to have them all."

"All right, mamma."

The little one started off with a smile on her face, for she felt proud and happy to be trusted with a basket of cakes for grandma. She had never carried any before.

"What you got?" questioned a larger girl whom she met on the street.

"Some cakes."

"What kind?"

"Fried cakes."

"Oh, give me one, do, please. I just love fried cakes." She had turned and was walking along beside the little one.

"I'd give you one if they were mine, but they're for grandma."

"Oh, pshaw! Your grandma doesn't want 'em all and besides she'll never miss just one," lifting up a corner of the napkin. "Oh, my, ain't they fine! How good they smell! Do give me one."

"I can't; mamma said I should take 'em all to grandma, and I must."

"What if she did? there's a lot of 'em. Give me one, she won't know anything about it; you needn't tell her."

The little one looked distressed, her smiles were gone, her face was pale.

"I can't, Lida," she said with determination, hurrying along to get out of the way of the tempter.

But Lida, nothing daunted, hurried along by the little one's side.

"See here, Nellie," she said, coaxingly, taking out of her pocket a tiny china doll dressed in pink satin, "there! you wanted this, and I'll give it to you for just one of those sugared fried cakes."

Nellie glanced at the doll wistfully. "Oh, it is so sweet!" was her thought. But she did not stop.

"I can't, Lida; the cakes aren't mine."

She went on safely now, for Lida had turned about, vexed and crestfallen.

"You're an old stingy cat!" was her parting fling.

It was not pleasant to be called an old stingy cat, and some tears came into the sweet, blue eyes; but when Nellie reached grandma's, she forgot Lida and her ugly words, for grandma hugged and kissed her, calling her a "blessed dear." Grandma had just finished making a chocolate cake, as she expected company to tea. She had made two little patty-pan chocolates and frosted them, which she gave to Nellie. The little girl clapped her hands at sight of them, for there were no other cakes to be compared to chocolate patty-pans, she thought. She put them carefully in her basket, with the napkin thrown over.

"Mamma loves chocolates, too," was her generous thought, "and I'll give her one."

On her way home she passed Lida's house. Lida was swinging on the gate and called out to her, "before I'd be so stingy as to refuse just one fried cake when I had a whole basket full."

Nellie stopped and raised the napkin.

"See here," she said.

Lida looked.

"Oh, chocolates!" she said, longingly.

"Take one."

"Why—why—you don't mean it, do you?"

"Yes, I mean it; they're mine; grandma gave'em to me."

She lifted one of the dainty cakes out and handed it to Lida, who accepted it without any remarks. Then she went on home. To her mother she gave the other cake.

An hour later the bell rang and Nellie went to the door. There was no one there, but she caught a glimpse of Lida flying around the corner. A small box lay on the doorstep, which Nellie picked up and carried in. It was directed to her, so she opened it. Within was a card which read:

"To the dearest little girl in the world, from the meanest. I am ashamed of myself."

Underneath the card was the pretty little china doll in the pink satin dress.—Ernest Gilmore, in Christian Work.

THE CURIOUS RAT.

One day a handsome rat, with long, white whiskers, tired of playing with his brothers and sisters, started off for a walk by himself.

This was what his mother had told him never to do. "Because," said she, "you are always so anxious to peep into everything and to know all that is going on, whether you ought to or not, that I am afraid if you ever leave the rest of the family your curiosity will lead you into trouble." But the rat thought that he knew best, and on this pleasant day he started.

He trotted along the shore, seeing only boats and seaweeds that he knew all about, until he was almost ready to turn back, when he happened to spy, lying on the sand near the water, a strange object that he had never seen before. This was an oyster at home in her snug house of shell, and she had her door open an inch or so to let in the warm sun.

The rat was very curious to know what this was. "I never saw it before," he said to himself, "and I do wish I knew what it was! Perhaps it is good to eat." And the more he looked at it the more he wanted to touch the queer thing. At last his curiosity was so great that he poked his nose in just a wee bit, when—snap! the shell came together so tightly that it cut off the long, beautiful whiskers from the right side of his nose.

He was so frightened that he did not notice the loss of his whiskers, but started for home as fast as he could run; and probably he would not have stopped until he reached his mother's house if he had not glanced into a pool of water. This was like a looking-glass, and he saw at once what had happened to him.

Then the poor rat was very miserable. Oh, my whiskers! my beautiful long, white whiskers! What shall I do?" cried he. "They never will grow again, and I shall have to go through life with whiskers on one side of my face and none on the other. Oh, what will my brothers and all of the other rats say?"

He felt so badly that he could hardly keep back the tears; and do you wonder? How could a rat measure the holes he wanted to go into without all his whiskers? And then how funny he would look! But by and by a bright thought came to him and he turned and ran back to the oyster.

"I don't know who you are," he called, as soon as he was near enough; "but won't you please give me back my long, white whiskers?"

"I am an oyster," came from the shell in angry tones; "and I will not give you back your long, white whiskers. I never was treated with such rudeness before. The idea of your poking your nose into my house without being asked!" and she held the whiskers tighter than ever.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Oyster," said the rat very sadly; "I am very sorry. Won't you please give them back? If you only will, I will do anything I can for you. Please do."

The poor little rat looked so pitiful that the oyster began to feel less angry. "I don't know," she said; "I'll think it all over." And after a little thought she added: "I will tell you what I will do. I have always longed for a pearl to put in my house, such as some of my friends have in theirs, and if you will get me a pearl, I will give you back your long, white whiskers very willingly."

A pearl was a very hard thing for him to get but the rat would not give it up. He sat and tried to think what to do first, and at last he remembered that he had passed a diver on the shore. "The very person to go to!" cried he, and away he ran in search of the diver.

He found him on the shore, and he went up to him and said: "Oh, please, Mr. Diver, will you get me a pearl to give to Mrs. Oyster who will give me back my long, white whiskers?"

The diver looked at the rat, and seeing how badly the poor little fellow looked without his whiskers, he said: "I don't like to give away my pearls—they are too valuable; but you are in such need of one that if you will get me a boat, I will go out and find one for you."

So the rat ran away to the fisherman, whom he found mending his nets, and all out of breath he said: "Oh, Mr. Fisherman, won't you please lend me a boat to carry the diver to get me a pearl to give to Mrs. Oyster, who will give me back my long, white whiskers?"

The fisherman was willing to lend him his boat, and he showed the rat how to paddle with one oar. "I broke the other," said he, "but one will do, I guess." But when the rat returned to the diver he found that one oar would not do at all.

"No," said he. "I would never trust myself out to sea in a boat with only one oar. You must get another."

So the rat ran to the boat-builder, and said: "Mr. Boat-builder, won't you please give me an oar to row the boat to carry the diver to get the pearl to give Mrs. Oyster, who will give me back my long, white whiskers?"

The boat builder had an odd one that he gave him willingly, and back went the rat to the diver, who took the oar, but when he tried to put it in the boat he found that there was no oarlock to hold it in.

"You must get me an oarlock," said he; and the little rat, without stopping to rest, started for the hardware-man. He said when he got there, "Won't you please give me an oarlock to hold the oar to row the boat to carry the diver to get me a pearl to give to Mrs. Oyster, who will give me back my long, white whiskers?"

The man looked about the shop, and at last found one and gave it to the rat, who ran back to the diver. The diver put it in the boat and it fitted well, but alas! there was no chain to fasten it in place.

"I am so sorry," said he, "but I must have a chain;" and so the rat had to go off to the blacksmith. He was pretty tired, and the blacksmith could barely hear the weak, little voice as the rat said: "Mr. Blacksmith, won't you please give me a chain to fasten the oarlock to hold the oar to row the boat to carry the diver to get me a pearl to give Mrs. Oyster, who will give me my long, white whiskers?"

"Yes," said the blacksmith, "I have just mended this one, and you shall have it."

So the rat took it with thanks, and ran back to the diver, who fastened one end to the oarlock and the other to the boat, and then put in both oars. After that the diver put on his diving suit, and got a friend to row him out to sea.

The rat sat waiting on the shore, and when he saw the diver returning he was very much excited. "I do hope he found one," thought he; and sure enough, when the diver landed he gave the rat a beautiful, large pearl.

The rat thanked him and ran with it to Mrs. Oyster. "Will this one do?" he asked as he gave it to her.

"Oh, yes! Thank you for such a beauty," she replied; "and here are your whiskers, which I have kept so carefully."

The rat was so much pleased that he could not say a word. He took his whiskers, and going off, very tired but very happy, to the looking glass pool, he stuck them on with seaweed mucilage so nicely, that not even his mother could tell which side had been cut.

RAINDROPS.

Little brown-eyed Dorothy sat curled up on the window-seat of the nursery, with tears in her eyes, looking at the clouds which hid the pretty blue sky, and at the large drops of rain tapping so blithely on the window-pane, as if inviting Dorothy to come and play with them.

"Horrid old rain," she raid crossly;" I wish you would go away and stay. You might have waited till after our dollies' picnic, 'cause you ought to know we can't play under the tree when the grass is so wet." And it looked as though the bright drops which rolled down Dorothy's cheeks were running a race with the raindrops.

While looking and wishing she felt a touch on her shoulder, and, turning her head, saw a little lady standing by her side. Dorothy wondered how she came to be there.

"What, crying because it rains? Come with me." Dorothy took her visitor's hand, and going with her, saw that instead of that bad, old rain, the sun was shining brightly.

"Where are we going?" she asked timidly of her guide; and the Little Lady answered: "I am taking you to our Fairy Queen who lives in that beautiful glen down by the chestnut-tree.

Dorothy thought that very strange, as she never had seen any fairies when she had played there, but she thought the Little Lady must know, so she said nothing.

As they walked along she saw the pretty scarlet geraniums drooping their bright heads, and their leaves, instead of being green and velvety, were brown and dusty. The dainty sweet peas, Dorothy's pets, were hanging dry and withered on the vines.

Ready to cry with grief she followed her guide over the grass, that instead of yielding to her feet felt dry and harsh, and glancing down, she saw in place of the soft, green carpet she loved to lie down on, there were only little brown blades that looked like straw.

By this time Dorothy and her little friend had reached the brook where she liked to play and to throw stones into the clear, sparkling water, and watch with delight the rings they made, growing larger and larger until they were lost in the distance.

But what had happened to her bright little friend? The laughing, dancing waves that had tumbled over each other in their merry leaps down the hill were gone, and only the gravel and stones remained.

Dorothy was so astonished by this time that she could only wonder, and when the Little Lady said, "Here we are, my dear," she gazed without surprise at the dainty little fairy coming toward her, dressed in white and green, and with such a beautiful, loving face that Dorothy loved her at once.

"You are one of my dear children," she said with a tender smile.

"What is the matter with my flowers and the grass and the little brook?" asked Dorothy, looking about her sorrowfully.

"It is your wish, dear child," the Fairy Queen replied. "I am the fairy who grants the children their wishes. I heard yours, and as I did not like to see you so sad I have sent Mr. Rain away, so that you may be happy.

"The poor people will have nothing to eat, as the wheat and vegetables cannot grow without his help; you will have no milk to drink, or butter to eat, as the cows have no fresh, green grass or cooling water; grandpa's flowers will wilt, and you will have none to take to your little friends; but these things do not matter if you are happy."

"Oh no, no!" cried Dorothy, bursting into tears. Please Fairy Queen, ask the rain to come back. Oh, what a naughty girl I have been!"

"My darling," the fairy answered, "all is well. And now remember, dear child, to think twice before wishing anything that will bring harm to others." Then, blowing a kiss to Dorothy, she disappeared, and Dorothy, turning, felt her mamma's arms around her, and her loving question, "Has my little girl been asleep?"

"No," Dorothy answered, "I've been visiting a queen, and oh, it's raining, isn't it?" she went on eagerly.

"Yes, dear," her mother said, smiling.

"I am so glad," Dorothy answered, "for it makes the flowers and grass so pretty;" and to herself she added, "I'm glad I was only dreaming.—B. E. B.

Willie, my six-year-old, during one of our afternoon strolls, had just passed out of my sight and down to a lower level near a stream, when he immediately ran back far enough to see me and exclaim excitedly: "O papa, there's a dandy lot of toads down here —'cause there's a whole lot of toadstools here."—Ire Lamb.

Willie.—"Say, Johnnie, we've got a baby down to our house!"

Johnnie.—"Is that so? Where did it come from?"

Willie.—"From heaven."

Johnnie.—"Well, we had one die at our house last fall that went to heaven. I guess this is the same kid."

MAY.

All the buds and bees are singing;
All the lily bells are ringing;
All the brooks run full of laughter,
And the wind comes whispering after.
What is this they sing and say?
"It is May!"

See! The fair blue sky is brighter,
And our hearts with hope are lighter,
All the bells of joy are ringing;
All the grateful voices singing:
All the storms have passed away.
"It is May!"

—Selected.

SECOND GRADE.

LESSON XVII.

KINDNESS.

Teacher's Reading. Life of Christ, Farrar.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Luke 10: 30—37.

The journey—met by thieves—their actions—the priest—the Levite—their actions—the Samaritan—his good acts. Which was the neighbor? Which was most like Jesus? Why?

HOW GRAMMER SAW THE PROCESSION.

A True Story.

"I tell you, grammer," cried Tommy, "it's going to be a buster!" I am sorry that Tommy said "buster," but he did.

"Five elephants," he went on rapturously, "and camels, and a rhinoceros, and a hippopot—you may call 'em! And ladies on horses, and gentlemen, and cars'n chariots! Joe Mattice saw it in St. Louis. He says it's all true that the bills says, it's the biggest show on earth. And he liked the procession 'most the best part of it. Whew!" Tommy danced up and down beside the bed. "Don't I want to see that procession, though!"

"I wisht I could see it," said grandma, wistfully.

Tommy's brown eyes grew sober. He looked at the worn, thin face nestling on the pillow, which was scarcely whiter. He remembered how many years—all those of his active life—his grandmother had lain there helpless, dependent on just such scraps of news as this, brought to her by her family and her friends, for her acquaintance with the outside world.

"I wisht you could," he exclaimed.

The poor old woman began to whimper.

"Nothing ever happens that's nice," she muttered. "I don't have a bit of pleasure."

"That's so," said Tommy.

"Why don't they go down this street?" she wailed, wagging her nightcap. "Then I could see right out the window. The bed's close enough. But, no, they must take Adams street instead. Just my luck! Old Miss Stimson, she'll see it, 'cause she lives on Adams. And she ain't rheumatic and bedridden. I think it's terrible mean."

Two tears trickled forlornly down her cheeks. Tommy wiped them away with his grubby handkerchief.

"It's too bad," he murmured consolingly. "It is really too bad."

"You might have known better," his mother reproached him, later, "than to put such a notion into your grammer's head. I've had a dreadful time with her."

"I didn't mean to put any motion," Tommy insisted. "I was just atalkin'."

But indeed all that evening, and the first thing the next morning, when she awoke, Mrs. Truman lamented loudly the loss of this pleasure, which certainly would come exasperatingly close, for Adams street was only a block away.

Tommy listened to her complaints, coupled with those of his mother, until he felt like a little criminal, instead of a well-meaning boy who hoped to entertain his afflicted relative with the current gossip of the town.

There was a weight of responsibility, too. It was true that he was the one who had put his notion into grammer's head. Suddenly, like an inspiration, a daring thought darted across his low spirits. Should he try it? It was a desperate deed, and yet, nothing venture, nothing have. So his copy-book said in shaded script.

He put on his best hat, blackened his shoes, and marched out of the house.

Straight to the circus-grounds went Tommy. There, there was the bustle of a city, amid tents going up, the sides of cages falling, a band, a man cooking in an enclosure, and others hurriedly taking dishes from a long table with benches on either side.

"I want to see Mr. D—," Tommy announced to one of these people.

The man laughed.

"What for? Want a pass. You ought to get it for your impudence."

"I don't want a pass," said Tommy.

"What's your business with him, then?"

"No matter," replied the little boy, stiffly. "Where is he?"

The man pointed over his shoulder, with a grin:

"There he is," he answered. "Step up to him—I dare you!"

Tommy walked sturdily forward to where a broad-shouldered, round-faced man, with a glistening jewel in his shirt-front, stood talking to a group of reporters.

"Are you Mr. D—?" he inquired.

"Yes, my man. What is it?"

Tommy took off his best hat politely.

"Will you please go down Haverhill street?" he said.

"Will I—what?"

"Will you tell the procession to go down Haverhill 'steader Adams?"

The proprietor winked towards the smiling reporters.

"There's nothing cheeky about you," he remarked, biting the end of a cigar. "Why should I do that—if you please?"

The freckled face was very earnest.

"So grammer can see it. She's bed-ridden, you know, 'n she's awful feeble. She's kinder childish." Tommy looked very wise and old as he made this statement with an awe-stricken fall of the voice. "And she wants to see the procession so bad! You just oughter hear her cry! She says nothin' nice ever happens to her. Oh, please to go down Haverhill."

Mr. D—'s sharp eyes swept the circle of faces about him. They were not smiling now.

"Where is Haverhill?" he asked.

Tommy gave quite a bound into the air.

"Oh, will you do it?—will you? It ain't but a block out of your way—honest, it ain't!"

The showman put his broad hand on the child's shoulder.

"You must lead us," he said.

"I?"

"Yes, so we can tell where to go. They're forming now. You've no time to spare. Look there!"

Tommy looked. A band, in glittering red and gold, their musical instruments shining in the sunlight, advanced in his direction. Behind them he saw an elephant's waving trunk, a car of fantastic fretwork seemed bubbling over with fairies all tulle and wands and sparkling headgear. There was the tramp of horses, the strange pad, pad, of animals straight out of Noah's Ark. A shrill, sweet strain of a martial air trilled out.

His breath came quick. Never, in his wildest dreams of Arabian nights, had such a situation faced him.

"Step lively!" said Mr. D—.

Tommy walked forward. He took his stand before that haughty drum-major, before the clown with his comic donkey, before the elephant and the camels. He led the procession.

The line of march was adhered to; he knew it all by heart. But Adams street was neglected, and the corner of Haverhill was turned. Then Tommy took to his heels. He looked up at one window. A withered face wreathed in infantile smiles, was pressed against the glass. He stood on the steps beneath, and, for the first time, saw the show.

Led by Mr. D—, every man, woman and child in that serpen-

tine line of moving beings saluted Tommy in passing. And Tommy's straw hat flew off again and again, as if he were a general, and this were his army that he was reviewing.

And so it was that "grammer" saw the procession, after all. —Selected.

Memory Gem.

"The daily deeds of kindness,
The words of truth and cheer,
Raise hearts, like drooping flowers,
'Mid withering sorrows here."

LESSON XVIII.

REPENTANCE.

Teacher's Reading: Life of Christ, Farrar.
Picture: "Prodigal Son."

THE PRODIGAL SON.
Luke 15: 10—32.

The sons—division of property—the younger son's course—the result—his poverty—his return—older son's anger—the father's reply—Joy in heaven over one who repents.

WHEN SARAH ANN REBELLED.

Sarah Ann was washing in the shed kitchen. The roof was low, and although it was yet early, the June sun streaming upon it made the heat of the small room almost unbearable. The steam from the boiler of bubbling clothes only added to the discomfort. There was an unusually large washing, that had to be finished before noon. Then there were dinner to get, dishes to wash, and Jane Harriet to be made comfortable for the afternoon.

Sarah Ann's scant calico dress hung in limp folds, her gray hair was strained severely back, and her thin lips were set in stern lines. Life looked difficult this June morning, and in Sarah Ann's usually tranquil soul was a faint uprising of rebellion. She could not help questioning why the hard things, and never the easy ones, came to her; why other lives should be so full and rich and beautiful, her own so poor and limited.

Sarah Ann was forty-seven years old, and had never married. She lived now with her sister, whom she had brought up. Jane Harriet had once been a pretty girl, but had married young, and married a poor man. Under the shiftless management of her indolent, improvident husband, she lost her beauty and her bloom and her ambition. At thirty-three she was a chronic invalid with

five small children. Then it was that Sarah Ann left her own little home to come to the rescue. It was not likely that she would lack for something to do in the narrow, pinched household.

As Sarah Ann plunged the clothes-stick into the bubbling boiler, her spirit of rebellion deepened. Just then there came a tap at the door. A young girl stood there, a young girl in a shady hat and a rose-colored dress. Her cheeks matched her gown.

It was pretty Charlotte Dent, one of the members of Sarah Ann's church.

"Good morning, Sarah Ann!" she said, in her cheerful voice. "I knocked at the front door, but as nobody came, I thought I'd better come round here."

"Jane Harriet's asleep," replied Sarah Ann, briefly. "She had a bad night, and the children are playing next door. Well," she added, a little brusquely, "what is it? Something about the church, I know. I can't ask you to come in, you'd smother."

Charlotte's face took on a warmer hue. She felt the resentment of Sarah Ann's manner, and hesitated a little. What had altered the usual unassuming humility of Sarah Ann?

"We're going to have an ice-cream social, Sarah Ann," she began, shyly. "It's to be at the town hall Friday night, and we want to know if you'll come over and wash dishes for us."

Sarah Ann took up her gingham apron and slowly dried her knotted hands. Then she turned, and with something tragic in her gaze, looked into the pretty face, noting its freshness and beauty. She saw the whiteness of the slender hands and the gracefulness of the girlish figure. "And I—I might have looked like that once," she thought, with a passion of longing, "if everything hadn't been so hard!"

After a moment's silence, she spoke. "Help you?" she said, in a harsh tone. "No, I won't."

"You won't?" cried Charlotte, in surprise. "Why, Sarah Ann, you always have!"

Sarah Ann stood still, tall and grim; her usually meek, brown eyes were flashing.

"Yes," she retorted, "I always have! For twenty-seven years I've been a member of the church. I don't believe in all that time I've ever missed washing dishes once at anything that's come up. I've worked faithful at every supper, every social, every bazaar we've ever had. Look at my hands! Do they look as if I'd ever shirked my duty? Oh, yes, when there's work to be done you always come for Sarah Ann! She's used to it; you think she don't mind it. Why shouldn't I have a good time, like the rest of you?" she went on bitterly. "Why should I be always drudging and washing dishes? It is because I'm old and poor and ugly? There's Mrs. Judge Macon. Ask her to wash your dishes, and see what she'll say!"

"When the ladies gave that dinner and supper election day,' she went on, more quietly, "I staved all day. The rest of you left, and I washed dishes alone until twelve o'clock that night. I could hardly drag myself home, and the next day Jane Harriet had a bad spell that lasted a week. Now let somebody else wash your dishes. I'm tired."

The face in the doorway flushed and quivered under Sarah Ann's words. Then the girl came in suddenly and put her arms about Sarah Ann's shoulders. At the gentle pressure the poor, overtasked woman broke into sobs, heavy, tearless sobs that shook her thin figure.

"There, there, Sarah Ann," whispered Charlotte, soothingly, "don't cry! I ought not to have asked you, and, Sarah Ann, it isn't as if we hadn't appreciated what you've done; we just didn't think —that's all."

A second later she was gone, with a new pity and thoughtfulness upon her face—a thoughtfulness brought there by the picture of a gaunt, tired woman with toil-worn, knotted hands.

On the night of the social the moon shone clear and bright. It had been a hot day, and poor Jane Harriet had been unusually trying. But it was over now. The children were asleep, Jane Harriet was safely settled for the night, and Sarah Ann could take a minute's breathing-time.

As she sat in the doorway in the soft stillness of the moonlight, she was thinking of the social and of Charlotte Dent. "I ought to have gone," she whispered slowly. "They can't get any one to wash dishes but me. I needn't have told Charlotte the things I did, either."

She folded her hands in her lap and sighed heavily. As she sat there, the gate clicked. Some one was coming up the walk; some one in a white dress. It was Charlotte.

"Get you bonnet, Sarah Ann," she said in a low voice. "Is your sister in bed, and are the children asleep? That's good. Come, I want you to go to the social. Not to help," she added hastily, "but to enjoy yourself like other people."

"We never thought about it, Sarah Ann," she went on, shyly. "We have imposed on you, and you've had so much to do at home! Come, get your bonnet."

Sarah Ann rose stiffly. It had been a hard day.

"Are you sure you want me?" she said, wistfully.

"Quite sure," said the girl.

A few minutes later they went up the quiet street together. The hall was lighted, the windows were open, and as they passed up the steps there was a hum of voices.

"There's a lot of people here," said Charlotte, happily, as they went in. "We think we're going to make a good deal this time.

We want to get that Sunday-school piano paid for if we can. They're pressing us for another payment. Did I tell you?"

"No," murmured Sarah Ann, "you didn't."

She would have washed dishes willingly if she had known that, she thought.

It was a pretty sight that her eyes rested on. All about were scattered small white-covered tables, at which people were eating ice-cream and cake. Sarah Ann thought she had never seen so many pretty dresses in all her life.

Charlotte led her to a seat. "Sit here," she whispered, "and I'll wait on you."

She pushed her gently into a chair and departed hastily. Sarah Ann sat stiffly upright. Now that she had her wish, she felt ill at ease. She had never been waited upon before, and she thought that it wasn't such a blessing, after all, to sit with folded hands.

Charlotte came back in a few minutes, carrying on a tray a generous pyramid of ice-cream and a liberal supply of cake.

"I brought you the best cake we had, Sarah Ann," she whispered, as she deposited her burden. "Don't forget to try this banana cake. Mrs. Bright made it, and you know how good her cake always is. Good-by. I'll be back again if I can, but we're very busy."

Left alone, Sarah Ann slowly ate her ice-cream. She tasted her cake, but left most of it. She felt strange and out of place, for in all her recollections this was the first time any one had ever waited upon her; and—she did not like it.

As she sat at the white-covered table among the well-dressed, lighthearted people, the conviction came home to her that it was too late to change matters, after all. With an odd restlessness, she wanted to be up and doing as she had always done. In the camp of the Israelites there had been hewers of wood and drawers of water, and perhaps they were just as necessary to the well-being of the camp as the priests and the psalmsingers, and perhaps they received as great a reward.

And now she knew that she must bury her longings and her dreams, and be content with the humble things. He who planned all lives knew best.

Rising, she made her way steadily through the crowds to the rear room. Nobody was there but Charlotte Dent, and she was standing over a huge pan filled to the brim with dishes. Her delicate face was flushed, and there was a weary look in the sweet eyes.

She glanced up as Sarah Ann entered. "It's hard work, Sarah Ann," she said, smiling faintly. "I didn't know how hard until I tried it. I've been thinking about you all the time since I've been standing here."

Sarah Ann went over to Charlotte and took her hands reso-

lutely from the dish-pan. "Give me your apron, child," she said. "There, you go and enjoy yourself. You're not fit for this work."

Tying the gingham apron about her own waist, she plunged her calloused hands into the water. The dishes came out with astonishing rapidity, clean and bright.

There was a relieved yet a reluctant look on Charlotte's face.

"I don't like to leave you, Sarah Ann," she said, slowly. "It doesn't seem right."

"Yes, it does, too!" cried Sarah Ann. "You go!"

She drew the slender figure nearer her. "I'm sorry I said what I did," she whispered. "It—that feeling is all over now. I'll help you always after this."

Sarah Ann watched Charlotte as she made her way out among the people—a small, slight figure, with a delicate face, not fitted for the rougher work of life.

"Bless her!" murmured Sarah Ann; and then she turned to her work.

Her rebelliousness was gone,and in its place was a new peace. "O Lord," she whispered, through her tears, "I ain't good for much: I can't preach or pray or sing or talk. I'm only a poor, plain old woman who can wash dishes and can't do anything else. Just a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, but maybe if I can't do the great things, You can let the little ones resound to Your honor and glory. Forgive me my stubbornness and conceit. Teach me to do the humblest tasks with a willing heart. Help me to be a 'workman that needeth not to be ashamed.' "

"Are the ice-cream dishes ready, Sarah Ann?" called a chorus of gay voices. And three or four girls came fluttering in.

"What should we do without you? Nobody can wash dishes as you can. There's a whole crowd of people come up from Harmony, and they want ice-cream right away. Come, girls, we must step lively!"

Sarah Ann handed the bright, clean dishes rapidly to the waiting girls. Her face shone with a new light.

The mutiny was over, and Sarah Ann had slipped into her niche again, "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed.—Susan Hubbard Martin, in Youth's Companion.

LESSON XIX.

LOVE.

Teacher's Reading: Life of Christ, Farrar.
Picture: "Blessing Little Children."

JESUS BLESSING THE CHILDREN.

Matt. 19: 13—15; Mark 10: 13—16; Luke 18: 15—17.

Mothers bring children—their request—Disciples rebuke the

mothers—Why? "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL.

Policeman Garvey was pacing slowly along his beat one summer afternoon, when he noticed a dog lying on the pavement close to the curbstone, and, pausing to look at it, discovered that one of its legs was limp and broken. The poor creature gazed up at him so imploringly that he could not find heart to follow his first impulse and end its sufferings with a blow of his club. The street being a quiet one, he resolved to wait until some one might come to claim it. When he returned, however, it was still in the same place, and three boys were bending over it. Two of them were evidently newsboys, with their bundles of papers under their arms, and the third held fast to the handle of a large empty basket.

"Poor doggie!" said one of the newsboys, patting the black, silken head; but he stopped only a moment, and then, with his comrade, ran noisily down the street, crying, "Here's your mornin' papers? 'Post' and 'Tribune.' Latest news from Washington."

The boy with the basket still lingered, and Policeman Garvey paused to see what he would do.

"Poor little fellow!" said he, stroking the dog's soft hair. "How I wish—" and turning at the sound of a step behind him, he looked into the policeman's kind eyes.

"Oh, sir," said the boy, touching his hat, "what will become of him?"

"I suppose," was the answer, "that if there is nobody to take him, I shall have to put him out of the way."

"Oh! that would be dreadful. See how his eyes beg! I would take him home myself."

"Where d'ye live, my lad?"

The boy named the street and number.

"So far as that? 'Twould be a tough lift for ye."

"Oh! but I don't mind that. If it wasn't for the basket. But—" his face lighting—"maybe I could lay him in the basket and carry him that way."

"I believe you could," said the policeman. "Let me help you."

The dog whined a little with the pain of being moved, but he was very docile and gentle, seeming to comprehend that they were trying to help him. When he had been with some difficulty settled in his narrow quarters, the boy took firm hold of the stout basket-handle, and, bidding the policeman good-day, walked steadily and carefully away. At first he went on quite easily, but long before he had passed over the mile and a half pavement which stretched before him, his arms had grown very tired, and he was glad enough

indeed to open the door of the little tenement which he called home. A white-haired old lady, dressed in a neat, though sadly faded gown, came forward to meet him, but her gentle smile of welcome changed to a look of wonder at sight of the living contents of the basket.

"Why, Johnny dear, whatever have you got there?" she asked.

"Only wait a minute, grandma, until I can take him out, and then I will tell you about it."

The old lady brought a bit of ragged blanket, and when the poor dog had been laid comfortably upon it, Johnny poured out his story.

"Just see how patient and loving his is!" said the boy, as the creature licked his hand. "I couldn't leave him there to be killed, could I, grandma?"

"It would have been a very hard thing to do," said the old lady slowly, but—"

"But what, grandma?"

A mist gathered over the grandmother's spectacles.

"I can't bear to say it, but, truly, Johnny, I don't know how we are going to feed the poor dog."

"I thought of that, grandma," said the boy in a low voice, "but I am going to give him part of my own bread and milk."

"Poor laddie!" said the grandmother, and her voice trembled, "you do not have any too much for yourself; but you shall do as you like."

The grandmother had been a famous nurse in her day, and she and Johnny together made from some bits of kindling wood a little pair of splints for the broken limb, and bandaged it snugly—the dog looking on all the time with eyes that said, "Thank you!" as plainly as any words could have done.

A week passed by. The dog had proved himself a very bright and winning little fellow, and the tap-tap of his tail on the floor made a pleasant welcome for the boy, who was often sadly tired from running upon errands, or more weary still with standing on the street corners, vainly trying for the "job" which nobody would give him. This time he had been to the bakery to fetch a loaf of bread for supper, which a girl who had waited upon him had wrapped in a piece of newspaper. His grandmother was glancing over the paper, as she was about to fold it, when she suddenly exclaimed:

"Read this, Johnny!"

Johnny took the paper and read aloud:

"STRAYED—From 99 Chestnut avenue, June 7, a black-and-tan terrier, medium-sized, and answering to the name of 'Prince.' A liberal reward will be given for his return to the owner's residence."

As he pronounced the name "Prince," the dog had sprung up

as quickly as his injured leg would allow, and standing upon the remaining three, wagged his tail furiously, cocked his little cropped ears, and uttered a sharp bark of delight.

Johnny's countenance fell.

"Oh, grandma! it must be my doggie! And I've got to loving him so! It was only two blocks from Chestnut avenue that I found him."

"Don't feel bad, deary! Think how much some other little boy or girl may have been missing him," said the grandmother gently.

"Prince, Prince," said Johnny in a trembling voice.

The dog's brown eyes danced, and he tried vainly to leap up to the boy's hand.

"I shall have to carry him back, grandma."

"Yes, dear, I think you will."

That afternoon, Johnny, with the dog in his arms, rang the door-bell of a very beautiful house. The maid who came to answer the ring, cried out at the sight of him:

"Why, it's our Prince!"

At the sound of her voice a lovely girl, dressed all in white, came flying down the long, carved staircase, and held out her arms to the dog, which struggled out of Johnny's grasp with whines of half-frantic pleasure.

"Papa, papa, come here!" cried the little girl.

Johnny was brought in to be questioned and thanked.

"Who taught you how to bandage the leg so nicely?"

"My grandmother helped me," said Johnny. The gentleman took a bright five-dollar gold piece from his pocket and held it out.

"Oh, sir!" he said, and the tears stood in his eyes, "I don't want to be paid! I loved the doggie!"

The look of surprise on the gentleman's face turned to something very gentle and kind.

"Tell me about yourself and your grandmother, my boy," he said so persuasively that before Johnny knew what he was doing he had told the whole story of their poverty, of the grandmother's rheumatism, which made her find laundry work so hard for her, and of his own discouragement at being unable to get employment by which he would be of more help to her.

"I want a boy to keep my office tidy, and to run errands for me," said the gentleman. "Would you like the place?"

"Oh, sir!" gasped Johnny, and burst out crying.

"There, there, my boy," said the gentleman soothingly, "I know what you want to say. I will expect you tomorrow morning at nine o'clock." And he gave Johnny a card with his name and business address upon it.

Johnny is a young man now, and he has been for some years

private secretary to the distinguished lawyer whose faithful office boy he began to be so many years ago. The dear old grandmother is living still, tenderly beloved and attended in the pretty home which her boy has made for her. "The best investment I ever made," he says sometimes laughingly, "was when I shared my supper with a wounded and suffering animal."—Humane Journal.

Memory Gem.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

LESSON XX.

SACRIFICE.

Teachers' Reading: Life of Christ, Farrar.
Picture: "Christ and the Rich Young Man."

CHRIST AND THE RICH YOUNG MAN.

Matt. 19: 16—30; Mark 10: 17—31; Luke 18: 18—30.

The young man—the questions—the answers of Jesus—the sacrifice required by Jesus.

HAZEL AND MOLLIE.

(Founded on Fact.)

There was a "Doll Show" in New York City last March. Naturally all the children who knew about it wanted to go, although there were many who had no hope of so doing. There was one little girl, however, belonging to this latter class, who longed to go into the enchanted land—as the Doll Show seemed to her—with such intensity that she prayed to God that He would take her there.

Her ideas concerning God were somewhat vague; but she was trustful.

Her name was Mollie Drew. She lived in the slums with her widowed mother, who was extremely poor. Her father was dead.

Eliza Harris, a little cripple, who lived in the next room to the Drews, had told Mollie about the Doll Show. She had read about it in the New York Herald that was wrapped about something that had been sent to them.

"Oh, it's lovely at a Doll Show," Eliza said to Mollie; "I went once, a long time ago, and—and, oh, it was lovely!"

Her eyes shone at the thought of the pleasure of by-gone days.

"Tell me about it," begged Mollie, who had not the faintest idea of what a Doll Show was.

Eliza clapped her thin little hands.

"Oh, it was like fairy land! There were lots and lots of dolls—such beautiful ones—oh, my! They were queens, I guess, 'cause they were all dressed in silks and satins and laces; and their clothes all sparkled like as if they were covered with diamonds. I guess they were covered with diamonds. Oh, Mollie! I wish you could go to the Doll Show—I just wish you could."

"I wish so, too, I do," Mollie said, wistfully; "but don't you want to go, too, Eliza?"

The light died out of the pale little face, and the child leaned back wearily against her chair. Mollie looked at her pityingly; then said, essaying to comfort:

"If I should go, Eliza, I'll tell you everything I saw—every single thing."

"That would be nice," observed the little cripple, her face brightening.

"I'd like to hear if this Doll Show is like mine. Wonder if the band'll play. Oh, my! such music as they had at my Doll Show."

"Was it your show?" questioned Mollie, wonderingly.

"No," she said, "not really, you know; but I like to think it was my show, 'cause I was there. I wonder who got my doll."

"Did you have a doll?"

Eliza smiled faintly.

"There was a baby doll there," she said wistfully; "oh, I loved it so! Oh, Mollie, it was sweet—so sweet! It had such a cunning little face, and such lovely little rings of yellow hair. Oh, Mollie!"

Eliza began to cry softly; the tears running down her cheeks as if she were in great distress.

"What's the matter?" asked Mollie. "Do you feel worse? Shall I call your mother?" rising to do so.

"Oh, no," putting out her hands in protest; "don't call mamma, she has trouble enough now. I'm not worse—not a bit;" and she wiped the tears away and smiled.

"Well. then, what made you cry?" persisted Mollie.

"Because I'm a baby, I guess. You see, I've wanted that doll ever since that time. I never had one in all my life—not that I know of."

The tears came again, and rolled down her cheeks. Mollie was touched.

"I never had one either, that I can remember; but I declare if I ever should have one, I'd give it to you—so I would."

Eliza reached over and grasped Mollie's hand.

"Would you really?" she asked, excitedly.

"Of course I would."

"Why?"

"Well, because I would."

"Why would you?"

"Because—because I can get about and—and—you can't."

It was Saturday morning. The Doll Show was open. The band was playing at Sherry's. Troops of well-dressed children were hurrying along the walks to the "enchanted place." Some came in carriages, with their mothers or nurses, or both. The music of childish voices and childish laughter rang out upon the breeze.

Presently, from out of a handsome carriage jumped a beautiful little girl. She was followed by a lady in mourning.

As they were about to enter the Doll Show, the beautiful little girl noticed another child, watching her wistfully. The face of the child was so eager and longing in its expression that it almost spoke. Hazel answered the look.

"Are you going to the Doll Show?" she asked.

"No," was the sorrowful answer.

"Why don't you go? You look as if you wanted to."

"I do want to, but—"

She stopped—her face flushing.

Hazel took in the situation.

"She can go with us—can't she, mamma?" she questioned, looking to her mother, who answered in the same spirit that characterized the child:

"Yes, of course she can. Come, dear," to Mollie, whose face became suddenly illumined.

It seemed to her as if she were entering Heaven, so great was her rapture. "Hazel's mamma, looking at the little face, wished that some great artist could catch its expression. The band was playing beautiful music. Children were laughing and chatting, and even dancing over the polished floor, their white-aproned nurses watching them smilingly.

But, oh, the doll babies! Mollie was in a dream of bliss as she watched them. You can well imagine that to this little child of the slums, it appeared like Paradise.

Just before Hazel and her mamma and Mollie Drew left the Doll Show, there were two beautiful dolls purchased. They were baby dolls, with sweet faces, lovely blue eyes that opened and closed, and soft rings of golden hair. The baby dolls were dressed completely in beautiful lace-trimmed baby clothes. Mollie was presented with one; Hazel with the other.

Mollie laughed and cried with joy when hers was put in her arms. Hazel's mamma took her home in the carriage, even going within the little barren room to see Mollie's mother.

When Mrs. Drew and Mollie were alone, there came—suddenly—a sad look into the latter's face.

"Oh, mamma," she cried out.

"What's the trouble, Mollie? Don't you like your beautiful doll?" the mother questioned in surprise.

"Oh, I love it—I just love it!" hugging it close in her arms; "that's what's the matter, I love it so I can't bear to give it up."

"Give it up!" exclaimed Mrs. Drew, beginning to think the child was becoming wild with joy.

"I must give it up; I must give it to Eliza. I promised it."

"How could you promise it to her? You just got it yourself."

"Well, you see, we were talking about dolls yesterday, and poor Eliza had always longed for one, and I said if I ever got one I'd give it to her; so that's what I'm going to do."

A mist crept over Mrs. Drew's eyes.

"You've always longed for a doll, too," she said.

"Yes, I know it; but I've promised; and besides, Eliza's a cripple; so she needs it more than I do."

It was given to her, and with it came the greatest joy of her poor life. She laughed and cried in her delight; and then, with the baby doll held close, she folded her thin little hands and thanked God.

A few days later Hazel and her mamma called on the Drews. Hazel asked to see the baby doll, and was surprised to hear it was not there. She even looked hurt.

"Come, please," said Mollie, jumping up suddenly, "I'll show you where it is. I gave it away; but it wasn't because I didn't love it. Please don't blame me."

And do you suppose Hazel did blame her? Oh, no! but after she saw Eliza with the doll in her arms, she loved Mollie, and they had many, many good times together.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Sacrifice brings forth the blessings of heaven."

Build a little fence of trust
  Around today;
Fill the space with loving work,
  And therein stay;
Look not through the sheltering bars
  Upon tomorrow,
God will help thee bear what comes
  Of joy or sorrow.

—Mary Francis Butts.

THIRD GRADE.

CHURCH HISTORY.

LESSON XVII.

Chapter 17. Young Folk's History of the Church.

JEDEDIAH M. GRANT.

Jedediah M. Grant was only fourteen years old when he became a member of our Church. He never received much education, but was so well acquainted with the scriptures that he could explain and preach the principles of the Gospel so clearly and forcibly that many who heard him were converted, and if they were not converted they could not contradict him truthfully. He spent a great deal of his time in the mission field, and many interesting stories are told of his experiences. One of these incidents occurred in the Southern States, as follows: "In the early part of Elder Grant's ministry in that country he gained quite a reputation as a ready speaker, frequently responding to invitations to preach from such subjects or texts as might be selected at the time of commencing his sermon by those inviting him. In time it became a matter of wonder with many as to how or when he prepared his sermons as other ministers did. He said, 'Of course I read and store my mind with a knowledge of Gospel truths, but I never study up a sermon.' Well, they did not believe he told the truth, for they thought it was impossible for a man to preach such sermons without careful preparation. So in order to prove it, a number of persons decided to put him to test, and asked him if he would preach at a certain time and place from a text selected by them. They proposed to give him his text upon his arrival at the

place of meeting, thus giving him no time to prepare. To gratify them he consented. The place selected was Jeffersonville, the county seat of Tazewell county, at that time the home of the late John B. Floyd, subsequently the secretary of war, and many other prominent men. The room chosen was in a court house. At the hour appointed the house was packed to its utmost capacity. Mr. Floyd and a number of lawyers and ministers were present and occupied front seats. Elder Grant came in, walked to the stand and opened the meeting as usual. At the close of the second hymn, a clerk, appointed for the occasion, stepped forward and handed a paper (the text) to Elder Grant, who unfolded it and found it to be a blank. Without any mark of surprise, he held the paper up before the audience and said: 'My friends, I am here today according to agreement, to preach from such a text as these gentlemen might select. I have it here in my hand. I don't wish you to become offended at me, for I am under promise to preach from the text selected; and if any one is to blame, you must blame those who selected it. I knew nothing of what text they would choose, but of all texts, this is the favorite one. You see the paper is blank (at the same time holding it up to view). You sectarians down here believe that out of nothing God created all things, and now you wish me to create a sermon from nothing. You sectarians believe in a God that has neither body, parts nor passions. Such a God I conceive to be a perfect blank, just as you find my text is. You believe in a church without prophets, apostles, evangelists, etc.; such a church would be a perfect blank as compared with the Church of Christ, and this agrees with my text. You have located your heaven beyond the bounds of time and space, it exists nowhere and consequently your heaven is a blank, like unto my text." Thus he went on, until he had torn to pieces all the tenets of faith professed by his hearers, and proclaimed the principles of the Gospel in great power. He wound up by asking, "Have I stuck to the text, and does it satisfy you?" As soon as he sat down, Mr. Floyd jumped up and said: "Mr. Grant, if you are not a lawyer, you ought to be one." Then turning to the people he added, "Gentlemen, you have listened to a wonderful discourse, and with amazement. Now take a look at Mr. Grant's clothes; look at his coat, his elbows are almost out and his knees are almost through his pants; let us take up a collection."

An eminent lawyer, Joseph Stras, Esq., still living in Jeffersonville, arose and said, "I am good for one sleeve in a coat and one leg in a pair of pants for Mr. Grant." They then called upon the presiding elder of the Methodist church to pass the hat. This worthy divine refused, but being pressed on all sides to do so, he finally consented with a degree of reluctancy, and the result of the collection was sufficient to furnish a fine suit of clothes, a horse, saddle and bridle for Brother Grant, and no one of the donors a

member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, though some joined afterwards.

There are many other interesting experiences in the life of Brother Grant, and some day you must read his history. His manner and teachings, inspired by the Holy Ghost, were so simple and plain that the most unlearned person understood, and the learned could find no fault with what he said. He was so full of inspiration and spoke with such power that people were charmed as by a spell. They had to listen.

Brother Grant filled many positions of honor and trust and lived to become one of the First Presidency of the Church.

LESSON XVIII.

Chapter 18. Young Folk's History of the Church.

GEORGE A. SMITH.

George Albert Smith was Brigham Young's first counselor. He was one of the pioneers. In 1847 he accompanied President Young and the company of pioneers in searching out and making the road to and finding the location for the Church in the Great Basin. During this journey he walked seventeen hundred miles, and rode, mostly on horseback, eight hundred; much of the distance with raw-hide soles on his shoes. He was six weeks without bread, though he was better off than most of the pioneer company, for he had about twenty-five pounds of flour locked up in his trunk, unknown to anyone. He lived as the rest, on buffalo and other wild meat, which was not always plentiful. He issued his reserved flour by cupfuls to the sick, some of whom attribute to this circumstance the preservation of their lives. He planted the first potatoe that was put in the ground in Salt Lake valley, and built a house for his father in the fort, before starting on his return to Winter Quarters.

In December, 1850, he raised a company of one hundred and eighteen volunteers, accompanied by about thirteen families, and started for the purpose of planting a colony near the Little Salt Lake. The day after they started the thermometer was at zero. His company was organized at Peteetneet creek (Payson), Utah

county. They crossed five ranges of mountains, and arrived at Centre Creek, 265 miles from Salt Lake City, Jan. 13, 1851. As soon as the site of the town was determined upon, the settlers commenced working a road into a canyon about six miles, which cost them five hundred days' work, where they cut down a pole ninety-nine feet long, which they erected and on which they raised the "Stars and Stripes." They dedicated the ground by prayer, and saluted the emblem of civil and religious liberty by the firing of cannon.

President Smith traveled a great deal in the southern settlements, helping and encouraging the pioneers who settled there. He was recognized as the father of these settlements in the south, the largest one, St. George, being named in his honor.

President George A. Smith was a wise counselor, a great preacher, a sound statesman, a pioneer and colonizer of the highest ability, an able lawyer and an efficient educator. He was always ready in public and private. He was humble and meek, yet full of courage and unbounded energy in the cause of right. He always had time to notice young people and children and leave his impress of love and kindness upon the tablets of their hearts.

LESSON XIX.

Chapter 19. Young Folk's History of the Church.

MARY M. WHITMER.

Mary Musselman Whitmer, the only woman who saw the plates of the Book of Mormon, was the wife of Peter Whitmer. Together with her husband she was baptized by Oliver Cowdery in Seneca Lake, April 18, 1830. Among the early members of the Church she was familiarly known as Mother Whitmer, mother of five of the witnesses to the Book of Mormon. Her son David Whitmer, before his death, testified on several occasions that his mother had seen the plates, and when Elders Edward Stevenson and Andrew Jenson visited Richmond, Missouri, in 1888, John C. Whitmer, a grandson of Mother Whitmer, testified in the following language: "I have heard my grandmother say on several occasions that she was shown the plates of the Book of Mormon by a holy angel. It was at the time, she said, when the translation was going on at the house of the elder Peter Whitmer, her husband. Joseph Smith, with his wife and Oliver Cowdery, were all boarding with the Whitmers, and my grandmother in having so many extra persons to care for, besides her own large household, was often overloaded with work to such an extent that she felt it to be quite a burden. One evening, when (after having done her usual day's work in the house) she went to the barn to milk the cows, she met a stranger carrying something on his back that

looked like a knapsack. At first she was a little afraid of him, but when he spoke to her in a kind, friendly tone and began to explain to her the nature of the work that was going on in her house, she was filled with inexpressible joy and satisfaction. He then untied his knapsack and showed her a bundle of plates, which in size and appearance corresponded with the description subsequently given by the witnesses to the Book of Mormon. This strange person turned the leaves of the book of plates over, leaf after leaf, and also showed her the engravings upon them; after which he told her to be patient and faithful in bearing her burden a little longer, promising that if she would do so, she should be blessed; and her reward would be sure, if she proved faithful to the end. The personage then suddenly vanished with the plates, and where he went, she could not tell. From that moment my grandmother was enabled to perform her household duties with comparative ease, and she felt no more inclination to murmur because her lot was hard. I knew my grandmother to be a good, noble and truthful woman, and I have not the least doubt of her statement in regard to seeing the plates, being strictly true. She was a strong believer in the Book of Mormon until the day of her death."

LESSON XX.

Chapter 20. Young Folk's History of the Church.

M. ISABELLA HORNE.

Agreeable to your request, I will endeavor to give a few items of my experience in the pioneer days which I trust will be of interest and profit to your readers.

When we left Winter Quarters, in June, 1847, and commenced our journey to the Rocky Mountains, our family consisted of Mr. Horne, myself and four children, one of whom had been born since we left our home in Nauvoo. We also brought a man and his wife with us, he driving one of the teams. We had three wagons, with two yoke of oxen to each, which contained farming imple-

ments, seed-grain, cooking utensils, a few necessary dishes, etc., clothing, and provisions that must last eight people for at least eighteen months; we also brought a small cooking stove, a very rare article in the pioneer camps, and a small rocking chair. This was all the household furniture it was possible to bring.

I will not take space in your valuable paper to enter into details of that never-to-be-forgotten journey, but will merely mention a few incidents that may be of interest. While traveling along the Platte River. a large band of Indians were camped on the opposite side. Many of them, men, women and children, swam across the river, and President John Taylor invited Mr. Horne and me to go with himself and wife to meet them. They wanted to trade buffalo robes for corn and provisions. While trading, one of the Indians took a fancy to my baby girl and wanted me to trade her for a pony. When I refused he brought another pony, and still another, until finally he went to get the fourth one, and seemed so determined to have her that I was afraid he would steal her from my arms. Just at this time the rest of our company came up. While the brethren were trading with the Indian men, the squaws and children were going among our wagons, stealing cooking utensils or anything else they could get hold of, so that when we camped that night many useful articles were missing.

On another occasion, while still on the Platte river, we were called up in the middle of the night as thousands of buffalo were crossing the river, heading straight for the camp. The splashing and bellowing were terrible to hear. We were in great danger, as buffalo were never known to stop for anything when traveling in such large numbers; it appeared as though they would destroy the camp, but suddenly they altered their course and went further down the river.

On another occasion when we were in the Black Hills, a large band of Indians placed themselves directly across our path, and would not allow us to pass; they demanded corn, sugar, and coffee. Some of the brethren went through the camp and collected as much as possible from our meagre supply, which the Indians accepted, and made no further trouble. When our company arrived at what was then called the Sweetwater, which was east of Green River, we met President Young and a majority of the pioneers, returning to Winter Quarters for their families. Bishop Hunter and Brother John Taylor, who were in charge of our company, suggested a feast be made in honor of the pioneers. A nice fat steer was bought from Bishop Hunter, the dishes were unpacked, and the sisters did the best possible to prepare a dinner worthy of the occasion. This was performed under difficulties, as it was snowing heavily, although only September, which made camp-cooking quite a task. The storm passed before dinner, and

the brethren cleared away the brush and improvised a rude table, and I can assure you we had a feast indeed, spiritual as well as temporal. The food remaining was given to the pioneers to help them on their journey.

We arrived in Salt Lake valley in the evening of October 6th, 1847. From the mouth of the canyon we traveled in the dark, having no guide but the flickering light of the camp fires on Pioneer Square. Our tent was soon pitched,and we felt thankful to our Heavenly Father for preserving us on our long and arduous journey of four months, and that we had arrived at a place of rest. We lived in a tent until logs could be obtained from the canyon for a house. It must be remembered that at that early day there were no saw mills; the saw-pits were the only means of obtaining lumber. These were made by digging a trench ten feet long and five feet deep, above which trestles were built. The log to be sawed was laid on these trestles. One man stood on the top of the log and another in the pit, and pulled the saw up and down. You can readily imagine that with this slow process it was a long time before we could have board floors in our houses. When we moved into our little two-roomed house there were neither floors nor doors.. We had brought two small windows with us. Of course we had no furniture, so we had to manufacture some the best we could. Our bedstead was made in one corner of the room by boring holes in the logs of the house about six feet from the corner on one side, four feet on the other and two feet from the floor, into which the ends of poles were inserted; the other ends being fastened to a post set in the ground. Wooden pegs were driven in these poles and the logs of the house at regular intervals, on which strips of rawhide were stretched, crossing from side to side and head to foot. This formed quite a comfortable spring mattress, upon which the bedding was placed. Our cupboard was made by placing a large packing box on its side upon some brackets made by fastening short poles in the walls. Shelves were put in, and these as well as other packing boxes which were brought into use as toilet table, etc., were draped with calico curtains. Tables and stools were formed from poles and boxes. These with the little wooden rocker and cook stove completed our house furnishings. Our candle was a little grease in a saucer with a twisted rag in it. I put some lamp black and yellow ochre into a little skim milk I obtained from a neighbor, and stained our door and window frames, using a rag for a brush, which made them look more homelike and saved considerable scrubbing. We had succeeded in arranging things quite comfortably when a cloud burst up City Creek canyon and the water came rushing down covering our floor an inch or two deep. Our provisions were our first care. They must be kept dry, and used sparingly. Our rations were weighed out for a week, so much and no more.

Segoes and wild parsnips were gathered and used as food. We did not have milk; members of the company had lost some of their oxen while crossing the plains, and our cows had been used in their place. Graham gruel without milk or sugar was used for breakfast and supper.

The weather continued fine until March, 1848, when a storm came on and we had rain, snow and sleet continually for ten days. Our house being covered only with poles, grass and earth, it continued to rain in the house after it was fine outside. Wagon covers were fastened nearly to the roof over the head of the bed, sloping to the foot to shed the water and keep the bed dry. A large piece of table oil cloth was tacked up over the table while we ate our meals, and it was no uncommon thing to see a woman holding an umbrella over her while attending to her household duties. The Fort presented quite a ludicrous appearance when the weather cleared up. In whatever direction one looked, bedding and clothing of all descriptions were hanging out to dry.

One of the greatest sources of trouble and inconvenience were the mice. The ground was full of them. They ran over us in our beds, ate into our boxes, and destroyed much valuable clothing. Various kinds of mousetraps were devised, but relief was obtained only after securing a kitten from the only family of cats in the camp.

Early in the spring a man came into the valley from California with some pack animals, and brought some potatoes. Mr. Horne paid him fifty cents for four potaties about as large as a hen's egg, from which he raised over a bushel of fine potatoes. But we could not eat them. They must be saved for seed. During that year quite a variety of good vegetables was raised. The melons, pumpkin and squash were very sweet. I made cornstalk molasses in my wash boiler, also melon preserves and pumpkin sauce by boiling the juice of the melons to syrup and thickening with squash or pumpkin. We had beets, turnips, carrots and onions in the garden, and as we had been without vegetables for nearly three years, I thought I had never eaten anthing so good. Our sugar was all gone, but about this time a man brought some in from California. I had waited with others for an hour and a half to get into the house where it was, and then could only have one pound of brown sugar, for which I paid one dollar.

Now came the trial of our faith. We were using our last sack of flour, with the prospect of a fairly good harvest, when great, black crickets covered the grain and it appeared as though all would be destroyed. We were seven hundred miles from the western coast and one thousand miles from the source of supplies in the east, and the prospect was disheartening. Men, women and children turned out to fight the crickets, but nothing we could

do seemed to stay their progress. I can truly say that during these critical times my faith that our Heavenly Father would send deliverance never wavered. In their extremity the Saints united in calling upon the Lord in mighty faith, and He came to the rescue by sending large flocks of seagulls to devour the crickets and save us from starvation. It was one of the greatest miracles of this dispensation.

When the grain was harvested our troubles were not yet over. There were no threshing machines nor grist mills, and various methods were adopted to get the grain threshed and cleaned. Some used flails, made after the old English patterns, others would place wagon covers on the ground, put the grain upon them, and have the horses and oxen tread it. The winnowing or cleaning was done by placing the wagon covers on the ground on a windy day, and pouring the grain down upon them by bucketfulls from quite an elevation. As it fell the wind blew out the chaff and the grain would be comparatively clean. There was a handmill for grinding the wheat, but of course it was not ground very fine. Sister Leonora Taylor, wife of President John Taylor, had a piece of bolting cloth about a foot and a half or two feet square, which she tacked on to a rough frame made by one of the brethren, and that answered the purpose of a sieve, which went the rounds of the Fort when people were anxious to have a little fine flour for some special purpose. One of our greatest difficulties was to find material from which to make soap. We burnt sagebrush and took the ashes to make lye, but it was almost impossible to get grease enough to make the soap, as the cattle were so very poor.

After the harvesting was over Brother Taylor proposed that we hold a grand harvest feast of thanksgiving and praise to God for His blessing and protection over us in these valleys. A committee of arrangements was appointed. Our brethren built a large bowery, which was decorated with sheaves of wheat, oats and barley, bundles of corn and green branches. Tables were set the full length of the bowery. They were decorated with bunches of all kinds of vegetables that had been raised, also a few flowers, and made a nice appearance. Our cattle had fattened up by that time, so that we had good beef, which was prepared in a variety of ways, and with our good vegetables, home-made molasses and preserves, I believe I was as proud of our tables and the food on that occasion as I have been at any subsequent time under more favorable surroundings. Several of the Apostles and other leading authorities of the Church were present, songs were sung, short speeches were made, and a happy spirit prevailed.

Many little incidents occur to my mind when reflecting upon these early experiences, but I do not desire to weary your readers. I trust these little items of history may be satisfactory to you.—Young Woman's Journal.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

SPRING CLEANING.

If you belong to the ordinary class of mothers, you are doubtless being driven almost to distraction by the work to be done these beautiful spring days. Doubtless you can see more to do in ten minutes than you can do in ten days; not knowing what you can possibly leave undone, you are trying to do it all. The bright spring sunshine reveals the dust in every corner of your house, till you fairly ache to throw open the windows, throw all the carpets out and have a regular old-fashioned house-cleaning. The gentle spring winds make the winter underwear almost intolerable, and woolen dresses, coats and wraps a weariness to the flesh; they make the children uncomfortable and irritable. What a joy it would be to cast the whole lot into the rag-barrel or the missionary box, and start out with a complete new lot, so fresh and so satisfactory; in fact, you feel the new clothes are necessary to your own self-respect at this season, but the price of them and the sewing of them—oh dear! If you are blessed with a garden, you feel that it is crying to you for attention; you must get a man to help there right off. There are numberless little repairs to be made at once, inside and outside of the house, and—well—there is no use, you are just about ready to give up! To give up what? the whole thing? That would be a pretty way out of it! No, no; discriminate a bit and decide upon the non-essential—give them up, and then you will have time and strength and spirits for the essentials. It is a great point to learn this discrimination, a very delicate point. You will need to study it to be sure of it. In the first place as a step in this direction, when you come to the point of distraction from the ever muchness to do—stop! Either take a book or paper and lie down flat on your back for twenty minutes, or longer—don't read the book or paper if you can close your eyes and rest, but get something between you and your work to change the current, the vibration, and you will rise with a clearer head and lighter heart. Better still, run out of doors for a walk in the fields or woods, nothing is in a hurry or confusion in the beautiful world of nature; let its gentle, soothing influence steal over your spirit, it will make you feel so smooth. I know a dear mother who, when duties pressed and crowded, simply stopped and sang a hymn, really sang it; if you would know how much good it does one, try it yourself. Even

taking the time for a good laugh will clear the atmosphere and ease the strain!

Don't let this hurry and worry touch the children; help them to drink in the beautiful inspiration of spring. Open your eyes and help them to open theirs to the wonderful life all about them. Life and activity are teeming in all, through all, give them a share; if possible give them something alive to have for their own to care for, a pet of some kind, if it be nothing more than "a mother rooster" with a baby chicken.

Give the children a garden, a growing plot, if it be no more than a starch box or an earthen pot; let them plant something and watch its growth and wonderful development.

Don't worry your husband about all these matters either—not that he should be kept in ignorance of all that is needed; consult with him to the extent of giving him full opportunity to co-operate so far as possible; council with him to the extent of keeping him in full sympathy with all you are doing, but do not worry him about what you are not doing, what you cannot do.

The question comes, "What shall I do with my little three-year-old who will run away at every opportunity?"

I know one mother, a model one in many ways, who has a splendid family of seven children, who takes little Miss or Mr. Three-year-old, and discoursing seriously on the subject, tethers him with the clothes-line in the back yard, repeating the punishment for every offense until the little roamaway sees the point and learns one of the very important lessons of childhood—of life—obedience. Has any one any objections or improvements to offer?—Ellen Lee Wyman.

THE CANDY PROBLEM.

Candy is a great problem with most mothers, and is the object of an absolutely uncontrolled desire with most children. It is a point of considerable difference with all who have theories about children. Did you ever know a child that did not love sweets, and does not every mother know that the child's first food is incomplete without it, and that the natural foods supplied by nature are always sweet?

In the question of candy, as in every other question of what is best for the child, there should be some principle to rule in every home. I firmly believe if it is not denied it is not apt to be so great a passion. If the mother would systematically, every day, upon a certain occasion, produce a few little bits of candy and have the children feel that they can have it without

any demand made, it would settle the whole question. It might come in with the very youngest when duty seems to be disagreeable, putting the sweet and bitter together. It would be very interesting to the children to see the process of making candy, and home-made candy is by far the most practical and wholesome to give children. Here are a few simple recipes:

CARAMELS.

One cup of granulated sugar, water to moisten; boil until it hairs; flavor, then stir until it is stiff enough to handle. Mold quickly into shape. If chocolate is desired, roll the molded caramels in chocolate that has been melted over steam.

PEANUT CANDY.

Put granulated sugar in rather a thick cooking-dish—an iron spider will do; put over fire that is not too hot, with a little moistening. Stir to prevent burning, and when all is melted, put in shelled peanuts and turn into mold and cool.

There are many plain molasses candies easily made, and the pulling is certainly an added attraction.—Arlene West.

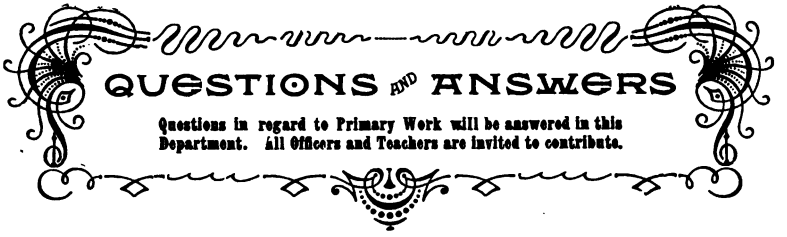
We want all our mother readers to write us and send suggestions and questions to this department. How do you like it?

How many have started little gardens this spring—one for each child? and when the flowers begin to grow, think what a joy to have them for those who have none. Let it be ever so small, even a box, it is a miracle play to the child. The greatest lesson of life can be unconsciously taught through a garden.

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."—Matt. x, 42. (The widow's mite.—Luke xxi, 1—4.)

"Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such very little ones."

"Every hour comes with some little faget of God's will fastened upon its back."—F. W. Faber.


QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS
Questions in regard to Primary Work will be answered in this Department. All Officers and Teachers are invited to contribute.

What is the stated length of time that a Primary meeting should last?

One hour.

Is it necessary to confine ourselves to one hour, if in doing so we cannot give enough time to the lessons in the "Friend."

The advice of the General Board is, that the meetings of the Primary associations should not exceed one hour, experience proves that it is not good for children to be kept in a meeting longer than that, especially as most of the meetings are held immediately after the dismissal of school, the children are already tired and not in a physical condition to undertake any difficult or lengthy lessons. Let your meetings begin promptly, have your opening exercises as brief as possible, if you cannot give all the lesson as it is outlined in the "Friend," select that part or parts which will be the most interesting and instructive and leave out the rest. Better give less and give it well.

When a President or Counselor is a regular teacher of a class, shall she be designated as teacher or by the former title in the minutes, when reporting the class work?

In the minutes the President and Counselors are always respected in their positions as such, and there is no necessity to make a change because they may have charge of a class, the positions which they hold in relation to the children are those of teachers. When a position as presiding officer is accepted it means that the responsibility is assumed to teach and train the children in the ways of truth and the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

If, however, assistants are needed in conducting the grades in Primary, they may be designated as teachers or aids.

Remember our annual conference for all the Primary Officers throughout the Church. Let us have a good representation from every Stake. Watch the newspapers for date and conference rates on the railroads. Excellent programs will be prepared which will include counsels and suggestions for the instruction and guidance of Primary workers.

THE VIOLETS.

I know blue, modest violets,
  Gleaming with the dew at morn,
I know the place where you came from
  And the way that you were born.

When God cuts holes in heaven,
  The holes that stars look through,
He lets the scraps fall down to earth—
  The little scraps are you.

—Selected.

A little four-year-old boy was bad the other day, and his mother said:

"Sammy, why don't you be good?"

"'Cause I'm afraid," was the prompt reply.

"What are you afraid of?"

"Good little boys get to be angels, and I don't want to be an angel and have to wear fedders like a hen."

"I the Lord will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee."—Isaiah xli, 13.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Edited and Published by the General Board:

VOL. II. JUNE, 1903. No. 6

Life's Mirror.

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave
    There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
    And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
    A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
    Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave.
    'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have
    And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

FIRST GRADE.

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH.

OPENING EXERCISES.

Song. Hands, Lips, Eyes and Heart. Dainty Songs for Little Lads and Lassies, page 38.

To be repeated after the teacher.

"God bless our homes, tho' humble,
So full of love's sweet light;
And bless us little children,
We're trying to do right;
God bless our mothers tender,
And bless dear father, too;
Oh, make us fond and helpful,
And keep us kind and true."

Song. I'll be a little "Mormon," S. S. Song Book, page 56.

Suggestive Talks.

Teachers' reading. Luke 2: 40, 52. Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 6. The Children's Friend, Vol. 1, No. 2.

Picture: Christ and the Doctors.

"Come follow me," Jesus said to the people, when He lived here on earth and went from place to place preaching. He did not mean that the people were to walk after Him, but to do as He did.

He was blessed when He was a little baby, just as we have our babies blessed. His mother carried him to the wise men in the temple, just as our mothers carrry their little ones to the fast meeting, and some of our good men will hold them in their arms and bless them. And as we grow older and larger we help our fathers and mothers just as Jesus did. And when we are old enough we will go to Sunday school and meeting with our fathers and mothers, because, God has said, that it was right for all to "meet together and worship Him," that means to hear and remember about all the good things God does for us and that we are willing to try and be good to each other, and love our Father in Heaven.

When Jesus was twelve years old His father and mother had to go to Jerusalem to attend the Passover. The Passover was a great gathering of the people, something like our conferences.

Jesus was pleased to go with his parents, He wanted to see the country and to meet with people who could tell Him many wonderful things. Relate in your own language, the journey to Jerusalem, the stay there, the starting for home, how and when Jesus was missed, the anxiety and search, and the finding of Jesus in the Temple.

2. Teachers' reading. Luke 2: 51, 52. Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 7.

When Jesus was found in the Temple talking with the wise men, He told His mother that it was time to get ready to do His Father's business.

I think He wanted to tell His mother that there was a work of love which God had given Him to do, not only in His mother's home, but outside of that, for all the world. But then He went home with them, and stayed there a long time; and the Bible says, "He grew in wisdom and in stature." I think that means He grew wiser and larger and better every day, getting ready for the great work He was to do when He should become a man.

What do you think Jesus did to make Him better and stronger? Found work to do, helped His father and mother. Tell what you can of the home life of the Nazarenes, emphasize the humility and industry of the life which Jesus shared and which is an example to all to be satisfied with their lot in life.

3. Teachers' reading. Matthew 3: 13, 17. Mark 1: 9, 11. Luke 3: 15, 18. Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 8. The Children's Friend, Vol. 1, Lesson 8.

While Jesus was growing larger and better every day, there was another boy who was trying to help, too, his name was John. John lived alone in a place that was very uncomfortable and he found very little that was good to eat, but he wanted to do right and be ready to help when the Lord wanted him. One day he came out of his lonely home and told the people, that they must do better, for Christ the Lord was coming and they must get ready to meet Him. Crowds of people would gather around and listen to John and then they would ask him to baptize them.

Jesus had grown to be a man now and was ready to do His great work for the people. The very first thing He did was to come to John and ask to be baptized, and just as soon as John saw Him, he knew who it was. That the great and blessed man was come, who would show all people how to love and help each other. When Jesus asked to be baptized John was surprised and said so, but Jesus answered Him and said that it was right to be baptized and that all should do the same. We must all be bap-

tized just as Jesus was and that is what Jesus meant when He said: "Come, follow me."

Tell about the descent of the heavenly dove, and the blessing from heaven upon the head of Jesus.

4. Teachers' reading. Matt. 4: 1—11. Mark 1: 12—13. Luke 4: 1—13. Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 9.

After Jesus was baptized He went into the wilderness and fasted and prayed for help to do His work. He went without eating for such a long time that He became weak and weary. Then somebody who was not a good man came along and tried to make Jesus do wrong. But Jesus told the wicked man to go away.

Sometimes our parents want us to help and we are not always willing or ready, we would rather play and have a good time; then we should remember about Jesus, who said "follow me," and then we will all try to follow Him by doing right. Whenever Jesus had anything to do He always asked His Father in heaven to help Him, and give Him strength to do the work in the best way. We, too, may ask our fathers and mothers to help us, to tell us how to be good boys and girls, how to be helpful and kind and we can pray to our Father in heaven, who is always ready to hear us, and help us if we ask for things that would be good for us to have.

THE DISCONTENTED APPLE TREE

"Oh, dear," said an apple tree, "where is my pink and white dress; where has it gone? I've worn it only two weeks and now I have a new one. This is a pretty green one, but I liked my pink and white one better, for I would hear people say as they passed me by, 'Oh, just look at that apple tree, isn't it beautiful?' and now they will pass me by and won't even look at me, because I am just like the other trees!

"Well, if I must wear this one, why can't I have some pretty trimmings on it? Just a plain green dress isn't what I want at all," and as the apple-tree said this, a gentle murmur filled the air, and hark, it sounded as if somebody was singing. The apple-tree looked all around and it could not see anything at first, but one of the baby branches which hung very close to the ground could see who it was, and it said in a very soft whisper, "Why, it is the lily bells; oh, do listen to their sweet songs!"

Just then Mr. Wind came along, and he heard the apple-tree sighing. "Why, what is the matter with you," said he.

"I do wish, Mr. Wind, that I could have my branches just full of lily bells. They would make me so happy and would brighten up my green dress."

"Lily bells! why, what are they? I should think you would be contented with what you have."

"Why, Mr. Wind, haven't you seen or heard those dear little lily bells? They are on the ground, just under the shade of my baby branches."

"No; I guess I'll go and visit them. Good-bye."

So he did. They nodded their heads, and oh, how sweetly they did sing. "How happy you are, dear little Lily Bells; wouldn't you like to go and live on that apple-tree?"

The lily bells looked up and said: "No, why should we, and don't you see we sing and dance so much that we're afraid we would fall off?"

Then Mr. Wind told them how discontented the tree was, and how it wanted them to come and live on it to brighten it up. They said they couldn't do that, but they would sing their sweetest song if that would help.

Mr. Wind carried the message to the tree, and what do you think happened; the branches kept bending lower and lower, and this is the song the lily bells sang:

Dear friend, we have come today,
And brought our bells along,
To make you feel bright and gay,
We knew you'd like our song.

We heard you were not content
You of all should happy be,
The reason is very clear,
Children love an apple-tree.

And in the early springtime,
Birds come to build their nests,
You shelter them from all harm,
And safely here they rest.

And then the lily bells, after telling all they had heard, fell asleep in Mother Nature's lap, and the wind heard the apple tree saying very softly: "How much I can do in this great world; I never thought of that."—Jennie Mae Beers.

GOBLIN DO-AS-YOU-PLEASE.

"Wait till I'm a man, then I guess I won't go to bed just the minute I don't want to." Saying this, little Freddie doubled the pillow under his head and began to cry.

Freddy was one of the best of boys until it came to the question of obedience, and there he failed. He never could be made

to understand that grown-up people, as well as little people, often had to do what they did not want to. "Just wait till I'm big as papa," said he, with another punch at the pillow and another choky sob. "Anyway, I won't go to sleep. No, I won't. I'll stay awake till daytime, so there!" and then he cried and cried, until he was very tired.

It was quite dark in the room; but just over the foot of his small white bed there fell a long, thin strip of moonlight. Freddy followed this strip of light with his eyes and saw that it came in under the shade at the window. There was not space enough for him to see out into the night, but he knew how quiet and bright the garden was outside, and he wondered if there really were fairies, like those in books, dancing on the lawn.

While he was yet wondering, he fancied he heard the faintest sound of knocking at the closed window. Hark! there it was again. Freddy tiptoed toward the window. Softly he raised the shade and peeped out. "Shush!" This was said by a queer little creature who stood looking into the room, for Freddy had just started to cry out at sight of him.

"Who are you, anyway?" said Freddy, gaining courage to speak when he saw that the funny round face of the tiny creature was smiling at him.

"I'm Goblin Do-as-you-please."

"Well, I wish I could do as I please," said Freddy, almost beginning to cry again.

"Well, why don't you?" grinned the goblin.

"'Cause I can't."

"Why not?" questioned the goblin.

"They won't let me," grumbled Freddy.

"Oh! you mean you won't do as you please unless others are pleased to let you," said the goblin.

"I mean I can't," said Freddy, not quite understanding the goblin's last remark.

"What do you have to do now that you don't want to do?" asked the goblin.

"I have to go to bed."

"You don't have to stay there. Come out and have some fun." And before Freddy could think, the window was opened and he was sliding, with the goblin, down the rainpipe into the garden.

"It's nice and light out here," Freddy said, looking around at the bright moonlight.

"Let's go poke sticks at the toad under the wall," said the goblin; "you know you wanted to do that before you were called in to supper."

So Freddy got a long stick and began to tease the toad.

"Why don't you get a stick?" asked Freddy.

"I'd like to, but there isn't any about," the goblin answered.

"Oh! there goes a cat!" exclaimed Freddy, chasing after it. When he came back the toad had gone and the goblin stood waiting for him.

"What makes you look so cross?" asked Freddy.

"Why did you run away like that? You know I can't run with these short legs," snapped the goblin.

Freddy said he was sorry and proposed that they make mud-pies; but the goblin said he did not want to, so he wouldn't, because he only did things to please himself.

"You're a disagreeable old thing," said Freddy. "If you can't play just what you want you won't play at all."

"Of course," nodded the goblin. "I'm Do-as-you-please, you know."

"But there are things you can't do either. You can't run, for one thing," said Freddy, getting quite angry.

At this the goblin flew at him as if he would scratch his eyes out. Freddy ran to the house and scrambled up the rainpipe towards his window. On, on, came the goblin. Up, up, struggled Freddy. Ding-a-ling-dong! The pipe was breaking away with an awful crashng, ringing noise.

"Oh!" screamed Freddy, and then he found himself sitting up in bed and could hear his mamma talking in the next room. She was saying to his papa, who had just come in, "I wish you were in business for yourself and could do as you please about working nights."

"I wish, myself, that I could do as I pleased," said papa.

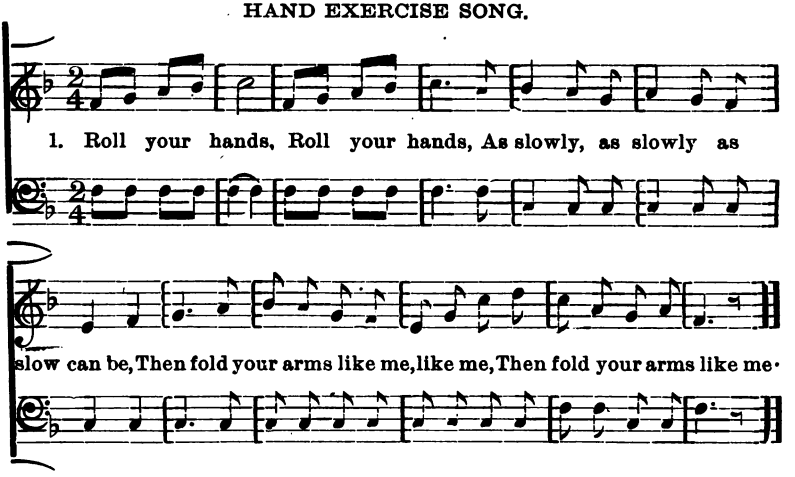
Then Freddy realized that Do-as-you-please was only a Dream Goblin, and that no one ever did quite as they pleased in all things.—Saidee Morton Kiersted.

The teacher was giving little Tommy a grammar lesson the other day. "An abstract noun," she said, "is the name of something which you can think of, but not touch. Can you give me an example?" Tommy—"A red-hot poker!"

"Finally brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report—think on these things."—Philippians iv, 8.

There is no use arguing with the inevitable. The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat.—Lowell.

HAND EXERCISE SONG.


1. Roll your hands, Roll your hands, As slowly, as slowly as
slow can be, Then fold your arms like me, like me, Then fold your arms like me.

2. Roll your hands, roll your hands,
As swiftly, as swiftly, as swift can be;
Then fold your arms, like me, like me,
Then fold your arms like me.

3. Clap your hands, clap your hands,
As softly, as softly, as soft can be;
Then fold your arms like me, like me,
Then fold your arms like me.

4. Clap your hands, clap your hands,
As loudly, as loudly, as loud can be;
Then fold your arms like me, like me,
Then fold your arms like me.

5. Keep time with me, keep time with me,
As softly, as softly, as sofe can be;
Then fold your arms like me, like me,
Then fold your arms like me.

6. Keep time with me, keep time with me,
As loudly, as loudly, as loud can be,
Then fold your arms like me, like me,
Then fold your arms like me.

7. Go to sleep, go to sleep,
As lazily, as lazily, as lazy can be;
Then bow your head, like mine, like mine,
Then bow your head like mine.

8. All wake p, all wake up,
As brightly, as brightly, as bright can be,
Then fold your arms, like me, like me.

1. Revolve the hands slowly around each other in front of and from the chest.

2. Hands folded in front of them.

3. Revolve the hands ewiftly around each other in front of and from the chest.

4. Left hand horizontally in front of the chest—palm upward—right hand raised, and brought down on the left without a sound.

5. Left hand horizontally in front of the chest—palm upmard—right hand raised and brought down on to the left with a clap.

6. Both hands closed and keep time on the seat or desk, without a sound.

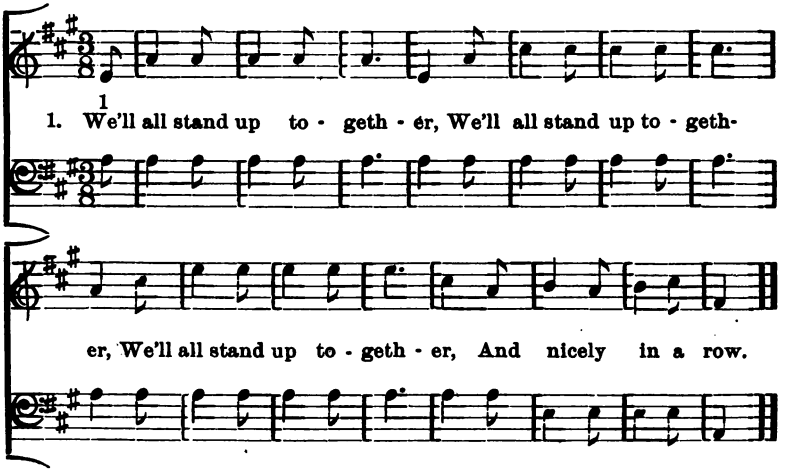
7. Both hands closed and brought down with force on the seat or desk, keeping time.

8. Nod the head to the right.

9. Bow the head on the desk. After the last word of this stanza is sung, retain the same position until the signal is given by the teacher to wake up, which may be a lively clapping of the hands or by striking the bell—then the head is quickly raised with a bright expression, and commence singing the next stanza.

10. Hands folded behind them.

WE'LL ALL STAND UP TOGETHER.



2. We'll al clap hands together, etc.
3. We'll all keep step together, etc.
4. We'll al turn round together, etc.
5. We'll all join hands together, etc.
6. We'll all sit down together, etc.
7. We'll all ove one another, ettc.
   Just as we ought to do.

1. Feet in position to rise without maving them—rise quickly and in exact time—body erect, head set, hands folded behind them, or hands by the side, and in perfect rows.

2. Left hand horizontally in front of the chest—palm upward—right hand raised and brought down on to the left with a clap.

3. Keep time with first the right foot then the left.

4. Turn to the right one-fourth way round on each line.

5. All join hands with their seatmate.

6. All sit down without moving their feet—body erect, head set, hands folded behind them or hands by the side.

SECOND GRADE.

LESSON XXI.

HELPFULNESS.

Teachers' reading: Life of Christ, Farrar.
Picture: "Feeding the Multitude."

JESUS FEEDS THE MULTITUDE.

Matt. 14: 12—21; Mark 6: 32—44; Luke 9: 10—17; John 6: 1—14.

Jesus and the people—healing sick, etc.—evening—the loaves and fishes—the meal—Jesus uses His power for others, not for Himself.

KATIE'S OUTING.

"Oh, Katie! Hurry up and get your hat and come along as fast as ever you can!"

Katherine was so excited that she hardly talked plain; her eyes shone like stars and when she stopped to catch her breath, she gave an ecstatic little hop, then tried to stand still, and explained:

"Helen Harmon telephoned that her Uncle Ralph was going to take her to spend the day on the river in his new yacht. He told her to bring half a dozen girls along, and they're to have a picnic lunch on Reef Island. She wants you, of course, and I had Bridget put up plenty of lunch for both of us, so that you wouldn't have to wait a minute, but just put on your hat!"

"You and Helen are lovely, both of you; but I can't go," said Katie, quietly.

"Can't go! Miss a treat like that!" Katherine could not believe that her ears told her the truth and Katie had to say it over again.

Katherine was so blankly surprised and disappointed that she stood perfectly still and speechless.

"Mother will have to be away all day today, and I have to take care of the baby," and then as her little charge made a vigorous and unexpected dive for her curls: "Bless his little heart! Isn't he funny, and how he does love to pull my hair!"

"Wouldn't your grandma—" began Katherine, and then stopped, blushing at her presumption.

"Take care of the baby and let Katie go?" said the old lady sweetly, finishing the sentence for her. "Gladly, my dear, if I

were able. Nothing could afford me greater pleasure than for Katie to have a treat like that."

"It seems sometimes as if I ought to join a 'Shut-in Society,'" said Katie, with trembling lips. "But then when father and mother and everybody have to work so hard, I ought to be willing to do my share."

Katherine was silent. She could hardly comprehend the situation. Of course, she knew that Katie's life was not like her own bright existence; but to have to give up a whole, long, beautiful day like that just to take care of a baby!

Katherine lived in the great house on the hill, which Katie always looked up to when she had day dreams and told herself she would live there if she were a princess. She just would have to put on her best dress and take her beloved books and the baby's picture and climb straight up that perfect hill and take possession of the lovely spot. Not that Katie was envious; but it was a comfort to make believe sometimes when the walls of the cottage seemed particularly narrow and her work monotonous and tiresome; and none of the day dreams ever thought of dislodging Katherine; they just gave Katie a little more of this world's good things.

If Katie did not have the privilege of living on that ideal hill, her bright face and sweet manner made her a very welcome visitor.

Katherine was so engrossed with Katie's hardship that she dropped mechanically into the chair that was offered her without a word of thanks.

The baby kicked out his feet, struggled down from Katie's lap, crept across the floor, and clinging to Katherine's skirts, pulled himself up by her knee. Katherine laid her hand on his fair, soft curls, and he looked up in her face with a friendly, gurgling laugh.

The merry tooting of a horn came to them through the clear air. It was the captain gayly signalling the girls to hurry.

How could Katie give up the excursion? She seemed to have made up her mind to it; but then she never had been and didn't know what she was missing, Katherine felt sure. She herself knew all about the ideal day on the river with its dreamlike scenery and the fairy island where luncheon would be eaten. She had been there before.

Then Katie and her grandmother were surprised to see a vivid flush overspread Katherine's face from throat to forehead and behind her ears. It died away as suddenly as it came and left her pale.

"Here, Katie, the lunch is all ready," she said, holding out a dainty box. "Put on your hat and go now. That horn was blowing for us."

"But I told you I couldn't go. Don't you remember?" said Katie, a little frightened by Katherine's pale face.

"But you can," answered Katherine, smiling. "I've been before and I am going to stay here and take charge of the baby. I'm sure your grandma will tell me anything I don't know about." And to begin with she caught the little fellow up in her arms and hugged him.

Katie stood still, glancing in a bewildered fashion from Katherine to her grandmother and back again. A jolly sound came rollicking up from the river. The captain was trying to play a tune on his horn as a last signal to hasten.

"Hurry up!" said Katherine, forcing the box into Katie's hand. "Put your hat on! Your dress is just right! I don't believe the captain will wait much longer."

"Go on, dear," said her grandmother, encouragingly. "Go and have just as happy a time as this dear girl wants you to enjoy. I've supposed that there never was so sweet a girl as yourself; but I've just concluded that perhaps there is another; and the old lady gave Katherine a kiss that made her feel paid in advance for the work she was about to do.

Time is long or short, more according to the way we spend it than by actual count of the moments. And to Katie the hours seemed but minutes with golden wings.

They were somewhat longer to Katherine; but not without their pleasure. The baby was very happy, for she was good to him, and little people sometimes enjoy a change of companionship quite as much as grown folks.

Then the grandmother was so pleased. She grew confidential and told some of Katie's trials and how long it had been since she had a treat.

"Why, it will do her as much good as a trip to Europe will some people!" she explained enthusiastically.

It was just sundown when Katie danced into the room, pink as a rose and breathless with joy and excitement.

"I'm not going to try to tell you what a lovely time I had," she gasped. "Because I never can."

"Did you have a happy day on the water, dear?" asked her mother as Katherine entered the sitting-room.

"A very happy day, mother, but not on the water."

As she told her mother all about it and saw her look of pride and pleasure, Katherine felt that she willingly would make a great sacrifice every day to keep the expression on that beloved face.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

LESSON XXII.

FAITH.

Teachers' reading: Life of Christ, Farrar.

WALKING ON THE WATER.

Matt. 14: 22—26; Mark. 6: 45—56; John 6: 15—21.

Jesus goes to the mountain—the ship—the storm—Jesus appears—Peter's request—the result—"O, thou of little faith!"

SOCKS FOR JOHN RANDALL.

It was a matter of talk that Widow Randall knit so many socks for the soldiers. She was a poor woman, and had little to do with; but she must have spent a great deal of money for yarn, buying so much of the best at war prices. Knitting seemed almost a mania with her. She was sometimes seen knitting before breakfast. No sooner was her housework done, than out came her knitting, and her needles flew, click, click, click, even faster than they did when her fingers were young and supple; while her pale, sad face bending above them made one almost weep to look at her. She was one of those who do not weep, but who ever carry a full fountain of tears sealed up within them.

Not a box in all the country near was sent to the soldiers that did not contain a pair of Widow Randall's socks; and box after box from the Sanitary Commission carried her contributions. Always welcome, so soft, so warm, so nice were her socks. The appreciative could not help unrolling them, feeling their softness and speaking their praise; and always carefully stitched within them they found a letter. Sometimes it was only, "To my dear son, John Randall, from his ever-loving mother;" sometimes it told of her love, and hope, and earnest prayer; sometimes it implored him to write to her, and tell her that he lived, and tell her of his welfare if he lived.

How many soldiers were blessed through her love for one! How many felt the flow of thanks as they drew her comforting socks over their benumbed feet, and dropped a tear upon her tender letter to the son who might then be perishing uncared for, unknowing how a mother's love had sought for him, prayed for him, unceasingly.

A pair of "socks for John Randall" once fell into the hands of a poor motherless English boy. His lone, yearning, orphan heart responded to the maternal tenderness which he had missed and mourned for in his own life; and with the instincts of a son, he wrote the widowed mother a letter of life and thanks in the name of all the absent and wandering sons, and sent her gold, and offered to be her son, if God had bereaved her of her own.

"A pair of John Randall's socks" worked their way into a Kentucky regiment at the west. There a rough, hard old soldier got possession of them, and found the note within them, and read

it aloud to the silent group around him. In that group was a lone youth who had come a stranger into the regiment, and who never spoke of his home or friends. No one listened to the note so intently as he, and it was strange to see how his color came and went as he listened. Then the tears rolled fast down his cheeks.

"Give me the letter," he said; "it is from my mother. The letter and the socks are mine."

"Yours! is your name John Randall?"

"Yes."

A hearty laugh.

"Randall! You can't come that game so easy, Boy George."

"Boy George," as the youth was familiarly called, colored deeper than before, but persisted. "My real name is John Randall, and the letter and socks are mine."

"Yours when you get 'em, and not much before," answered the man who had them. "If you've changed your name once, you may change it a dozen times, but that won't give you my socks."

"Boy George" said no more about the socks, but again asked for and received the letter. He sought a quiet place and read it, and read it again. "My dearest son, dearest beyond all expression, if you are still living, write to me and tell me so; if you love me still, be a good boy, and try to meet me in heaven."

This was all; but was enough for the heart of that undutiful and suffering son. Wild and adventurous, and failing to obtain his mother's consent, he had gone to war without it, changing his name, and enlisting in a regiment of a distant State. He had taken care that none of his early friends should know where he was, and he knew little of them. He had in some way heard that his mother was dead, and he feared that his own misconduct had broken her heart.

Thank God that in his mercy this bitterness was spared from his cup. His mother still lived, still loved him as of old. He would write to her—would tell her all, all his sins, his sorrows—would ask her forgiveness, her blessing. He kissed his mother's letter, read it again, and then lifted up his heart to God, the first time for long years.

He sought the soldier to whom had fallen his mother's socks, offering his own and money for them.

"Then it was your mother that knit them, was it?" questioned the rough soldier when he heard the strong desire of "Boy George" to obtain them. Well, you shall have them; give me your duds, and take them."

How precious those socks seemed to him! Every stitch wrought by his mother's kind hand; and with every stitch a sigh heaved, or a prayer breathed. He seemed to hear the sighs and prayers; he held the socks in his hand, and dropped tear after

tear upon them, until his heart was moved, so softened, that he fell upon his knees, as he had not done since he was a child, and prayed, "God forgive me!"

It was broad daylight, and no work to be done in the house, when Widow Randall dropped her knitting-work just as she was binding off the heel, never taking care to fasten her needles, and letting her ball roll on the oor. One of her neighbors had brought her a letter which he said "had come from the war," and he "mistrusted that it might be from John, or might tell something about him." No wonder, then, that the mother dropped her needles quickly and forgot her ball. News from John! John alive!

She read: "Dear mother—How shall I write you? I am alive, but I shall never see you again, never hear you speak my forgiveness. I am mortally wounded, and have not long to live. The socks with your note in them came just before the battle. They broke me all up, and sent me to my knees before God. Bless you, mother, that you never forgot me, never forgot to pray for me; and it is your prayers that have led me to pray at last. How I have mourned for you, mother! I heard you were dead, and feared it was my unkindness that caused your death. May God and you both forgive your repentant and dying son."

The full fountain so long sealed is at last opened. The eyes that have not wept for many a year weep now. Joy, grief, which is uppermost? Which is strongest? Widow Randall knows she is childless, but she knows that her son died repentant and prayerful. She knows, too, that her labor has not been in vain in the Lord; not in vain the bread cast on the wide waters; not in vain her hope, and patience, and prayer. Never, never is prayer in vain when prompted by love, and winged by faith.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"For He who feeds the ravens when they cry,
By whom not e'en a sparrow is forgot
Hears all your prayers, yea, e'en your faintest sigh."

LESSON XXIV.

LOVE.

Teachers' reading: Life of Christ, Farrar.
Picture: "The Good Shepherd."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John 10: 1—21; Luke 15: 1—8.

The one hundred sheep—the lost one—search of the good shepherd—his hard journey—the lost is found—Jesus the Good Shepherd—His love for all.

A SUMMER DAY'S SURPRISE.

It had been a bad day in Penn Ally—burning hot; steaming hot; baking hot. There seemed only half enough air to breathe, and even that was of the poorest kind. Work went undone, while the discouraged men and women crept about to find scraps of shade in which to doze and nod or wake to say cross and profane words.

It had been especially hard for Silas Dunn, the baker's lame boy, because he could not go about looking for a cooler place, but must just sit and take what came, hour by hour; and as the sun rays grew fiercer and more cruel, a desperate weakness and faintness came over him, that was hard to bear.

And yet Silas was not to be pitied as most his neighbors, for in the midst of pain and poverty there blossomed for him two sweet comforts: First and greatest, was a knowledge of his Heavenly Father; and second and of close kin to the first, Silas had a friend!

So, I think, you will often find it, that when a human life is sore beset and pressed outwardly, the good God opens springs of comfort in the desert.

"One—two—three!" The bell from Marsh Market tower carried count of the hours, even down Penn Alley; it was three o'clock, time for the market to close; the stalls would be emptied and covered now, and the market wagons turned toward the outlying country.

Silas thought of this as he lay on the back doorstep; shade, at least, could he find there, for there the sun had never shone, since those tall tenement walls went up. But it was a breathless, close place.

"Ben will be coming by soon," he said to himself, raising his head to look through the dark, narrow passage, out to the alley on which the house dismally fronted, "he promised me a bunch o' flowers today, and Ben never forgits."

Fifteen minutes went by and a small covered wagon, drawn by a depressed and reluctant mule stopped at the bakery. You could have told by the flush on the lame boy's cheek and the joy light in his eyes that this was Ben, but he did not speak—his delight in the presence of his one friend filled him too full for speech.

"Hello, Cap'n!" said the bluff, brown-visaged country boy, going on heavy footsteps back to where Silas lay. "How's this for a nice cool day?"

Silas thought this delightfully amusing and laughed for the first time that day.

"Here's your posy, Capt'n," said the market boy, "but 'taint worth much now, it's been sort o' froze out today." Ben's wit was not of a varied sort, but his audience was never tired of it. The "posy" was a bunch of phlox and nasturtiums, stuck in an old

tomato can full of water. The flowers were indeed somewhat travel-worn, but the city boy's enjoyment was not marred by that. He asked question after question about where they grew and how they grew and whether you could see them growing, and wound up as usual "Do you reckon I'll ever see things growing out in the fields and places, Ben?"

"Course," answered the market boy cheerily, "soon's you get a little better o' that pain in your hip, I'm going to drive you all round creation, me and Jennymule."

Silas lay still, in quiet enjoyment of this fairy story, which he heard, and believed in, every market day. Then he said in a low, eager tone, "The last one gave me a beautiful dream, Ben—the violets, you know. I dreamed I waked up one morning and looked out of the back window, and there in the yard was a lot of violets growin'—growin,' mind you, not stuck in any can, nor nothin' like that, but comin' up wavin' and bloomin' out o' the ground! Wasn't that a dream though!"

This time Ben was silent; something seemed to catch him by the throat and choke back all words.

"'Who could a put 'em there?' says I to myself, and I looked up at that piece of sky, 'way up there between the houses, and there I saw something white floating away; so then I knew God had sent His angels to put 'em there for me to see, 'cause I ain't ever seen any in the fields. But in the morning—" Silas stopped, he had no words to express the disappointment of that waking.

"That's all right, Capt'n," said Ben with husky cheerfulness, "you'll have that dream over again some morning, you'll see if you don't;" and then Ben went back to the market wagon, Jennymule took up her patient jog, and the lame boy's one taste of happiness was over for the present.

That was on Tuesday. Tuesdays and Fridays were market days on Marsh street. On the next Thursday evening after sundown, Ben's mother stood in the door of the little farm-house with a tin horn in her hand; she had been making the welkin ring with loud blasts, for Mother Wilcy did not approve of laggards at her supper table, and Ben was not in yet.

"There, mother," said the farmer husband, coming in red-faced and clean from his bath at the pump, "give over that there noise; Ben 'ill be along d'reckly."

Once more the horn uttered a loud call, and this time the listening ear caught a faint answer from the woods, a sort of Indian war-whoop, made by clapping the fingers rapidly to the lips, while raising the voice shrilly.

"There," said Mother Wiley, hanging up her horn, "I've fetched him."

The family sat down to eat the hot johnny-cake, spread over with jam, and presently through the open door Ben was seen com-

ing in from the woods, carrying an old chip basket full of earth, and leaves, and—it was too dark to see what else.

"Seems like when I've got supper ready, Ben, you might as well take the trouble to come to it," began his mother with a little frown between her eyebrows. But Ben put his mouth down to her ear and whispered some long winded secret; the frown left in haste. "Poor child!" murmured the farmer's wife, "poor little fellow!"

Ben sat down to his supper without more ado, and one of the older brothers gave the rest a friendly wink. "'Taint hard to see who has the upper hand of Madam," he said, looking teasingly at his mother. But her thoughts seemed far away. "You had best go to bed right off, Ben," she said, "and let the rest pack the wagon, if you are going to take an earlier start, I'll see about it," she added mysteriously, with a glance out at the willow tree, at whose roots she could just see, in the fast gathering darkness the old chip basket Ben had left there.

Another hot night; another restless and feverish one for Silas Dunn; no beautiful dreams kept him company through the long hours, but Pain and Weariness, grim visitors, instead. As dawn began to creep over the sky, the tired boy slept, slept heavily, and only awoke when daylight was fairly abroad, and the flies began to buzz about him.

Silas sat up on his little cot, which was directly under the back window, and looked out, as he had done in his dream

What was this? Another dream? A low cry of delight came from his lips, for there under his window, green and waving and blooming, as he had seen them in his dream, was a little bank of violets! The green leaves looked contentedly at home, in the rich moist earth that had been provided for them, and the dark blue violets lifted their veined and penciled blossoms up to the patch of sky, as cheerily as they had done in the depth of Riverside woods.

Ben was sitting on the back step of the bakery in Penn Alley, tasting the sweetest pleasure earth knows, the joy of having given joy, as he watched the lame boy's delight in his new possession.

Silas only looked at him in a smiling silence, and did not try to tell him how he had been thinking to himself that God had made something more precious and beautiful than violets, and that was the loving, unselfish heart of market-boy Ben!—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above,
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love."

LESSON XXIII.

GENEROSITY.

Teacher's reading: Life of Christ, Farrar.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Mark 12: 41—44; Luke 21: 1—4.

The widow—her offering—the remark of Jesus. What did He mean?

Impress upon children the pleasure of giving freely of what they have received, whether little or much; and also that it is "not what we give, but what we share," that counts. Encourage them to give offerings and to pay tithing.

A WASTEFUL WOMAN.

"It is true it is none of my business," said Miss Sellars to herself, as she left the pavement at the end of the village street, and struck out on the dusty road; but the reflection did not seem to call the slightest halt in her progress.

"I always did hate to see people imposed on," she continued, "and 'specially a single woman; I'm single myself, and I know what a forlorn sort of a fight a single woman keeps up against the world. Everybody is ready to cheat her and take advantage of her; everybody. Well, this newcomer shan't be run over for want of knowing who it is that's doing it. I'm going to tell her myself. She looks sharp and cross enough; I wouldn't be surprised if those good-for-nothing Woods children had met their match."

These thoughts, and a dimmer undercurrent of thoughts and feelings like those, kept the old maid company out to the dilapidated gate of "The Briary," a suburban villa, which, after lying untenanted for years, had just been rented by a stranger. Miss Sellars' pull at the rusty bell brought the stranger herself to the door.

"You see I am my own housemaid," she said, in a soft voice strangely at variance with her sharp nose and chin, and sharp, near-sighted eyes. "Walk right in, and please excuse my confusion; I am so much obliged to you for calling soon; it is very good of you."

"Well—" said Miss Sellars, "I might as well tell you that I came early to give you a right start. You see this place has belonged to the public so long, that if you don't shut down on them at first, there's no saying how much trouble you will see."

Miss Kitty Clark looked so astonished that a less persistent meddler would have been baffled, but Miss Sellars, strong in her disinterestedness, went on:

"Now there's the Woods children, a gang of idle beggars;

they were getting apples out of your lower lot yesterday, so I heard, the same as if they owned the place."

"Indeed!" said Miss Kittty, but very mildly. "Where do they live?"

Miss Sellars located the offenders, and in answer to a few questions gave their family history—a pitiful tale, to be sure.

"Thank you for telling me about these people," said the stranger. "Are there any more in my neighborhood?"

"They are about the worst," said her visitor, "but you are going to have trouble with Mrs. Bell's cow; they haven't got any pasture lot, they turn old Brindle out to graze on the roadside, and nobody has been born smart enough to invent a gate that Brindle can't open."

"I wonder they should keep a cow when they have no place for her," suggested Kitty.

"La! They couldn't get along at all without Brindle; there are more babies in the family than you can shake a stick at and the old cow really seems to work hard for something to make milk for those babies. You'd think they were hers."

Then a strange dimness came into the near-sighted eyes—perhaps the good angels knew it was a feeling of pity, and found it beautiful, but to outward appearance it only made them red around the rims. Miss Sellars got up and said good morning.

"I'll look in on you again, when you are fixed up for company," she said "this was just a sort of duty visit."

"I am a thousand times obliged to you," said the stranger, "you have done me a real kindness, and one that I am going to profit by, I assure you."

"That's right; you look after your interests now, for if we don't look after our own, as I always say, nobody else is going to do it."

A little twist of a smile appeared on Miss Kitty's face, as her visitor turned her back. "It seems as if there were somebody looking after mine," she said to herself, "so I must be looking after these others now. Poor little apple gatherers! I'll see about them first."

Miss Sellars was so busy doing her fall cleaning, for the next few days, that she left the stranger to wrestle with her own affairs; but chancing to see black Joe, who drove Mr. Bare's cows, and who had been her informant before, she hailed him, and asked how things were going on at "The Briary."

"Why, love your soul, Miss Mary," said the old man, "you ain't never seen such carryin's on, since you bin born! Them Woodses is thar twict a day, let alone onct. They totes home everything off the place. More'n that, she done 'ploy old man Woods to fix up de fences an' sich, an' de ole woman is makin' her carpets. Seems lek she done 'dopted de fambly. Den dar is Miss

Bell's cow jest fair reposin' in de pasture lot, you never see de beat, and a whole passel of dem chillum totin off apples and sweet 'taters. Dis here is de most oncommon wasteful woman I ever set eyes on, an' dat's a fac'."

Miss Sellars was stunned. What was the meaning of all this, when the stranger had thanked her for her prompt warning, and had expressly said that she would profit by it? But she would see about this thing before she was a day older. Never mind about the flowered damask curtains; they could stay down a while longer.

Miss Sellars picked up her skirts, and flew along the dusty highway; she had no eyes for the purple thistle, blooming royally in the fence corners, nor for the red-shouldered "epaulette bird" scurrying before her on the rails; the first sight that attracted her attention, and brought her to a full stop, was what looked like a gypsy camp in the yard of "The Briary." Evidently it was an apple butter spree, and the very trees themselves seemed to share the pleasure of the occasion, smiling and waving in the bright sunshine. Miss Sellars would have turned back, but curiosity carried her on, into the midst of the happy workers. As soon as Miss Kitty's near-sighted eyes made out who it was, she took her visitor off to a rocking chair on the sunny south porch.

"You don't mind sitting out here, do you? I feel as if we ought to be storing up sunshine days like this; my carpets aren't down yet, nor my curtains up, but they can wait for the cloudy days."

"You seem to be storing up apple butter, too," said Miss Sellars, with a rather grim look at the lawn party. "How many gallons can you manage to eat before spring?"

"Miss Kitty laughed till the tears came. "Did you think I was going to undertake all that? Bless you, we're doing it on the shares."

"How many shares?" asked Miss Sellars, suspiciously.

"There are five children and two grown-ups of them," answered Miss Kitty innocently, "and I make eight; we'll quarter it, and then halve the quarters."

"You must have plenty of bank stock between you and the poorhouse!" exclaimed the visitor spitefully; she was thinking how her good intentions had been wasted.

"I have a very small income," said Miss Kitty, meekly, "but it would be hard on us poor people if only the rich ones were allowed to help the needy. I have felt so much happier and more at home in this strange place, since I found that my Father had some of His poor creatures here that I could do something for. I have thanked Him every day for sending you out here to take my mind off house furnishing, and show me these lives that I could make happier."

"I don't know as He had anything to do with sending me,"

murmured the old maid, and then she lifted up her eyes and saw Brindle "just fair reposin' " in the next lot.

"Good-bye," she said, getting up so abruptly that the rocking-chair swung over backward. "You certainly are a wasteful woman, as Joe says. But there! It won't be safe to mention black Joe to you, or I'll find him browsing about on you next time I come. Well, maybe there's such a thing as being too saving; I never thought of that before."

But she thought of it all the way home, and for days after, until there crept into her heart, chilled with lonely selfishness, the glowing thought that God Himself was blessedly prodigal of sunshine and blossoms, and sweet breezes. It is too late for her to learn Miss Kitty's full free-handedness, but there is more than one narrow home that will be brightened, and more than one hard pressed fellow creature cheered this winter, because the lonely old maid is learning to be a wasteful woman.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."
"Freely ye have received, freely give."

BE KIND AND TRUE.

A meadow lark sang sweet and long,
To fill the morning air with song;
Then resting on a leafy bough;
Above the patient, brown-eyed cow,

It called, "Dear cow, what use are you?
For God gives all some work to do."
"We give," the gentle creature said,
"The golden butter for men's bread.

"We give rich milk for children, too,
And leather for the stout, warm shoe.
We send you glue to help make toys,
For many growing girls and boys."

The lark its joyful song can sing,
The useful cow our comforts bring,
But more we children each can do;
In work or play, be kind and true.

—Sopha S. Bixby.

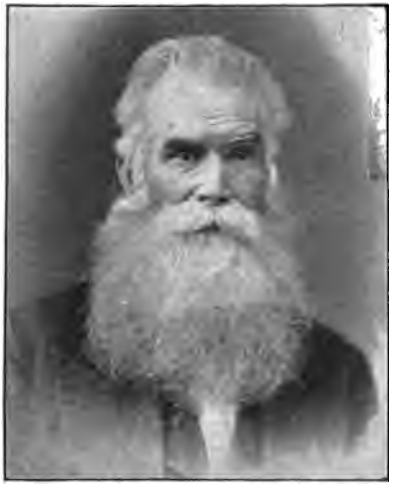
THIRD GRADE.

CHURCH HISTORY.

LESSON XVII.

Chapter 17, Young Folk's History of the Church.

ORSON PRATT.



Orson Pratt is sometimes called the "great apostle," because he performed during his life, with the help of the Lord, so many works of interest and importance, for the benefit of the Church. He became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, September 19, 1830, this was the anniversary of his birth, he was nineteen years old on that day.

After joining the Church he desired very much to see the Prophet, the young man who had received revelations from God and angels, but he was two hundred miles away, and traveling was expensive in those days. But "where there's a will there's a way," and the next month, October, Brother Pratt undertook the journey of two hundred miles, and had the joyous privilege of meeting and becoming acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith. Soon after the Prophet Joseph received a revelation from the Lord in which the life work of Bro. Pratt was foretold, he was to be like John the Baptist, preach repentance to the people and prepare the way for the coming of the Lord. In December of the same year he began his missionary labors and they were continued until the Lord called him away to another world, where he would receive the rewards for his many labors here.

Brother Pratt traveled a great deal and in 1832 he returned to Kirtland, just about two years from the time he was baptized, and

had walked about 4,000 miles, baptized one hundred and four persons, and organized several branches of the Church, and he accomplished all this without purse or scrip.

In 1835, he was chosen to be one of the Twelve Apostles, and his labors as a missionary were continued, he baptized many people and organized new branches of the Church. In 1839 he started on a mission to Europe, preaching, as he went from place to place. Brother Pratt returned in 1841, after doing a good work, especially in Scotland. He labored for the people when at home, taught school and was a member of the city council. He was doing missionary work in the East when the Prophet Joseph and the Patriarch Hyrum were put to death in Carthage. We can only imagine how Brother Pratt felt on hearing this dreadful news, he hurried back to his people and shared with them all the troubles and trials that followed the martyrdom. He was one of the Pioneers to cross the desert plains, when our people left their comfortable homes, and much that was dear to them in their beautiful city of Nauvoo. When the first company was formed to make the celebrated journey to the Salt Lake valley, Orson Pratt was among them, and in company with Erastus Snow was the first to enter the valley which was to become the beautiful dwelling place for the Saints now called Salt Lake City.

One year later Apostle Pratt was called to go on another mission to Europe, this time to preside over the British mission; he occupied this position for two years, and during that time over 12,000 people joined the Church in that mission.

Orson Pratt died when he was seventy years old, he had been a member of the Church fifty-one years. He traveled thousands of miles and crossed the ocean at least twelve times, all to bear his testimony to the world. He was also a great student and writer, and was much respected by learned professors and others who were not members of the Church, as well as by the Saints.

"None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy places we may build of beautiful thoughts—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied, memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands, for our souls to live in."—John Ruskin.

"Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts."

LESSON XVIII.

Chapter 18. Young Folk's History of the Church.

GEORGE Q. CANNON.

When President George Q. Cannon was a little boy he took great delight in reading the Bible, especially the New Testament. The life of our Saviour Jesus Christ, was full of interest for him, the gifts and blessings enjoyed by the people who were privileged to see and hear the Son of God, the healing of the sick, making the blind to see and the lame to walk, the gift of tongues and prophesying, the power to cast out devils and other wonderful things this boy read and read again. The love of Jesus for little children impressed him so that he would ask why things were not the same now, and his little heart was so full of the desire that he might have lived when Jesus did that he often wept with regret.

One day a wonderful thing happened to George, his aunt and her husband came from Canada to visit them. The Cannons lived in Liverpool at this time, and from Canada to Liverpool was a journey of many thousands of miles; the ocean must be crossed in very slow sailing vessels and it took a long time to make the journey. So you may be very sure it was a wonderful thing to George to see his aunt and uncle whose home was so far away. But it was for more than a nice visit that these people came, they had a message to give to George's family, to tell them that God had restored the Gospel to the earth, the same Gospel that Jesus had taught, and that all who believed should enjoy the same blessings.

The people who brought this message of joy to Liverpool were destined to be great among the Latter-day Saints, to be loved and honored in all the stakes of Zion; for they were none other than President John Taylor and his wife Leonora.

It was no wonder, then, that after he left the house George Q.'s mother should say to him, "Your uncle is a man of God."

How eagerly and earnestly George Q. had listened to his uncle, and he knew that President Taylor was telling the truth. When next he said his prayers you may be sure he thanked God for the glorious news, and as long as he lived he never ceased to be filled with gratitude and praise to his Heavenly Father for the restoration of the Gospel.

After a while the family started on their journey to gather with the Saints in Nauvoo. On the ocean the mother was taken sick and died, and the sorrow stricken family were compelled to see the body of their dear mother buried in the deep sea.

When Nauvoo was reached there was a large gathering of the Saints to welcome the weary travelers. George Q. had never seen the Prophet Joseph, not even a picture of him, but he knew him among the crowd gathered at the landing, and he said, he believed he would have known him to be the Prophet Joseph anywhere in the world.

George Q. was a very industrious person, as boy, youth and man, and never failed to do his best. This quality, which is so essential to success for all who would be of value in the world, was a great characteristic of George Q. Cannon and enabled him to perform many arduous labors, to endure suffering and pain and brought him the rewards of a life well spent in doing his duty, loving and serving his people as well as his own dear ones, and also in spreading the Gospel to the nations of the earth.

He lived to be one of the most honored men in our Church, holding many responsible positions, was one of the First Presidency for many years, and when he was called to work on the other side, his loss was felt by all who knew him, whether Mormon, Jew or Gentile.

LESSON XIX.

Chapter 19. Young Folk's History of the Church.

ELMINA S. TAYLOR.

Elmina Shepard Taylor, the subject of this sketch, was born in Middlefield, Otsego Co., State of New York, on the 12th of September, 1830. She was the eldest daughter of David S. and Rozella Bailey Shepard. Her parents were devout Methodists, and

she was therefore reared under a strong religious influence, and early learned respect and reverence for a Supreme Being. She was rather small in stature, but bright and active, full of fun, ever ready to join in the games and pleasures of her associates. Being the eldest grandchild, she was a great favorite with her grandparents, and spent much of her time when a child with them. She remembers with pleasure the happy days spent in their picturesque country home, which was almost surrounded with beautiful fruit trees.

She was always willing and anxious to assist in picking berries, cherries, etc., and as she was quite a venturesome little miss, took delight in climbing on the highest branches of the cherry

trees and teetering up and down, to the consternation of her grandma below.

On a hill about half a mile from the house was quite a forest of maple trees. Possibly the majority of the readers of the Children's Friend never saw maple sugar made, so we will tell you something about it. In the early spring, when the sap is rising from the roots of the trees, where it has been during the winter, men bore holes in the tree, about two or three feet from the ground, and insert a hollow spile or wooden tube, something like a funnel, with a lip or spout on the large end, and as the sap rises it runs into these tubes and out into buckets placed on the ground under them. When these are full, they are emptied into large vats, or

boilers, and the sap is boiled for hours, and skimmed often, until it becomes sugary. It is then turned into moulds, and when perfectly cold and hard, is ready for the market. This was a happy time for the children, for when the syrup was boiled till nearly done, one of the men would hang a white cloth on a tree, and that was a signal to them that they could come up and get some "jack wax," as they called it. When they reached the camp they would run out with their tin pans,fill them with snow, and the men would pour some of the thick syrup on the snow, which would soon harden and make good maple sugar candy.

Another favorite amusement was climbing on the hay in the barn and jumping down on a pile of straw on the ground. You see that children sixty or seventy years ago used to enjoy much the same pleasures as the children of today.

Sister Taylor was a studious child at school, and made such good progress, that she was given a position as teacher in a small country school when only sixteeen years of age, and remained there two seasons, and was then proffered a position is a school some two hundred miles from her home, near New York City, on the banks of the beautiful Hudson river. Here she became acquainted with some members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, who were living in the neighborhood where she was teaching, and from them obtained some of the Church works, which she carefully read. She also attended some of the meetings of the Saints, and soon became convinced of the truthfulness of the work. She was baptized into the Church in July, 1856, and was married the following month to George H. Taylor, by Apostle John Taylor.

Brother and Sister Taylor left their comfortable home in New York in the spring of 1859, and began their journey to Salt Lake City, traveling all the way from Omaha with teams, as most of the early settlers of Utah had to travel. While they were making the journey, the people traveled in companies of fifty. When they camped at night they would form a circle with the wagons, and put all the cattle and horses (if they had any) in the center, so they could not stray off, nor the Indians steal them. Then the men of the company would take turns guarding the trains during the night.

Many amusing incidents occurred to break the monotony of the long, hard journey. When they started, Brother Taylor had a nice little cow that was giving milk. She was quite a wild, fiery animal, and it was hard at times to get her in the corral with the other stock, but if Sister Taylor put her head out of the wagon, and called to her, the cow would run up to her like a pet dog. Sister Taylor says: "When we milked the cow in the morning we would divide the milk with those who were less fortunate than ourselves, then I would pour some of it into a bucket in which I

had broken some "hard tack" biscuit, put the lid on, and by the time we stopped for dinner they would be soft enough to eat. The rest of the milk I would put into a large-mouthed bottle, for which Mr. Taylor had made a small churn dash, and when we camped at night it would only require a little work with the dash to churn it into butter."

Herds of buffalo often passed the company, and occasionally some of the loose stock would run off with them, and delay the train sometimes a whole day to get them back.

One day the man who had charge of the stock, lost his way in the mountains while hunting for one of the cows who had strayed away, and it was nearly two days before he was found. He was all right, but quite frightened.

While traveling on the banks of the Platte river, they were met by a band of Indians, who were very anxious to buy some of the women of the company. One of them offered Brother Taylor several ponies if he would sell Sister Taylor to him. She was walking by the wagon at the time, and the Indians became so very earnest that Brother Taylor was a little uneasy for fear they might try to use force, so he told Sister Taylor to get into the wagon. He finally succeeded in sending them away by giving them some flour and other food.

Their company arrived in Salt Lake valley in the month of September. Neither Brother nor Sister Taylor had been used to rough, hard work, he being an engraver by trade, but he made up his mind to accept the first job of work that was offered to him, however hard it might be. Soon after their arrival a man came to them and said he wanted a good live Yankee to tend the tail of a saw in Big Cottonwood Canyon. Brother Taylor told the man he would take the place, although some of his friends thought he would not be strong enough for such heavy work.

He started for the canyon the next Monday morning, Sister Taylor going with him, and remained there till very late in the fall, as they lost their cattle and had to depend on some one else to bring them down. This was a very severe experience for both of them, but they were willing to do anything they could to earn a livelihood, and through this spirit of self-sacrifice, industry and determination they have been greatly prospered.

Sister Taylor has been an active worker in all of the women's organizations in the Church, and traveled hundreds of miles with Sisters Eliza R. Snow, Zina D. Young, M. Isabella Horne and other prominent women to visit the various Stakes of Zion. She always enjoyed meeting with the Primary Associations and talking to the children.

Much more that would be interesting might be said of this noble woman, but we fear it would make the story too long for our meeting. We feel that the children will join with us in wishing

that Sister Taylor may be restored to health, for she has been an invalid for several years, and may live many years yet to do good among the Saints.

LESSON XX.

Chapter 20. Young Folk's History of the Church.

MARIA Y. DOUGALL.

Sister Maria Young Dougall will tell you a little about the fun the children of Brigham Young had when they all lived in the historic Lion House. If you boys and girls could see Sister Dougall today, you might think, "Surely, that beautiful lady doesn't remember what they did in pioneer days; she is too young to know anything about it." But she isn't,she just looks young because she never says cross words or gets angry. She is always happy and makes people who come near her happy too. Her home is a good place to go into. The Spirit of the Lord is there, for it is an abode of peace. Every corner of it is so pretty that it rests your eyes, while the very air invites you to feel at home and enjoy yourself while you stay. This peaceful spirit may come partly from the holy Temple where Sister Dougall constantly works for the good of the living and the dead.

For thirty-three years Sister Dougall has been a worker in the Y. L. M. I. A., having been first counselor to the general president, Sister E. S. Taylor, for about eighteen years.

This daughter of President Young first saw the light of day in the old "Log Row," which was near the site of the Eagle Gate. It was one of the first houses built by our great pioneer leader, and consisted of ten log rooms, built in a row with a large kitchen at the west end, where the family assembled three times a day to eat their meals. Standing near this quaint house was the old band carriage which was brought across the plains and in it lived one of the wives. While Sister Dougall was a very little girl, her mother moved into the big "white house" on the hill. Here the child amused herself for hours playing a "make-believe" piano. A

large tin trunk stood in the best room under an old gilt-framed mirror. Her lively imagination made it a fine musical instrument.

"Can't you hear the music, mother dear? Now listen, and tell me what tune this is."

At six years of age this little child with blue eyes and auburn curls to her waist moved into the dear old Lion House; then it was new and oh, so grand. She remembers that her father came to ask each wife, after she had selected her special room, what color she wanted it painted. When her mother said: "I want my room painted in peach-blossom," the little girl pondered over that word and wondered, and wondered what color it would be, for in all her life she had never seen a peach blossom. Two years from this time her mother, Clarissa Ross Chase Young, died, but the little children never knew her loss, for Aunt Zina, another wife of President Young, lavished upon them the love and tender care of an own mother.

When you come to Salt Lake City, ask your mamma to take you to visit the Lion House. Thousands of men and women visiting Utah from all parts of the world go to see this historic home of Brigham Young.

Imagine the fun it would be to live in a big house with two or three dozen children, all your brothers and sisters! The little girl of our story had this experience. She remembers well her childish tasks which were spinning rolls and reeling skeins of wool. These the mother wove into cloth, afterwards fashioning it into clothes for herself and children. Knitting was taught also. This little girl became an adept at the work. She would frequently knit a sock for one of her brothers in a day.

Would you not like to hear about their merry plays and their interesting amusements? It was not all play, for they had to study, as you do, in a school house built for them across the street from their home. After study hours, they were given dancing lessons in one of the large rooms of the Lion House. Music was furnished by the "Shanghi" band, which was made up of the clerks in the President's office. There was a stage with a drop curtain, so they could have private theatricals. Five or six of the girls were fine little actresses, but none of the boys wanted to appear on the stage, so girls played the boys' parts. One of their number wrote a play which the mothers and friends came to see; the acting pleased them very much. In those days the Lion House had a wide porch the length of the house. It was latticed in to make a gymnasium for the girls. The larger ones wore a uniform. It was not like the bloomers of today, but it was short skirts and loose waists. The waists were rather odd, for they were working men's shirts of black and red linsey, imported from the East. There were ladders to exercise on and horizontal bars and back

boards. The latter were narrow boards, having handles on each end and were used when marching to straighten the shoulders. These girls were taught fencing and military drills. Home-made swords of wood with leather handles were used in their sham battles. Toys were scarce in the early days, but, of course, the little girls must have dolls to take care of and love. The first ones were rag babies, then a sister from England came and made them wooden dolls painted up prettily; but the loveliest of all were the dozen "store" dolls, all exactly alike, which Sister Cobb's daughter brought from the East as a Christmas present to the little girl of our sketch and to the eleven little sisters who were nearest her own age. A favorite game of the Lion House was to blindfold one of their number and lead her back and forth through the long halls. When she stopped, she must tell where she was. Like you little girls these were fond of dressing in lŏng skirts and old ladies' bonnets, then they would go calling on the various "Aunties."

In the big kitchen jolly candy "pullings" were held. The thoughtful father had a marble slab here for cooling the molasses candy, and steel hooks were hung on which to pull the delicious sweets.

The dining room held a dozen or two high chairs for the babies and little children. Each was nicely made and had a little white lamb painted on the high backs. China plates were so apt to be broken by these little ones that plates made of wood were used for them. But of all the rooms in the house, Sister Dougall loved best the great mahogany-grained, gilt-bordered parlor. Did not one of the first pianos brought to the Rocky Mountains stand in this room? Its music filled her little soul with joy, and today to hear good music is one of the sweetest pleasures of her life. It was in this roomy parlor that the large family assembled at seven o'clock every night for singing and family prayers. The ringing of a bell was the signal for every child to leave his play and enter the parlor. This was a family of sweet singers, so all joined in the hymn. After prayers, when President Young had time, he would sit there and discuss Gospel subjects. Was this not a lovely ending for each happy day?

"Papa, I know what makes some people laugh in their sleeve," said little Harry. "Well, my son, what makes them?" asked the father. "'Cause that's where their funny bone is," was the reply.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Questions in regard to Primary Work will be answered in this Department. All Officers and Teachers are invited to contribute.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The annual conference of the officers of the Primary Associations will be held in Salt Lake City the first part of June.

The General Board desires a full representation of officers at this conference. Matters of great importance to our work will be discussed. No worker can afford to miss the instructions and counsel and benefits to be derived from meeting together. Every association should have at least one representative present, and all Stake Boards should be in attendance.

Railroad rates and dates will be advertised in the daily papers.

Many of the Primary Associations throughout the Church adjourn for a season some time through the year. Some prefer for good reason to adjourn during the hot months, some for just as good reasons, feel the necessity of adjournment in the coldest weather. The General Board regrets that good reasons exist for the adjournment of the Primary Associations, but, circumstances cannot always be controlled, and at a late meeting it was decided that all who desired to, might adjourn when it was absolutely necessary, the time of adjournment to be left with the individual Stake Boards.

Lessons will be given in The Children's Friend for a period of ten months, so that all the associations may give a complete year's work. The July and August issues will be reserved for special instructions to all officers engaged in Primary work.

Q. In one of our wards the officers seem very anxious to have a working class in connection with the Primary Association.

The purpose for which the Primary associations were organized was, to teach the children of the Saints the principles of the Gospel and to instil into their hearts a love for their religion and a desire to be good Latter-day Saints. One hour each week is all that we have for this important work, and it is not deemed advisable to allow anything to interfere with the carrying out of the original design for which this organization was instituted. Work meetings are valuable; and if another time can be arranged for them, there is no objection to their establishment for the material benefit of the children. We must insist, however, that the one hour of Primary work be used for the spiritual development of the children.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

"God help us parents all to live aright,
And may our homes all love and truth unfold,
Since life for us no loftier aim can hold
Than leading little children to the light."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

In these days of progress in every direction, of discussion on every question, the matter of discipline and punishment of children often turns up, and is often turned over, and is quite often "turned down." Not always, nor altogether, of course not; how could it be when we have not yet attained the millennium by several strides.

Discipline to the extent of requiring conformity to law and order must be maintained, and pity 'tis, 'tis true, penalties and punishments must sometimes be inflicted; how and when are questions fathers and mothers may well ponder and examine. The spirit of the times is seeking prevention rather than cure. Look well to first causes; go to the bottom of things.

Children's actions, good or otherwise, are more than often the reflection of influences beyond themselves, influences for which their fathers and mothers, with their methods, or lack of methods, are responsible.

Do you know how much it means to have a time and place for everything? There is an eternal fitness of things, and to attain to it is a worthy object for which to strive. What more worthy mission is there for any wife or mother than to study out the needs and advantages of her household and family, and adjust the cogs of her housekeeping accordingly? No machinery needs a more skillful engineer or more careful pilot. Keep your wheels well oiled and your hand upon the lever. Do not have such a complicated system as will be easily disarranged, or being disarranged in one part, throw the whole out of gear. Order is heaven's first law. Order should be the whole framework; the very atmosphere of the home system. The spirit of obedience is the keynote of all law and order; the corner-stone of good homes and good government. Children will recognize law and order, will honor and respect it. They will respond to it and will conform to it naturally, and from force of habit, without ever feeling the pressure of it at all. Their non-conformity to it should bring its own

punishment by their own discomfort. They will come to feel that the "Thou shalt" is a part of a great system whose laws hold us all; that personal liberty exercised beyond it or against it is law-breaking and does not "pay." They will realize that thought and consideration must be exercised toward everyone with whom they come in contact. That everyone has rights which must be respected.

Now then, with all this proper forecare and adjustment, you have taken the longest step toward prevention of offenses, but when they come—and they will come, more or less, occasionally—do not jump upon a child who more than likely has had no intention in the matter; is possibly an involuntary agent moved by force of circumstances. Do not "punish" him and virtually cast up your eyes above the level of the cause, thinking complacently you have done your duty.

On the other hand, do not let the matter slide. If a child has deliberately disobeyed, or has been intentionally at fault, he should be made to feel the wrong, and atone for it in some way; do penance in a way that will lead him to resolve not to repeat the offense.

How? Like the promised strength that comes with the day of need, so will come insight and discretion in this matter to the thoughtful parent; to no one else should judgment be relegated.

"Licking" and "flogging" are semi-barbarous words that will not find place on these pages except to be denounced. Will the good, old-fashioned "spanking" be also denied admission? Perhaps so, and yet— Let us discuss this further next time.—Ellen Lee Wyman.

By giving our children useful, and at the same time beautiful, things, we bring ornamentation back into its proper sphere of utility. Because a child can wear anything, it should not be made to wear everything, but for it own future's sake, be dressed with good judgment and taste, and not be discussed as to its own appearance, or biased by hearing criticism of others. Give them sufficient opportunity for knowing good taste, and their preference for it will not leave it necessary to forbid things out of taste, morally or physically.

Very young children can comprehend ideas of good taste, and will take them in through their surroundings and associates. Pure thought is always the dictation of good taste, and the child's dress should be symbolic.

The child already loves to see,
What wonders human hands can do;
Raise this into activity,
That he may be a maker, too.

—Froebel.

HOME TRAINING.

"Be your children's companion yourself;" it is your first duty, your highest privilege. Cultivate comradeship with them in every possible way; go with them, play with them, read with them, study with them, of course not to the exclusion of friends of their own age, but inclusive with these friends. Know the friends and bring them into your circle. While you cannot always discriminate and discard, you can discriminate and guard. Under your discreet management your children will mature in taste and judgment, and form a standard by which they will choose proper companions themselves.

Keep your children at home all that you consistently can; when they go out, do not fail to know where they go, with whom they are. Above all things, always know where your children are after dark. When the sun goes down the devil comes out. Let the twilight hour be the supreme home-time, and make it specially attractive. Do not let yourself be too tired to enter into its joys, and make them more joyous.

Be at home to welcome the children when they come from school. They always come with all the flush of new experiences, and their little joys and sorrows and their questions; they want their mother, they need her then and there.

Is it not a great mistake to turn our children out into the world—their world, school and street—and expect them to choose wisely? They do not know anything of whom to choose, what to imitate; how should they? Nobody knows anything except by experience, and it is the parents' business to guide and control the experiences of their children that they may be turned in the right channels.

It is astonishing to see the utter disregard of property rights by many youngsters in these no-fence days. Everybody's yard is common, front steps, shed, and cellar are good rallying points for all who will come, and if you are not over-particular you will find these fresh young people making themselves at home in any part of your house. This is very demoralizing to all concerned; see to it that your children do not go into other people's premises with undue freedom.

Fathers, mothers, come into this matter of companionship! Do give all you can of your precious time to the cultivation of the confidence of your children, of your boys especially, they do so need your intimacy.

Next to the sweetness of the child's waking hour is the sacredness of his sleeping hour. It is the day's benediction to put the children to bed. Is not this one of the few privileges to which a modern father seems eligible? Give him the right of way in it!

Let us take to our memories and our practice for ourselves

and our children the weighty words of one of the most elegant of the presidents of the United States: "Best society is a constant stimulant." Let us study to bring to our homes the very best people we know. Let us strive to create a social atmosphere for our children in which they will come to feel that high minds and true hearts and good manners form an important, if not essential part of life.—Ellen Lee Wyman.

THE MOTHER'S WORK.

Good mothers for young children do not always continue to be such for older ones. After a child ceases to be helpless physically, nature withdraws her imperative demands. Intellectual and moral training must take its place. This requires personal and individual effort on the part of each mother which she often fails to meet.

The mother is the child's first teacher. Unfortunately many mothers do not consider themselves such, but look upon themselves as mere nurses and caters and seamstresses, only feeling a reponsibility for the physical wellbeing of the children.

The mother must teach her children daily lessons in self-control, patience, obedience, reverence, attention, industry, and truthfulness.—Mrs. Julia Hallam, Sioux City.

ONE CAUSE OF WAYWARDNESS IN CHILDREN.

The child's perceptions, are generally less accurate and, unless under intelligent guidance, are as likely to hinder as they are to assist him in his future progress. It is also very noticeable that his emotions, while more acute than in the adult, in their effects, are less permanent. He lives for and enjoys the present only, with no thought for the future. The scripture, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." has in the child a strict adherent. The world is indeed to him a "complex Chinese toy" filled with novelties designed to give him hourly joys and to contribute to his pleasures every moment. Nor do the experiences and sorrows of yesterday intrude upon him today to mar in the least his present enjoyments. The events of the past have produced but little impression upon his memory, while the future is beyond his care. The sorrows of yesterday were so fleeting as to leave no trace in heart or mind, while no gloomy forebodings of the future cast their shadows on his soul. Shadows of things unpleasant to him pass over his consciousness like the shadows of light-riven clouds on a June day driven by gentle winds. Shadows, with streaks

of sunshine between, chasing themselves over his soul, are given but a passing tribute.

Vivid perceptions, intense emotions, strong imagination, so much are his by natural endowment, but the power to reason is feeble and in an inverse ratio to these other faculties. It is this lack of equipoise which fills the night with the dread creation of his fancy and often in his dreams there flits phantoms of terror too dreadful to tell. The emotional element in a child finds in this unbalanced condition—this out-of-proportion of his imagination and his reason—the factors which determine his acts, in other words, the likes and dislikes of a child are determined by his imagination and his feelings. This lack of reason to guide and temper his emotions leads to extremes. He either loves intensely or not at all. The same is true of what he hates. He either craves sympathy and clings to the strong, or shrinks from that person or thing which gives him unpleasant impressions, and often from those who have given him no apparent cause for dislike. The "unaccountable waywardness" of children is generally due to this fact. His imagination often creates unpleasant feelings and he acts accordingly. But is there nothing to which resort may be made with any certainty of successfully combating these conditions before reason comes to the rescue? Yes, sympathy—and we believe that sympathy only can undo the mischief wrought by the child's imagination. This craving for sympathy is strong, native and universal in children. It must be noted, however, that it is more intense in girls than in boys. It often shows itself in a tendency to exaggerate ailments. Girls, more than boys, often feign ailment to beget sympathy, there being a dearth of it under normal conditions. In other words, this feigning sickness is often due to the fact that only has sympathy been shown when the child was ailing. It too often happens that while it has a monopoly of sympathy at such times it seldom gets it under healthy, normal conditions. All this should be reversed if we wish to contribute in the highest sense to the mental and moral growth of the child. It is neither proper or wise to add to this tendency to self-consciousness on the part of the child during the ailments peculiar to childhood by giving them undue importance. What the child nature requires is that sympathy which puts itself into the spirit of its plays and work. Sympathy affords the best conditions under which the child may create its highest ideals. Sympathy alone can unite the soul of the child to that of his associate —be it playmate, parent or teacher.

L. W. FIKE,
Nebraska State Normal.

Aug. 21, 1899.

WORKINGS OF THE CHILD MIND.

"Here, boy, let me have a Sun."

"Can't nohow, mister."

"Why not? You've got them; I heard you a minute ago cry them loud enough to be heard at the City Hall."

"Yes, but that was down't other block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come now, no fooling; hand me out a paper; I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you no paper in this here block, mister, cos it belongs to Limpy. He's just up to the furder end now; you'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy, pray? And why does he have this special block?"

"Cos us kids agreed to let him have it. You see, it's a good run on 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around lively like the rest of us; so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be lit on an' thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I do see. So you newsboys have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're going to look out for a little cove what's lame, anyhow, you bet!"

"There comes Limpy, now; he's a fortunate boy to have such kind friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way down town wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in a clear field.

I AM GLAD TO THINK.

I am not bound to make the world go right;
But only to discover and to do,
With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.

I will trust in Him,
That he can hold his own; and I will take
His will above the work He sendeth me,
To be my chiefest good.

—Jean Ingelow.

BOOKS FOR USE IN PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS.

Primary Roll Book	$1.00
Primary Report Blanks, per doz	.25
A Young Folk's History of the Church, by Nephi Anderson, Cloth	.50
Paper	.35
Life Sketches by Aurelia S. Rogers	.75
Minutes of the First General Conference of the Primary Associations	.10
Life of Christ, by Canon Farrar, illustrated	1.50
Pictures representing Life of Christ	.50
History of the Church, published by the Church	1.50
Musical Operettas and Cantatas,Songs, Recitations, etc., suitable for entertainments	
Strange Visitors, or A Meeting of Nations	.30
Who Killed Cock Robin?	.40
A Trip to Europe	.30
Peggy's Dream	.40
The Queen's Surprise	.10
The Little Gypsy	.25
Columbia's Party	.25
Jack the Giant Killer	.25
The Happy Family	.30
Dainty Songs for Little Lads and Laddies	.35
Sunday School Entertainments	.30
Fancy Drills	.15
Songs of the Child World, by Gaynor; words and music	1.00
Songs for Little Children, by Eleanor Smith, words and music	1.00
Song Stories, by Hill, words and music	1.00

For sale at this office; address all orders and communications to Miss May Anderson, 413 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Edited and Published by the General Board:

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THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

Starting forth on life's rough way,
Father, guide them;
Oh! we know not what of harm
May betide them;
'Neath the shadows of Thy wing,
Father, hide them;
Walking, sleeping, Lord, we pray,
Go beside them.

When in prayer they cry to Thee,
Do Thou hear them:
'Mid the quicksands and the rocks,
Do Thou steer them;
In temptation, trial, grief,
Be Thou near them.

Unto Thee we give them up,
Lord, receive them;
In the world we know must be
Much to grieve them;
Many striving oft and strong
To deceive them;
Trustful, in Thy hands of love
We must leave them.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

OFFICERS' MEETINGS.

Owing to circumstances which could not be controlled it was impossible to hold the annual conference of the officers of the Primary Associations this year. However, two very interesting meetings were held on Saturday, May 30th, for the benefit of the officers who were in Salt Lake City at that time. We are pleased to be able to publish some of the excellent and encouraging remarks made by members of the General Board and President John R. Winder.

SISTER LOUIE B. FELT.

I should not be satisfied, my sisters, to go away from this meeting without expressing to you my gratitude and pleasure in meeting with you. It makes my heart rejoice to see so many of my sisters present who are interested in this great and noble work; for, I heard with my own ears just a few days ago, that it was one of the grandest works in the Church.

We have for a long time been wondering where the Primary stands, in what relation to the other organizations, and we have come to the conclusion that while we are in one sense an independent association, we are the junior class, I consider, of the Mutual Improvement Associations. We educate our children up to the age of fourteen years, and if they have become what we desire, if we have ourselves tried to do all the good in our power and have taught the children the glorious principles of our Gospel, the grandest and only true Gospel upon the earth today, if we have been successful in teaching our children, we may have the opportunity and privilege of promoting them, at the age of fourteen years into the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations.

The Sunday School is an independent organization throughout; for they take the children from the age of two or three years, many mothers taking their babes with them, as they do in the Primary, and there they have the privilege of remaining until they are too old to go any longer, or, if they are able, until they pass away. Our place, I consider, is preparing and feeding these boys and girls for positions in the Mutual Improvement Associations. Sisters, can you not see if our work is successful, we may have the happy privilege of turning over good young boys and good young girls; and will it not require a very great effort on the

part of the young men and young ladies to fit and prepare themselves to take our class of boys and girls and feed them as they will then need to be fed? Because, I think our young sisters who are doing the work in our little junior classes are giving them food that is fitting and preparing them for something greater. Then will not the young men and the young ladies have to keep themselves awake to their position to feed them when they advance into their associations? If we are negligent, if we are not striving to do the best we can to understand the lessons ourselves so as to give them to the children as they ought to be given, and turn the children over to the Young Men and Young Ladies' Associations, ignorant, that is hardly the place for them; because they are not advanced in order to take up the work in the Mutual Improvement Associations. Therefore I trust that when my sisters go to their homes from this meeting they will go with a renewed determination in their hearts to understand for themselves how these lessons are prepared and how they should be given, and not be satisfied with anything short of the correct way of giving the lessons.

The members of the General Board, although the lessons are prepared in that Board, take those lessons. We have a sister from the Board appointed once a month to give them, and we sisters study the lessons and answer the questions put to us, and are ready to take up the work as if we were children under fourteen years of age. We have to make children of ourselves, and some of us many times are not nearly so bright as our boys and girls.

The suggestion of Sister Richards was a bright and a good one: If you do not yourselves understand the lessons, through lack of privileges in your youth, we do not want you to resign because of that; we want you to put your trust in your Father in Heaven, and go to those who do understand, perhaps, good school teachers, and ask them to give the lessons to you and your aids and counselors; and where it is possible, take some such bright sister on your Board that she may help you, that you may become better qualified to give the lessons required.

President Smith is taking a great interest in our work; he has visited around in the different associations where he has been invited;—and I wish when the sisters in Salt Lake have a conference you would ask him there, because he loves to go and he does a great deal of good. He said to me: "Sister Felt, I never enjoyed myself better in my life than in that little meeting Sunday night." He stood there and asked the children questions, and their little faces beamed with joy as they answered him, and he was pleased and we were all pleased, and we went away from that meeting feeling happy and rejoicing that we had had President Smith

with us, that he had given us his support, and that he was willing to do all the good he could for us.

We were grieved to send word to the stake presidents that there would be no conference. We did not do it because we did not want you to come; but we knew we could have no conference, and we did not wish to put you to the expense unless you could be fed. It costs some of them a great deal of money to come here; and we felt we could not ask the sisters to go to that expense and have them come, when there would be only an officers' meeting, and when they would not be fed as much as if there had been a conference.

We want you to exercise your faith that when next June comes, we will have our conference, with the support of the First Presidency, and we will make the First Presidency and the Twelve Apostles, and all those who perhaps today do not understand us, and are a little indifferent to our work,—we will make them feel that they need us, that there must be a place for us, because we are worthy of it. We are teaching their sons and daughters and we are trying to do all the good in our power.

Now, I assure I would not hold this position for one moment if it had not been placed upon me by those in authority. I have never sought it; I have been willing and have proposed at different times to give way to let some one better qualified take my place; but they have not seen fit to do it, and when they do I shall always expect to be a member of the Primary Association. But I feel that some other could do better; but be that as it may, I will do the best I can, with the help of the Lord, and honor this position.

Many mothers have said in my hearing, which has made me feel badly at the time, "It is all very well for Sister Felt to stand up and tell mothers what they should do when she has never been a mother." In one sense I have not been a mother; but after all, my husband has children and I have tried to do my duty to thirteen of his children, and I know I have the respect and love of all of them. And after all I am mother over more children than any woman, for I claim 50,000 children as mine, while I hold this position; and I pray every night and morning of my life that God will give me strength and ability to help to train them, to help the sisters placed over these children to do them good, that they may grow up to honor their fathers and mothers and the dear, kind sisters who are laboring among them.

My heart goes out to you, my sisters, who are struggling to do good in the Primary Association, and let me tell you your reward is sure. Some say, "Sister Felt, why do you care? You have no children; why do you work as you do for others?" I simply say, I get my pay as I go along. When I meet with my sisters

I feel that they are working with me, and that our hearts are one.

Those in the General Board work for the children. Our Father in Heaven is mindful of us; He loves us, my sisters, He loves you and He respects and honors you for the work you are doing; and I hope you will put your trust in Him and that you will pray earnestly to Him to bless you and to help you and aid you in this work, and that you will not feel that it is too much for you. He will give you freely of His Spirit, and I know that the time will come, it may be away in the future, but it will come, when you will thank God that you had the privilege of working with the children. May the Spirit of God rest upon you, each and every one; may it go with you to your homes, and may it be with us again this afternoon in our meeting, is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

SISTER ISABELLA S. ROSS.

My Dear Sisters: If it were not that I believe in the saying of our Saviour, "Come, follow Me!" I do not think that I should be standing here, because it is not really my forte to speak; I am not gifted that way; but I believe we cannot get the children to do as we would like them to do, unless we follow those who are over us.

I am heartily interested in the Primary work. I had rather work with the children than I would attempt to talk to you, and I believe perhaps I could do a little more in that way.

The summer months are coming, and it is very difficult to arouse interest in our Primary Associations. The children are out of school and it is a difficult matter to get them to attend our associations during the summer months; and the key note to success will be the interest that we ourselves take in the work. I believe we must be whole souled, we must feel that ours is a good and honorable work. I believe when we have that enthusiasm we can give it to the children, and if we can make our lessons interesting, we can hold the children when we have them there.

Some of the sisters feel that they are not competent. I do not think that is so much true as that perhaps they are not interested in the work; they are not willing to devote the time that is required. If we are properly interested in the work, we will like to make our meetings a success and we are willing to devote the time necessary, and unles we are, we cannot make the meetings successful.

Now the sisters have provided us with lessons. To me they are an inspiration; but they are simply skeletons; they merely give suggestions, and they expect us to study the lessons from whatever source we can get information, and then be so thoroughly

imbued with those lessons that we can impart them. It is not simply the giving of a few historical facts, but we are to get some truth from it that appeals to them—something we want the children to feel—something we want them to do. It may be in the life of Christ, it may be in the life of the prophets, and there is something in that life, some incident that we want the children to feel and want to be like him. I believe some of us forget this point. We want them to know the principle that we can draw out from the story.

The object of our associations is to help our children to get the Spirit of the Gospel. We must have the spirit ourselves, and have it strong, and then we can impress it upon the children. I was reminded the other day of the impression children get. There was a litle girl at the doctor's office, having an operation performed. She looked out of the window and saw the Temple. She said: "Is that the Temple with the spires rising to the sky?" She had sung that at a Primary Association. When she sang it, perhaps it did not mean so much to her. There are many things which you think that perhaps the children do not get, and you feel discouraged; but if you are imbued with it yourself, they will get it.

I remember going to a Sunday School a short time ago, and I took for my text one suggested by the Board, "I am the Light." There was a little child in front of me, I should think about four years of age. The little thing looked up at me and I tried to reach that child. It is a difficult matter reaching children, that is, to make it simple enough, and I could not get any response from her; just looked at me but did not respond in any way. I could not reach her. But when I was going out, she took hold of my hand—I had had in mind helpfulness, how they could be helpful—and she said, "I am going to help mamma get dinner."

This is a glorious work, and when I think of how much there is to do, if we can only reach the children, they will be our future hope; it seems to me we ought to be willing to work and work hard; and we are the ones who are benefitted; we are the ones who get good from it.

SISTER LULA GREENE RICHARDS.

My Sisters: I am very happy to meet with you. From what I have heard of our meeting, I feel that if disappointed somewhat in the program we wanted to arrange for our conference this year, it is not going to be an entire failure, and we will get a great deal of good from today's meeting.

I have thought of many things while these sisters have been speaking. One thing that came to me was this: We can teach

our children, not only the mothers who have children at home, but the Primary teachers can teach our children in this way: that to work—to learn how to do work, is not only a benefit to their hands, and their bodies, not only a benefit to them temporally, but it is the best spiritual guide that they can have to keep themselves pure. We can teach the little ones this. I thought of something that came under my own eyes, that I have seen and know.

A mother had three or four boys before she had any daughters at all. She used to have to go away down town to do her shopping on Mondays or Saturdays. Sometimes when I have looked into their home I have found that she had arranged for her boys to do something while she was gone. She would say to one, "Now, you mix the bread," and to another, "You can scrub the floor this morning," and "You can wash the dishes." I found them all busy doing their work; they felt fine over it, running races over it. She taught them to do their work nicely. Now those boys are heads of families, and are fine flourishing men. But this family increased in worldly goods, and the younger members of the family are just about as worthless as any of the children we find. It is sad to say it, but it is true; because they have not been taught or brought up to work. Their parents were able to hire the work done. The mother's duties increased socially, and otherwise, and she did not take the same pains with the younger children as she had taken with the older ones, and several of the younger members of the family are almost worthless.

We can tell our children stories like this, and help them to see it is for their own salvation that they learn to work. It is not a hardship that is put upon them; it is good for them.

I thought I would suggest that as often as possible we attend the lectures that are given in the Relief Society, the mothers' class, because we can get a great deal of good from the older sisters. We can get a good many things that will be helpful; and we can help the mothers' class a great deal. Our Church is a mutual benefit or mutual improvement association all the way through. It is to mutually help each other. We want to sustain and aid the authorities of the Church, our Bishops, our Relief Societies, and all these things; we want to work harmoniously with them; and I feel that the mothers' class will be a good place to visit as often as we can. They are having a little hard work in some of the societies to get their work in a systematic running order.

If you have a school teacher in your organization, some one who understands giving lessons to children, you are fortunate. At the officers' meetings, the president might ask the teacher to give the lesson before the officers, and in that way we could cer-

tainly help each other, because some of those poor dear Primary teachers do not have the advantages some others have.

We are all anxious to do all the good we can to all the sisters who come together here. I wish the room was too small for us.

The Lord bless you, and help us all to be united to work faithfully forever.

SISTER CAMILLA C. COBB.

I feel, my sisters, that we are enjoying a great blessing, a great privilege in having these officers' meetings; it is a glorious privilege to come together. I do not see how we can carry on our work unless we can come and listen to the instructions given and carry them out in our daily work. The spirit of the fountain head is the spirit we want to partake of, so that we can give it to our officers in our local associations in the various stakes.

I know that we all have the same interests in our hearts; the same love for our little children. We must be what we want our children to be; if we desire them to be great and noble, we must be the same; if we desire them to be self-sacrificing and unselfish, we must be the same. So you see the blessing comes back to us in this glorious work; it comes back in disciplining our own souls, to make us more perfect before our Heavenly Father.

I feel humble in this work; I feel that for many years I have worked hard and put my whole life and soul in the work, and I feel now that the time is coming when the work seems harder, and I have to pray earnestly to have the Spirit of my Heavenly Father, to get strength to do what is required of me. My heart and soul is in this work; my love for the Gospel knows no bounds, for it is the greatest thing on earth for me.

I think we all ought to be thankful for this beautiful little magazine that is given to us. I think it has been given through inspiration. The work is twice as easy as before, and I wonder sometimes how ever in the world we have got along without it. I believe we did a great deal of good then; but now we have a guide, I think we are getting more acquainted with our lessons and imparting them to our children in a more profitable way.

We all have to learn, and we have to learn little by little. Of course we are not all teachers, but still we can do a great deal in giving these lessons to our children and gather them around us; and unless we can do this by something interesting, which we can do by putting our energy in the work, I think the attendance will drop off, especially as the summer is near. It is more difficult to keep the children together in the summer time, and we should try to make the lessons so interesting that they will not want to leave our meetings. We have been instructed to give

our lessons until June, and this is what we should do. I feel to carry out the instructions that have been given to me.

I feel that it is very essential that every teacher should have one of these little magazines, and in this way we will uphold it and it will grow and increase. It has already increased ten pages. I want to see it prosper; I want to see it grow and increase until it is one of the grandest magazines edited in Utah.

PRESIDENT JOHN R. WINDER.

My Dear Sisters: Let me say first, I cannot think of anything that would give me greater pleasure than this opportunity I have of meeting with you this afternoon, and particularly in listening to the reports that have been made here. I have learned a great many things this afternoon in regard to your work that I did not know before; and I propose from this time to get better acquainted, and I hope for many more opportunities of meeting with you. If you will let me know when and where, I shall be more than pleased to meet with you, if it is possible.

Notwithstanding that I have seldom had the opportunity of meeting with you under these circumstances, I certainly have a very great interest in your work.

I remember distinctly attending the Alpine conference not a great while ago, and how much I was delighted with the report the sister gave at that conference. There were two reports made at that conference that I thought better than any reports made, and they were the Primary and the Religion Class. I think they had the best organization and the best attended Religion Class I know of anywhere, from the report made; and I look upon these two organizations as very important ones, taking the little children as you do, and commencing to teach them the principles of the Gospel. I often tell mothers who have little children what a great help the Primaries are to them—what an assistance it is to have you teach their children. You can often do it very much better than those mothers can themselves at home; and every mother in Israel ought to appreciate the work done by you sisters; they ought to sustain and honor the Primaries.

I noticed a remark made by one of the sisters here, that there seemed always some obstacle coming in the way of the Primary Association. Let me tell you that you have the very best friend in President Jos. F. Smith, and his two counselors will stand by him, and we will try to obviate these difficulties in the future that you have met with in the past, that is, if our aid can

accomplish it. I think you ought to have just as good opportunities for a conference as the Mutual Improvement Associations, and it should be made just as interesting, and I can tell you, President Smith and his Counselors will try to aid and assist you. But I will suggest to you, so that you may not come in conflict with other institutions, that you get your programme and work in shape so that it can be made known, that you may have the opportunity that you desire. And do not fail when you have anything that you wish to present, to present it to President Smith. You need never be afraid to do so.

Something has been said in relation to officers paying tithing. I should think it a very hard thing to have to ask anybody to pay tithing if I did not do it myself; I do not know how I could stand before them and do it; so it is important that officers should be found on the tithing records themselves. It would look very bad for the officers to be found on the non-tithe paying roll. There is a large roll of non-tithe payers, I regret to say, both men and women, although I think that the men are in much larger number than the sisters; and some, I am sorry to say, among the men who are on the non-tithe paying roll are holding offices, Seventies, High Priests, Elders, Teachers and Deacons; but I presume if you follow them to their wards, you would find that they are not doing much work. They have fallen back, and the trouble is, if they do not pay their tithing, they are almost sure to go into the dark. It is our experience that whenever a person begins to feel that he cannot pay tithing, he begins to drop back in the harness. My observation has been whenever I have looked around and observed the men and women who pay their tithing promptly, that the Lord seems to have blessed and prospered them; on the other hand, I see many who have in times past been tithe-payers and who have concluded they cannot afford to pay it longer, gradually going down. Another thing I have noticed is this: many who left off their bad habits and were living upright, honorable lives as Latter-day Saints, and afterwards quit paying their tithing a while, were soon going around with their old black pipes again; you could see them on the streets, around drinking saloons; and this follows just as naturally as the sun rises. Now, it seems to me, my sisters, we ought all seek to be prompt in the payment of our tithing, no matter how small the amount may be, and at least follow the example of the little child, and take the finest apple for tithing. I was rejoiced very much to hear that the little child took the largest apple. It is quite a test: "Which will you take for tithing?" "I will take the largest apple to pay my tithing." That is an example for us

all to follow—the first of the flock, the best of all the herd, and then we take what is left. I am inclined to think if we were all to do this, we should have better apples, better fruit; we should not be pestered the way we are with worms and insects and many other things that afflict us; for I am inclined to think that these things come upon us through our neglect of the work of the Lord. I do not wish to apply this to you, because I believe that you are all working diligently—doing the very best you can.

You are engaged in a glorious work, and you will surely have a great reward. The Lord will not withhold any good thing from you. Of course you may have your difficulties and trials to attend you as other folks; but still the path of diligence is the way of safety for us all.

In relation to the Nickel Fund. I think that is a very nice thing. It begins to teach the little children that there is something due from them, and it will encourage them. When you come and say to the little folks, "Now, little children, five cents is due from you, called the nickel fund; if you cannot pay that five cents, we shall have to do it. Now, do you wish us to do it and get the reward, or will you pay it and get your own reward; if approached on this principle, they will pay the money and get the reward, instead of your getting it by paying the money.

I suppose you know just exactly how to approach little children; you know how best to reach their little hearts, to warm them up, and if you will pursue that principle all the time, they will learn to love you and be willing to do everything in the world that they can to aid and assist you.

We must not forget any of us that this is the work of the Lord; we must not forget that we are Latter-day Saints, no matter where we are or what we are doing. If we appear before the public in any capacity, we must remember that we are Latter-day Saints, and that our example has a great deal to do in this matter. We should try to set a good example. Sometimes through an act of carelessness on our part, we hurt the feelings of some person, who is not doing very well himself, but who would take exceptions to any little indiscretion of anybody who is set before him. Hence the responsibility of being cautious in these matters.

I have attended a great many conferences, where they have called upon the bishops and officers of organizations to make reports, and, without wishing to flatter you, I have never attended a conference where I have heard reports that are more interesting to me than I have heard here this afternoon,—so clear and given in such an intelligent manner that it was easy to understand them. It is very encouraging to listen to the prosperity that has attended you in the various stakes. When I heard of

the Bingham Stake, away off, I suppose some of the wards are 75 or 100 miles apart, I thought of the difficulties that you have to contend with and the consequent labors devolving upon you; but persevere, and you will get your reward.

My dear sisters, I think it will be so that you will never meet with the disappointment you have met with on this occasion; that there will be no necessity of sending out word that there will be no conference, but next time say, "Come on; we are going to have one of the best conferences we have ever had." You will have three to help you to make it one. Let us know what you want and have your programme made out all right, and we will work with you.

My heart is full of blessings for you all. May Heaven's choicest blessings be with you. Go on and try to forget all the obstacles that beset your path, and the Lord will bring you out more than victorious.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

It's a simple and childish old world,
And good, when its weakness you learn;
It likes to be liked, more than anything else,
And it's willing to like in return.
We've called it hard names for so long,
And told of its faults without end,
That it's just a bit crusty and hardened on top,
But it's glad to be friends to a friend.

And, come to take stock of the world,
You've really no need to stand off;
You're just like the rest of it—full of the faults
At which it's so easy to scoff.
And you'll find, when you're lonesome at times,
As along on life's journey you wend,
If you'll warm your own heart and be good to the world,
It's glad to be friends to a friend.

—*Selected.*

HELPFUL THOUGHTS.

"It is not how much we do, but how well;
How long we live not years, but actions tell."

There is a subject that it might be well to consider in our Primary Associations. It is economy of time—not so much as to how we are to spend those "golden hours each set with sixty diamond minutes" in our lives generally, but more in connection with the short time we have in our weekly meetings.

It is the desire of all of the officers to accomplish as much as possible in the time we have for our work, which is at the most only an hour each week, and we have to plan how we shall best employ that time to be of use to the children to aid them to a knowledge of the principles of the Gospel, and to help them to live good, pure, and worthy lives.

In the first place, time may be saved by having regular seats for the different classes, and having the children seated in the proper places. As soon as the short opening exercises are over, if the classes occupy different rooms, have them march out in an orderly manner, and seated as soon as possible; or, if curtains are drawn, have that done quickly and quietly. Glance over the class and see if the mischievous boys and girls are separated, for they generally manage to be near each other, and then there will be no need of separating them later. Get the attention of the class, and have one of the teachers, if there are more than one, mark the roll silently; if only one teacher, appoint some one to take charge of the roll.

The lesson might be divided into several parts; the review of the past lesson, the lesson proper, memory gem, singing, rest exercises, etc.

We all learn by repetition. In reading a poem but once, we do not half appreciate its beauties, but in thoroughly reviewing it, we begin to find them unfold. So with our lessons. Reviews make a deeper impression on the mind, strengthen the memory, repair weak points, make habits, and add to the understanding, and make clear things "Which else lie hidden in darkness." Besides, it brings up the past lesson and there is something on which to tie the new one.

How to conduct a review in such a manner that the children will be interested, and at the same time find out how much of the lesson remains with them, is a question that has bothered many a thoughtful teacher. To those who are unmindful of the results to be derived from it, a review is a very simple matter, and requires little or no preparation. It is simply asking questions. But we might ask, What kind of questions?

In order to be successful in this exercise, there is no part of the lesson that requires much greater preparation than does the

review. The teacher first goes over the past lesson carefully, so that she may decide just what she wishes to bring out, and then plan the questions. These may have to be varied somewhat when given, as the answers may suggest other questions, but the plan can be kept in the mind.

In the first place, it is better not to begin by asking, "What did we learn last lesson?" as some of the children may have been absent, and this seems to exclude them altogether, while they may know something about it, even if they were not present; they may have heard it before. Again, the lesson that has made the deepest impression will be the freshest in the mind, and the answer expected may not be forthcoming.

The best questions are those which cause the children to think. What he thinks out for himself belongs to the child.

Questions that require "yes" or "no" for an answer have but little value; as the child can usually tell from the form of the tone of the teacher just which word is the answer desired; and if one child fail by saying "no," then another is certain to be right by saying "yes," although he may not even have heard the question or have thought about it.

Then, too, those requiring a show of hands are sometimes better avoided. For instance: "How many said their prayers this morning?" There are a great number of hands raised; but how many of the children have thought of the meaning of the question? Perhaps some conscientious child who cannot answer in the affirmative will not raise his hand. This is noticed by the children, or the teacher may make some remark about it, urging the child not to forget it in the future, well meant, but I think injudicious, and the pleasure of the little one in the work for that day is spoiled.

There is another thing in regard to reviews to be remembered. The questions may be good ones, and the answers received correct; but when they are given the teacher repeats the words of the child; for instance: "Who were our first parents?" "Adam and Eve." "Yes, Adam and Eve," and so on, each answer is repeated in the same manner. This is not exactly economy of time, nor does it by its repetition make a greater impression upon the class, as they soon learn that they need not listen to the answer given by the child, for the teacher will repeat it. I think it is much better to have the child give the answer in a complete sentence, if possible, and in a voice loud enough for all the class to hear. Let us take the question given above, "Who were our first parents?" "Our first parents were Adam and Eve." Let the children know that this is expected of them, and they will pay much better attention.

The greater part of the teaching in the two lower grades is

done by means of stories, and so we have to consider what kind of stories are best to tell, and also how best to tell them.

According to the plans suggested in the Children's Friend, the story is given to us, and the aim suggested. Some think this does away with the necessity of preparation on the part of the teacher. Not at all; they are generally bare outlines, and the teacher has to fill them in; the story has yet to be told and the lesson given, which certainly cannot be done without a great deal of preparation.

A story does not impress all persons in the same way, and two or three truths may be drawn from the same one, by being told in a different manner, bringing out the different points; as, in the story of Noah, faith, obedience, fulfillment of God's promises, and other points might be brought out, depending upon the way it is told. The story is not told for the mere purpose of impressing upon the children the incidents of it, but the truth that is contained in it; so that this will influence their lives for good, and help them to grow in the knowledge of the Gospel.

With our aim selected, we then prepare the story for telling to the class. We see things in their relation to other things with which we are acquainted; and in order to make the lesson valuable, it is necessary to connect the story with the children's experience. In Bible stories this is sometimes difficult, but we can often find some way of connecting it. For instance, in telling of John the Baptist baptizing in the river Jordan, we will find that many of the children know that the river Jordan flows from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea, and that we have a sea here in Utah resembling the Sea of Galilee and one resembling the Dead Sea, and that there is a river here connecting them called the Jordan River. This furnishes us a starting point for the other story; and again, perhaps some of the children have been baptized, and they have all heard about it, and this is another connection. We wish, if possible, to let the children see that the incidents in the life of the person mentioned in the story have some connection with their own lives.

And, too, we should make a connection between the dealings of the Lord with His people in olden times and His dealings with His people in the latter-days, showing His kindness and mercy to them at all times. We might take the story of Jacob's Dream. We tell of the long journey, and the weary man lying down with only a stone for a pillow. Soon a most marvelous dream comes to him. He sees a great ladder, extending all the way from earth to heaven, and on this ladder are angels going up and coming down, and above it all stands the Lord, promising that this land shall be given to Jacob and his children and his children's children, and that He will care for him wherever he goes. Then

we tell of the awakening, and of Jacob speaking of the Holy place, and promising to give one-tenth of all he has to the Lord; in other words, promising to pay tithing. Is the lesson finished? By no means. Here is the chance to connect it with today. We can teach the children that we should all pay tithing, just as Jacob did, because we love the Lord—not because we hope for a great blessing, but because it is a pleasure and a great privilege to be able to give one-tenth of what we have to the Lord; and then we can show how it is given to him. In this way we can teach them to give gladly, without hope of reward, and they will receive the blessings without giving with that idea.

All these things have to be taken into consideration in preparing the lesson. The teacher reads the story over, not only once, but several times, until the facts are firmly in the mind. She reads all the references given. In the lessons on the life of Jesus, the "Life of Christ" by Farrar is suggested for teachers' reading. It is not intended that this should be read to the children; but the more knowledge the teacher has on the subject of her lesson, the better lesson she can give. When this is done, she decides how she can best present it to arouse the interest of the children, how to connect it with their lives; then, if possible, she tells it aloud.

In telling the story, use language that the children will understand, and do not tell just the mere facts, use a little imagination. I do not mean to change the facts at all, but weave in a few details. Children are not particularly interested in mere historical facts, and we do not tell these stories simply for their historical value, but to teach some truth and give the children a desire to put this into practice in their lives. Do you remember the school in Dickens' "Hard Times," where there were taught nothing but facts, facts, facts?

It is not the amount of work that is gone through during the lesson that counts, it is the impression that is made on the children. It may take a longer time to tell a story in this way, but still it may be economy of time in the end. Let us think how we feel in regard to these things. Suppose we go to a lecture on some scientific subject. We hear a number of facts, just facts; but possibly only those who are already deeply interested in the subject have gained much benefit or are much impressed with the lecture but let us attend another in which the lecturer states some of those same facts, perhaps not so many of them, but he uses apt illustrations, connecting them with something we already know, we gain a great deal more from the lecture. So with stories.

The following quotation from the "Story of the Chosen People" illustrates the method of telling facts without the use of imagination:

The food which they brought from Egypt was soon eaten up, for their family was a very large one. As the famine was still raging, they soon saw that they would be obliged to go to Egypt to get some more grain.

They did not dare appear before Joseph without Benjamin, so they begged their old father to let him go with them. Jacob would not let him go at first, but finally he yielded to the brothers' entreaties, and the little caravan again went down into Egypt.

Joseph looked with pleasure upon his little brother, who, of course, did not know him; and then, wishing to find out whether his elder brothers could now be trusted, he made up his mind to try them. By his order the travelers were feasted in his own palace, where he sent all the best dishes to Benjamin, and then the eleven brothers were sent away with full sacks of grain.

In the following selection from "Old Stories of the East," the story is told in an imaginative way:

Days and weeks went by, and the famine grew worse and worse. The grain which the brothers had brought was almost gone.

"Boys," said their father, "you will have to go again and buy a little more grain."

"It is no use, unless you will let Benoni go with us," they answered; "for the man said that he would not listen to us again unless we brought him."

But the old man wept, and declared that he would not part with the boy.

Then Praise asked him, "Which is better,—that all your children and grandchildren should perish here with hunger, or that we take the risk with the young lad? I will answer with my life that he shall come back safe."

At last the prince agreed to let the child go.

"Carry a little present down to the man," he said. "We have not much that will please him; but take him a little balm and a little honey, and some spices and nuts, and carry back the money that you found in your sacks. There must have been some mistake about it. Then, when he sees your little brother, it may be that the great man will deal kindly with you."

The brothers did as he told them, and taking their presents and the young lad with them, they went down again into the Land of the Nile.

When the Master of the Land heard that they had come, he ordered that they should be brought to his own palace. This frightened them very much, for they thought that now he would throw them into prison or put them to death for carrying the money home in their sacks. When they were led into the room where he sat, they bowed very low before him, and gave him the

presents which their father had sent; but how poor and little did these presents seem in the midst of so much grandeur!

"Is your father well, the old man of whom you told me?" asked the great man. "Is he still alive?"

"Our father is still alive, and he is well, they answered; and they again bowed themselves to the ground.

Then the great man saw the young lad, his own brother, standing trembling before him.

"Is this your younger brother, about whom you told me?" he asked.

"This is he," they answered.

"May the God of your father be ever kind to you, my lad!" said he; and he turned away, and went into his own room and wept.

But in the attempt to make the story interesting, the point to be brought out must not be lost sight of. The teacher must keep that in mind, so that when the story is ended, the children wil have gained that point, and there is no need whatever of pointing out the moral. Mr. Adler says :

"Treat the moral element as an incident; emphasize it, indeed, but incidentally. Pluck it as a wayside flower. How often does it happen that, having set out on a journey with a distinct object in mind, something occurs on the way which we had not foreseen, but which in the end leaves the deepest impression on the mind. The object which we had in view is long forgotten, but the incident which happened by the way is remembered for years after."

The whole story need not be told by the teacher without any help from the children. Questions may be asked during the telling of it.

It has been said that no lesson is complete without a concert recitation, and the memory gem (of course on the same subject as the lesson) will furnish an opportunity for this concert work, and besides this, it teaches the truth in a different form, and gives the children a way of expressing it. A great deal of time is sometimes used in teaching a memory gem. If it is not made clear to the children, then there is no meaning in it for them, and if taught without this understanding, it may not prove to be a Gem. This understanding can be given by means of questions, bringing out the full sense and meaning, for parrot-like work is not very satisfactory.

In order to keep the class orderly and attentive, it is necessary that each moment be occupied; for in work with the children, as in other things, delays are dangerous. For this reason it is well for the teacher to have a moral story prepared.

The lesson from the Bible or from Church history is the main lesson; the moral story, being on the same subject, is given to

supplement that lesson, and for the purpose of giving to the children the truth taught by means of the Bible story in another form; but the moral story should not be made the principal part of the lesson.

The reason the whole of the moral story is given in the Children's Friend, while the other stories are outlined or references for them given, is because it is quite often very difficult to find suitable moral stories. There are a great many of these stories, but discrimination must be used in their selection. We wish to teach the child to do right because it is right; not because he expects some reward or fears some punishment; so we teach obedience, not by showing the evil effects of disobedience, but by showing that obedience is a duty, and that happiness comes from the knowledge of having done our duty. In real life is every good deed rewarded in some material way? Honesty is the best policy, but is that the reason we are honest? It is true that we reap what we sow; but the harvest is not always a material one, or if so, it is sometimes so long in coming that the child may lose sight of it. If we have this thought in mind, we will not chose so many stories in which every good act is rewarded in a material way, but we will choose those which show the reward of a good act is in the consciousness of having done right, of having done the best we could.

The preparation for these stories is much the same as for those taken from the Bible, and the same care should be taken to keep in mind the point to be made in telling the story, so that the child may have a desire to improve by it, without having to be told to do so, and without having to end with, "The moral of this story is," etc.

It is not a light or careless work in which we are engaged; it requires time and thought, and a great deal of prayerful preparation, and our hearts must be filled with love for the little ones in whose interests we are working. But in helping them we help ourselves, for we are allowed to be with them, to share in their troubles and their joys, and to make for ourselves a place in their hearts; and we must remember

"There's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child."

—*Olive Derbidge.*

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

"God help us parents all to live aright,
And may our homes all love and truth unfold,
Since life for us no loftier aim can hold
Than leading little children to the light."

"Don't look for the flaws, but, instead, extol the virtues of your child."

A member of the Mothers' Class in a little Illinois town writes me that the above subject afforded a most animated discussion at their last meeting.

No better subject for mothers to discuss could be found. The general idea in many homes is, I fear, that a mother's duty to her child consists in watching for his faults, picking them out and holding them constantly before him.

The atmosphere of homes that are run on this principle, says a prominent writer in the "Examiner," is smothering to all good impulses and emotions that may spring up in the mind of the child.

Your child's life is loaned to you to develop and bring out all the good, the highest and the noblest qualities that are not yet unfolded. They are all there, for we are born with all our gifts, circumstances and environment crushing down in one what different surroundings and events bring out in another.

If you are given a handful of clay and told to model a beautiful face out of it without the first idea of sculpturing or art, it would be impossible for you to do it, try as you will. An ugly lump of clay it will still remain, out of all proportion to the ideal you are striving to fashion.

You must study the prinicples of modeling before you can make a likeness of anything out of the clay. So it is with the young lives given into your care to mold. Study yourself first. Turn the searchlight of inquiry on your own mind, bring out the best in yourself first, or you will never succeed with another.

Try to view things from your child's standpoint. Stop harping on his faults. Don't tell him he is naughty or stupid, or that you are ashamed of him. All that does more harm than good.

It either awakes a keen resentment or chills his better impulses. When a child is struggling to have his own way against

your better judgment he is not really naughty, but only acting and reasoning from his own childish standpoint.

It is his will and energy swelling up within him—mighty forces which he cannot withstand. If he is idle or indifferent to his studies he is not stupid, only unawakened in a particular direction. Give him time, patience and love. A child will never be taught self-control by restraint and punishment. You cannot make him acquainted with his higher self through blame and humiliation.

Whenever a struggle comes up between you and your child, pause and think. The idea of your personal self-control should come first. Remember what a unique and wonderful being is this seemingly wayward child of yours; how little you know the thoughts and feelings that are surging in his heart; how difficult for you to see the matter from his point of view.

"Don't look for the flaws as you go on through life,
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to look for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.
—E. K. M.

SHORT SERMONS FOR BOYS.

Most boys and girls do not like sermons—they say they are too long for their highnesses. Perhaps they may like these short sermons. They will give food to think over, and must not be read too hastily.

A Swedish boy fell out of the window and was badly hurt, but, with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous Gen. Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I

get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher. Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why, simply this, that in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil which make the man or woman good or not.

A SWEET VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to get and to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick sharp tone, as if it were a snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine, and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use, and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere.

I would say to all boys and girls: "Use your guest voice at home." Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth to you in days to come more than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

JUST WHERE.

Just where you stand in the conflict,
That is your place!
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face;
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it may be;
Think He has chosen you for it,
Work loyally.

—*Life and Work*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Questions in regard to Primary Work will be answered in this Department. All Officers and Teachers are invited to contribute.

If we continue our associations all through the year what plan should we adopt for programmes for the two months in which there are no lessons provided in the Friend?

Review lessons may be given. Voluntary programs and testimony meetings. (Read on page 76, Vol. I, The Children's Friend, in regard to bearing testimonies.) One stake reported that the summer months were to be devoted to industrial work; others are preparing for fairs and entertainments. Whenever it is decided to continue the meetings, officers must use their own discretion subject to the approval of their Stake Board. The special lessons given in last year's Friend, such as the one for the Fourth of July, could be used.

Do you have agents for The Children's Friend, and what commission do you allow them?

We have no agents other than that each Primary officer is expected to assist in sustaining the magazine by subscribing herself and getting others to subscribe also.

The Children's Friend is prepared at a great expense of time, energy and means, and if the officers of the Primary Associations desire it to continue they must support it financially. The necessary expenses must be met and the General Board cannot afford and will not get into debt. Last year by means of the greatest economy we were able to clear all expenses. This year we are not so sure, we have enlarged the magazine, published words and music for songs and illustrated the lessons in the Third Grade.

Some associations have sent in the same number of subscriptions, some have increased their number and some have not subscribed at all, giving as a reason, that they liked the lessons in last year's magazine so well, they have decided to give them again this year. Last year's lessons may be just as good as the ones given this year, but will such a plan support the magazine?

There are some Stake Boards that do not take a copy. Can they do justice to their work or appreciate the labors of those actually engaged in giving the lessons? Stake officers are responsible in a measure for the success of Primary work in their stakes. If they do not take the magazine, will they be prepared to assist the officers placed under their care, will they know whether proper

work is being accomplished, and will they be doing everything possible to forward the interests of Primary work?

Some time ago it was suggested that we try to interest the parents in our work by getting them to subscribe for the magazine, thus accomplishing good in two directions, arousing interest in Primary work and helping to sustain The Children's Friend.

The General Board would feel encouraged to know that every association would use all possible and legitimate means to bring the circulation of our magazine up to where they would be free from unnecessary anxiety in regard to its financial success and it is suggested that each association appoint one or more officers or members to get as many new subscribers as possible. President John R. Winder as well as many others have said that The Children's Friend should be in the home of every Latter-day Saint.

A BIT OF COMFORT.

Comes a legend quaintly tender,
From some far-off age and time,
Told maybe to grieving mothers,
In a distant Eastern clime;
'Tis a story sweet in telling—
Of the tiny lambkins white,
Laid on sacrificial altars
In the ancient Jewish rite.

While the life-stream dyed their fleeces,
Soft eyes filled with sore amaze;
One who loveth well His creatures,
Looking down with pitying gaze,
Gathered close the fleeing spirits;
With divinely gracious care,
Bore to paradise the blessed,
Left them in His pastures there.

Thither now the holy angels
Guide the children's feet alway,
When on earthly paths aweary,
Faint and weak they go astray;
There in innocence they gambol,
Babes and lambkins snowy-white,
Bird song trilling sweet above them,
Flowers smiling gaily bright.

Comes a gentle Shepherd, watchful;
See, His feet the nail-scars show.
At their touch the grasses quiver,
Softly glad his presence know;
Lovingly the playmates gather
Where those gracious footsteps rest,
Crowd in tender trust about Him,
Lean against His willing breast.

Fearlessly they frolic near Him,
Softly shy wee faces raise,
As with glance divinely tender
Bends He low to meet their gaze;
Innocent the childish laughter,
Sounding sweetly in His ears,
Ah! He knows the merry music
Never will be hushed by tears.

Just a fancy dream, I grant you,
Just a story quaintly told—
To relieve the mother-anguish
In some grieving heart of old;
Still the golden threads that wove it
With the passing years grow bright,
While the babes we loved in losing
Seem again to cheer our sight,
As they play in heavenly pastures,
With the lambkins snowy-white.

—*Mrs O B. Merrill.*

"Let there be many windows in your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition; let the light
Pour through fair windows, broad as truth itself
And high as heaven..... Tune your ear
To all the worldless music of the stars
And to the voice of nature, and your heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness as the plant
Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands
Reach down to help you to their peace-crowned heights,
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
To thrust aside half-truths and grasp the whole."

REVERENCE.

Having been asked to write something for The Children's Friend, I have been trying to think what was most needed and have decided that perhaps a little talk on lack of reverence would be as appropriate as any subject I might treat. It seems to me there is a spirit of irreverence and an increase of selfishness growing among our children and young people today compared with what there was fifteen or twenty years ago, I do not know that I can give any light as to the cause of this but I think many will agree with me that these conditions do exist. I have sometimes thought perhaps it was because of the advantages children are given today. We find mothers making slaves of themselves to give their children every opportunity to receive an education and what do they get in return? Oftentimes no thanks and sometimes their children accuse them of being ignorant and I have noticed other conditions where children were required to assist in the home duties and also aid themselves in getting an education how much more grateful and appreciative they are, they do not grow beyond their parents, are more willing to take their counsel and advice and are more considerate of other people, they receive more of the true education, they are taught to think of some one else besides themselves. We will find if we study the lives of our greatest and noblest men and women that they have had to make themselves what they are. They understand more what life is and are more able to master the difficult experiences that beset their pathway. What a Heaven a home is where there is reverence for the father and mother and thoughtfulness and unselfishness manifested toward brother and sister compared with the other kind of homes where children do not respect and reverence their parents. We as primary teachers would have less trouble with our dear boys and girls if there were more homes where the children were taught to respect and reverence their parents. Oh,what a precious gift this home-making is, it is certainly a gift from God. What greater blessings can parents enjoy, dictated by the Spirit of God?

Who can lay down any rules to suit all cases, it seems to me it is necessary to pray earnestly to our Heavenly Father for the gift of wisdom and the spirit of discernment, to know just what to do and say in the teaching and guiding of these precious little souls placed under our care. I have sometimes been pained to see the actions of some of our boys who have received the Holy Priesthood, they surely do not sense or appreciate the great blessing they have received, judging from their lack of reverence for our places of worship and the servants of our Heavenly Father who are placed over them. I sometimes wonder if we are particular enough in set-

ting proper examples before them; are we guilty ourselves of finding fault with or judging the servants of God?

One more little item I desired to mention was the reverence and respect that should be shown older people. How pleasing it is to see children thoughtful of older people, waiting upon them, and doing all they can to make them happy.

I realize it is only a short time we have them under our care, but if we can only assist the parents in implanting some of these beautiful principles in the minds of the children while they are young and tender we will be doing a good work, and they will not form habits that are hard to overcome.

I desire that we may seek for the choice spirit of our Heavenly Father to guide and direct our efforts that we may have the spirit of our calling and fill well the little niche where God has placed us.—Fanny Woolley.

A PEACEFUL HOME.

"Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come—
The shrine of love and the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother or sister or wife,
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow, by Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold."

WHERE DO WE BELONG.

When the first Primary Association was organized, the name suggested by Sister Rogers was "The Junior Mutual Improvement Association," instead of the name "Primary," as proposed by Sister Eliza R. Snow.

We have learned to love the word "Primary," because we have used it so long in connection with our children, but let us see if the former name would not have better indicated our work, for the real object of the children's organization was to prepare them for the Mutual Improvement.

First, the meetings are held on week-days, in the afternoon, of course, because the children could not go in the evening. Second, its members leave the Primary at the age of fourteen and join the Mutual Improvement, they being prepared at that age to do more advanced work. Third, the lessons are similar to the Mutual, differing only in being more simple, to suit the capacity of the children.

Then you say, if this be true, these two organizations should work in harmony, the Primary to prepare the children for the Mutual and the Mutual should foster and encourage the Primary, because from this organization, it must look for its best members.

Why is it that the Mutual Improvement does not progress faster? For indeed their plans are almost ideal. Why do so few join, compared with the number that should be in attendance? Certainly, time could not be more profitably spent. Why do not more members take a more active part in the preparation and discussion of the lessons? They are both interesting and instructive, and yet it is an undeniable fact that only a few of those enrolled take part in the actual work of the association.

The answer is easy. Because the members, who are the fathers and mothers, or brothers or sisters of the Primary children are not enough interested to see that the children attend their own organization. If the Mutual Improvement members understood their own interests, they would labor as hard to secure a large attendance at the Primary as they would to encourage members to join their own organization.

The best members of the Mutual are those who have taken the most interest in the Primary.

Children very early receive impressions which mark their character through life.

> "'Tis education forms the common mind,
> Just as the twig is bent, the tree inclines."

Children form the habit of going to meeting, and learn to love their association, so, when they become too old for the Primary, they look forward with pleasure to the Mutual, for they have had the principles of the Gospel presented to them in such a simple and beautiful way that the more advanced lessons become a pleasure to prepare.

Some who have taken no pains to acquaint themselves with Primary work, have said: "You only have the children say little pieces and sing songs. Do you think that does much good?"

Of course that kind of a program was given in the earlier days of the association because that was the nature of the Mutual work at that time. It would naturally follow that our programs would be similar. But even that course accomplished good, for when I was in Heber City last summer I heard a young man tell the children that he owed his success as a missionary to the teachings of his Primary President.

As the Mutual has advanced in methods, we have also found it necessary to devise a better plan of work in order to keep pace with our seniors.

Our associations are graded into three grades suitable to the

capacity, development and education of the children. We publish a magazine containing the lessons for the three grades. In the third or highest grade we follow Nephi Anderson's Church History, supplementing it with short sketches of the lives of the great men and women of our Church.

The second grade has the stories from the Bible with a moral story bearing on the lesson, while the first has little talks and simple stories suited to their young minds.

This little magazine also contains the words and music of suitable songs for the children.

It takes a great deal of labor to perform the work required of a Primary Officer, for all of these lessons must be given by the teacher in story form,for we believe, that if the Gospel is presented to the children in such a manner as to appeal to their sense and judgment they will see the beauty and grandeur of its principles.

When I was in Eureka recently, a lady told me that her children had related so many interesting items of Church History that she was going to bring her baby and come to Primary so she could keep up with the children.

Should the Mutual Improvement Associations see the close relationship existing between them and the Primaries they will say with Longfellow:

"Come to me O, ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood.

That to the world are children:
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said:
For ye are the living poems
And all the rest are dead."

Eliza S. Bennion.

TOM BARTLETT'S FOURTH.

It was going to be the most glorious Fourth that Lexingville had ever known.

Tom Batlett was one of the most enthusiastic. He had been saving his money toward his Nation's birthday ever since some time in the winter, carefully hoarding every penny he was able to pick up by doing little odd jobs out of school hours. He and about a dozen of the other boys were going to send together to the city for their powder and fireworks, and so get a large discount.

It was within a week of the time of sending their order when Mr. Decker stopped Tom on the street.

"I'm getting up a subscription for Cora Hepburn," he said. "There has been a consultation of surgeons, and they are sure she can be cured, and be able to walk as well as ever, but the expense will be considerable. I'm going now among her former schoolmates. If each one would give even a small sum, I think I could make it up."

Tom made a rapid calculation.

"I will give a dollar," he said promptly. He would have a goodly sum left then.

Mr. Decker's face brightened. "If they'd all give as much as that—or half as much, I'd have enough," he said.

Tom lived a little out of the village, and a week later one of the other boys came along by on his bicycle just at dusk. "Have your money all ready tomorrow," he called out. "We've decided to send then."

"All right," Tom shouted after him.

But was it all right? Tom's conscience had been pricking him more or less ever since he had seen Mr. Decker. He had been thinking of Cora Hepburn. It seemed pretty hard that a little fall on the ice should have to be paid for with a life of helplessness.

Suddenly he left the yard and walked with quick steps towards Mr. Decker's house.

Mr. Decker himself came to the door.

"Have you been able to get all that money?" Tom asked.

Mr. Decker told him the amount that was still lacking. Strangely enough it was exactly the sum that Tom had left for his Fourth of July celebration.

"I've been to everybody," Mr. Decker added.

"I will make it up," Tom said. "I will bring the money tonight."

Mr. Decker thanked him cordially, and Tom went home with a lightened conscience.

When he told the boys the next morning that he had used his money for something else, they were indignant.

"We never thought you would back out," they said, with an accusing emphasis on the "you." "We thought you had enough patriotism to do that little towards honoring your country." "A great citizen of this glorious republic you'll make!"

The flush on Tom's face deepened, but he shut his lips tightly and made no defense, even when one boy said disgustedly that he'd "like to know what Tom Bartlett did spend that money for."

They all treated him very coolly in the days that followed, before the Fourth, and groups of his friends, animatedly talking, would grow silent and separate when they saw him approaching. It gave him a left-out feeling that he had never experienced before, and that was hard to bear.

On the morning of the Fourth a telegraph messenger came to the house, and when Tom's father read the message he found that he had been sent for by Tom's grandfather who was dying. There were hurried preparations, a rushing away to catch the train, and Tom and his mother were left alone.

As they sat at their breakfast, it suddenly occurred to Tom that his mother was not eating much, and he looked at her sharply. "You're coming down with one of your sick headaches—now aren't you?" he exclaimed.

"I'm afraid so," she admitted reluctantly. "I hoped you wouldn't notice it. I will lie down and try to sleep it off."

She went upstairs to her room, and Tom deftly and noiselessly cleared away the breakfast dishes.

After a little while his mother called to him faintly from the head of the stairs, asking him to lock the outside door when he went away.

Tom bounded up to where she was. "Why, mother," he said, "did you think I would go off and leave you here all alone, sick? Not much I sha'nt!"

The tears came to her eyes. "I hate to have you lose the parade and the bicycle trip and all, just for me," she said.

Tom assured her that there were ever so many Fourth-of-Julys coming, and she needn't waste a bit of worry on him; and he helped her back to her room and closed the blinds, and did whatever else he could for her comfort.

That evening she was better, and when it grew dark she and Tom sat at the window and saw the fireworks over the tops of the trees.

In the Square, between the fireworks, there were speeches, and as Tom Bartlett's three most intimate friends were walking home together, after all was over, one of them suddenly asked, "did you notice what General Hunter said about being patriotic?"

No, the others had been too far away to hear distinctly. What was it?

"He said that buying the most powder, and marching the farthest in a procession, and making the most noise, didn't make it that a boy was the most patriotic, but it was the one who was trying the hardest to be a worthy son of his country—square, you know, and unselfish, and always ready to help the weak and those in trouble, and not afraid to do what he thought was right, even when he knew folks would misunderstand him and be down on him. He said that was the highest kind of courage."

The three boys were silent. They were thinking of Tom Bartlett, for in different ways—but not from Tom himself—they had learned how he had spent his money, and his Fourth.

"I wish we hadn't treated Tom the way we did," the first boy said discontentedly—"accusing him of being stingy and mean and not caring anything about his country."

"Well," declared one of the others. "Tom Bartlett won't have any reason to complain of the way we treat him in the future."

"No," the other two agreed emphatically, "he won't."—Elizabeth Robbins.

BOOKS FOR USE IN PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS.

Primary Roll Book	$1.00
Primary Report Blanks, per doz	.25
A Young Folks' History of the Church, by Nephi Anderson, Cloth	.50
Paper	.25
Life Sketches by Aurelia S. Rogers	.75
Minutes of the First General Conference of the Primary Associations	.10
Life of Christ, by Canon Farrar, illustrated	1.50
Pictures representing Life of Christ, per set	.60
History of the Church, published by the Church	1.50
A Child's Life of Brigham Young, by Wm. A. Morton	.20

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THE

CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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THE END.

The course of the weariest river
Ends in the great gray sea;
The acorn, for ever and ever,
Strives upward to the tree.
The rainbow, the sky adorning,
Shines promise through the storm;
The glimmer of coming morning
Through midnight gloom will form.
By time all knots are riven,
Complex although they be,
And peace at last be given,
Dear, both to you and to me.

Then though the path may be dreary,
Look onward to the goal;
Though the heart and the head be weary,
Let faith inspire the soul;
Seek the right, though the wrong be tempting,
Speak the truth at any cost;
Vain is all weak exempting
When once the gem is lost.
Let strong hand and keen eye be ready
For plain and ambushed foes;
Thought earnest and fancy steady
Bear best unto the close.

The heavy clouds may be raining,
But with evening comes the light;
Though the dark low winds are complaining,
Yet the sunrise gilds the height;
And Love has his hidden treasure
For the patient and the pure;
And Time gives his fullest measure
To the workers who endure;
And the Word that no law has shaken
Has the future pledge supplied;
For we know that when we "awaken"
We shall be "satisfied."

CONFERENCES.

For a good many years the Primary Associations in each stake have held a conference at least once a year, and in many places these are looked forward to by the children as one of the pleasant occurrences of the year.

These meetings are not held without a purpose, without having some object in view. The different associations meet together, each taking some part in the programme, and the children feel that their own association is a part of a great whole, that there are many others engaged in the same work they are doing, singing the same songs, studying the same lessons, and all working with the same end in view; and here is an opportunity of becoming more closely united in the work that is being done.

There is another view of this subject. We can make the meeting quite a factor in the social life of both children and officers. In some stakes arrangements are made for some kind of entertainment for the children. They have many of them come a long distance to attend the meeting, and when it is possible to prepare games and refreshments for them, this will no doubt be appreciated by the children. They have an opportunity of meeting with those whom they seldom meet, except in this way, and they enjoy a little social intercourse. The larger members of the associations will be a great help in this respect. It will give them something to do, and at the same time will be a great assistance to the officers.

We want the children to feel that the conference of Primary Association is the meeting of the children; it is for them, and they furnish the exercises. It should be one of the happy and memorable days of the year for them; and in order to make it such, we must try to arrange the meetings and the programme so that we can keep the interest and instruct the children, and at the same time make them happy.

Children cannot be expected to sit quietly on an uncomfortable seat, uncomfortable because it is too high for them to touch their feet on the floor, and listen to remarks which are not understood by them and often are not intended for them. The methods used with children in this regard today are very different from those used in the early times in our country. In our meeting houses we see no beadle with his rod for chastising the children who cannot keep quiet. We want to make our lessons appeal to them, not through fear or compulsion, but through our love for them, and by making those lessons so interesting that they desire to listen.

One meeting in which everything is interesting and instructive will do far more than two or three in which there are some

exercises or remarks not meant to apply to the children. For this reason it is better to have all remarks for the officers given at the officers' meeting, and not at the children's meeting. In speaking to the officers, many things will be said and many instructions given which would not interest the children, and besides that, these instructions are not meant for the children, and should not be given when they are present.

It has been decided by the General Board that two meetings are sufficient for a conference, one meeting for the children and one for the officers. Which meeting shall be held first is left to the discretion of the officers of the different stakes. Where some of the wards are located so far from the place of meeting, it is not well to appoint too early a time for meeting, as it makes it very difficult for the children to make such a long journey in the morning; but whatever time is appointed, try to begin the meeting promptly. Punctuality among children should be encouraged; and if they understand that meeting is to begin on time, whether few or many children are present, they will try to be there for the opening of meeting; and a great lesson will be learned by them that will be useful throughout their whole lives.

The children's meeting should not exceed an hour and a half, as that is long enough for the children to remain in meeting.

The programme for a conference requires thought and time in its preparation. It is well to appoint a committee for this purpose, composed of some of the officers of both the Stake Board and some of the local associations. They meet and prepare the programme, and notify each association that is expected to take part. As a rule it is not wise to leave the selection of songs or recitations with the children, as they often choose subjects quite unsuited to conference and also unfitted for the children themselves. For instance, those recitations containing stories of great suffering and hardships or wrongdoing, or those which are too difficult for them to understand are better left alone. There are so many beautiful and ennobling stories and poems which might be taught the children that there will be no time left for the others.

There are many old people today who cannot memorize a single verse, but who can recall several poems learned in their childhood; and as those things learned when children make such deep and lasting impressions, we cannot be too careful in the selection of these recitations.

With songs, too, care must be used. So many of the popular songs of the day and also love songs are so unsuitable; the words of these songs mean nothing to the children, or at least we often hope they do not. "But," some will say, "the children like them best." They like them because the tune is lively or in some way is attractive to them; but we have to cultivate a taste for good music, and this is an excellent opportunity. There are so many

beautiful little hymns, sacred songs, nature songs, and others that can be used in conference, and the children will enjoy singing them quite as much as the others, and certainly greater good will come from it.

The songs to be sung by all the children should also be chosen, and each association notified, so that all the children can sing, as it is very pleasing to have all the children take part in the singing. If the words and meaning are taught to them, it obviates the difficulty of carrying song books, and, besides, the children will be able to sing much better when they know and understand what they are singing.

Recently in conference it has been the aim to show something of the work that is being done by the associations. This is usually done by means of class exercises. How best to give these exercises is rather a difficult question, and one for which no rule will be given. It remains to a great extent with the teacher who is going to give the lesson, and depends a great deal upon the conditions. We have to remember that the room in which conference is held is much larger than the one in which the regular lesson is given, there are more children present, and only a few of them can take part, and the others will be expected to listen. This creates a sort of fear or diffidence on the part of the children and the teacher who gives the lesson. Neither the child nor the teacher will be seen at advantage.

Here are a few suggestions as to giving class exercises: Of course the lesson cannot be given just as it would be in a regular session of Primary. It has to be well prepared by the children as well as the teacher. Some of the children may be chosen to tell the story or give the lesson. In preparing them for this, the teacher may tell it to them, and then have them reproduce it, in their own language, as much as possible, and then let them give it at the conference without help. If they become nervous or confused, a question or two by the teacher may bring out the desired point.

When the lesson is given in this way, the teacher may give a summary, bring out the principal parts of the lesson and the point to be made. The children are to be so well prepared with the lesson that any child can answer any question, and no child is drilled on one answer alone. They do not know which question will be asked them, but they can answer all. If this is not done, much of the benefit will be lost.

Have the children practice speaking so that they can be easily heard, as the effect of the lesson is spoiled if the answers are not given so that all can hear them.

In asking questions, have them prepared as well as the other part of the lesson, and make them so simple that the children will understand them, and, if possible, have the answer given in the

child's own language, not the teacher's. Do not have them memorize the words of the answer. It is the idea, not the language, in which it is clothed, that we wish to get.

Then the memory gem may be given, and it is well to have some one explain the meaning of the gem, so that it will be seen that the children are not learning merely the words, but also the ideas expressed by them.

Only one main point should be given in the lesson, and the moral story, if one is used, should be on the same subject, for in this lesson, as in those regularly given, it is the principle we are trying to teach, by means of the story, and not merely the facts in the story.

It is necessary to be careful, also, not to discourage the children if they give a wrong answer or make any mistake. Do not let them feel that they have done some wrong; but give them another chance by asking them another question later, one that they can answer. This may seem but a small thing, but it means a great deal to the child, and a little discouragement of this kind may keep him from having a desire to take part again.

An excellent Third Grade exercise was given in one of the review meetings, and can be used very well in Conferences. It was "The Presidents of Our Church," given by six boys and girls. Each one gave a short sketch of the life of one of our Presidents, not giving many dates, but telling incidents in their lives relating to their work in the Church. After the sketch of the life of President Joseph F. Smith was given, the Third Grade children sang, "We Ever Pray for Thee," found in No. 11 (November) Vol. 1 of Children's Friend. Do not make the sketches too long, and choose children whose voices can be easily heard by all.

While it has been said that no preaching shall be done in the children's meeting, it is not meant that no remarks whatever shall be made to the children. When any of the authorities of the Church are at the meeting, their presence should be recognized, and they should be asked to speak. And thus let the children learn to know the authorities of our Church.

The officers' meeting held during the conference is for the mutual help and benefit of all the officers. They are special meetings, and are not intended to take the place of the regular officers' meeting. Here the visiting members of the General Board may learn the general condition of the associations, by means of brief reports given by the officers of the different local organizations. Only a short time need be devoted to reports, and to assist the officers in giving them, slips of paper containing the points on which the report is to be made may by passed to the officers; and when the name of the ward is called, the president, or one whom she appoints, may report upon the required points. The following is a suggestive list:

Points to be reported at Primary Conference of ——— Stake:

1. No. of members enrolled.
2. Average attendance.
3. Is the association graded? If so, in how many grades?
4. Are the lessons planned in the "Children's Friend" used in the association?
5. How many subscribe for "Children's Friend?"
6. What per cent. of Nickel Fund has been paid?
7. General condition of association.

The remainder of the time may be used for instructions that will be of general benefit, questions and answers, and discussions on the difficulties that arise and the best means of obviating them. In this way the officers will be drawn toward each other and can help each other, and leave the meeting feeling that it has been of use to them.

DISTRICT CONFERENCES.

In some stakes it is rather difficult to have a conference for all the associations, on account of the wards being such a distance apart, and in other stakes it is impossible for all the associations to take part. For these reasons several of the local associations have joined together, under the direction of the Stake Board, and have held a district conference.

In these meetings the exercises are similar to those in a stake conference, and the suggestions given under the head of conference will be applicable to district conferences.

REVIEW MEETINGS.

The Primary Associations are growing both in size and in importance, and it is desired to bring this fact before those who have heretofore taken but little interest in this organization, and also before the parents of the children who attend, that the work being done may be recognized and understood.

Many of the parents are so busily engaged, the mothers with their household cares and the fathers with their daily duties, that it is very difficult for them to find time to attend any of the regular meetings of the association or even the conferences; and they know very little of the work that is being done or the efforts that are made by the officers to assist the children in learning the principles of the Gospel.

To bring the parents into closer touch with the Primary Association and to increase their interest in it, review meetings have been instituted. These meetings are held on Sunday, either in the afternoon or evening, whichever is the customary time for holding the regular ward meeting.

It seems certain that there is no Bishop who will not willingly grant the Primary Association one Sunday evening or afternoon in a whole year. Many have done so and they have expressed themselves as being well pleased with what they have seen and heard.

This meeting will belong to the children, and the exercises will be given by them.

The programme may be similar to those of the conference. Here the class exercises can be better conducted, as the room is smaller and the children feel more at home. They may be given in much the same manner, and as much preparation is necessary, both by teacher and members; because if that is not done, the children become confused and are not responsive, and thus the lesson will not be satisfactory.

The exercises are given for the benefit of the parents and others present, and the work should be as effective as possible and the same care taken in their selection as for a conference.

When the programme is ended, if remarks are made by visiting officers, let them be to the children, not to the parents. The children's work must speak for itself to the parents. When they see that good work is being done, they will have a desire to send their children to meeting, without being urged to do so; and to talk to them about that subject, after they have seen the exercises, is like telling a story and then pointing out the moral, which usually spoils the story and lessens the effect. The work should be such that the parents will realize that the duty of the officer of the Primary Association, as well as her desire, is to aid all the children sent to her, to help them to be kind and true, and to give them a desire to become good and useful Latter-day Saints.

PRIMARY FAIRS.

"The children's fairs commenced in 1880. Mrs. Ann Dustan, President of East Bountiful Primary, being the originator of the idea, the first fair was held in that settlement. Much credit was due both the officers and the little folks for their perseverance in making so many useful and ornamental articles. Our first Primary fair in Farmington opened in June, a few days later than the one in East Bountiful.

"For our fairs the boys contributed things which they had made; hay-racks, ladders, rakes, wheelbarrows, tables, cupboards, chairs, clothes-racks, bee-hives, and numerous other articles. They also brought samples of grain, vegetables and fruit which they had helped to raise. Fine specimens of drawing, painting and penmanship were presented both by boys and girls; and the latter gave freely of their handiwork, in sewing, knitting, straw-braiding,

darning, mending, patch-work, fancy-work, bread-making and pastry; they also brought fresh fruit put up in bottles, and a variety of dried fruit. Our Farmington Primary, and also other associations in Davis County, donated of their substance to the Deseret Hospital. Following is a sample of the receipts given:

"Salt Lake City, September, 1888.

"Received of Farmington Primary Association, 32 bottles of fruit, 2 bottles of pickles, also 3 two quart bottles of fruit, and twenty ears of popcorn, as a donation to the Deseret Hospital.

"Romania B. Pratt, Res. Physician.

"We do not mention having donated these things with a desire to have our good deeds 'proclaimed upon the house-tops,' but to show up a principle.

"If there are no temples being built at the present time, nor hospitals that we wish to assist, the poor we have always with us, and we can make a specialty of our coming fairs, in helping those who are not so well off as ourselves. To show that Sister Eliza Snow Smith approved of holding fairs I will copy from one of her letters.

"Salt Lake City, Oct. 15, 1881.

"Mrs. A. S. Rogers,

"Beloved Sister:—At last I have taken my pen, determined to write you, which I have wished to do, and should have done long since. You know how it is without my telling; with the thousand and one things to do, what can be deferred is most sure to be.

"I congratulate you and all other sisters who energetically promoted or encouraged the movement of Primary Fairs. I am thankful that the Stake Fair in this city was kept open till after my return from Sanpete. I had anticipated much, but it far exceeded my anticipations.

"I think great good will result from the children's fairs, not only in developing the inventive powers of the children; but in occupying their minds usefully and preventing them running into folly. I hope you will find my little book of Questions and Answers, to be an assistant to the officers of the Primary Associations. Praying that you and all the dear sisters may have health and strength equal to your arduous labors and noble desires,

"I am your loving sister,

"E. R. S. S."

"There is danger of dishonesty being thoughtlessly encouraged in these fairs if we do not guard against it. Children are apt to be quite elated over making things to place on exhibition, and many times take the entire credit of doing what someone else has helped to do. It is not expected that our boys and girls can make all such articles as those previously mentioned without the

assistance or instruction of father, mother, or others. Then why not have the truth stated on the label? For instance, 'hay-rack made by John Smith, assisted by his father.' After a while he will be able to do the work alone, or with a little showing. Then, and not till then, should he take the honor of having done the work by himself."—Life Sketches by Aurelia S. Rogers.

The industrial work connected with the preparation of fairs is of great value to children, especially if there is care and judgment used in the selection of models and materials. If the children are permitted to make their own choice they are very apt to choose articles too complex or difficult of construction or of materials too expensive or not easily procurable.

There is a great amount of work necessary to make children's fairs successful, and the results may be very beneficial, not only in a financial way,—which should really be the smallest consideration, —but in the development of the children. The training of hand and eye, the strengthening of the muscles where physical strength is necessary, the skill and dexterity acquired, with the knowledge of materials and tools, and the moral development which comes through the pleasure of doing for others, are all aids in the physical, mental and spiritual growth of the children.

All the articles in the fair should be not only home-made, but, if possible, home-grown or home-produced.

Expenses should be made as light as possible, using materials which may be obtained with the least financial outlay. Time, labor, and material should be carefully economized.

In arranging for fairs or other church entertainments there is always a chance for something new, novel or attractive. We need so many of these affairs, that the success of our efforts will depend upon whether we are able to present an old form of entertainment with something new added or a little different from the way it was given before. We cannot afford to be behind the times in these matters for we must depend largely upon the help derived from entertainments of this and other kinds for financial aid. All church organizations must do this to accomplish the good they desire to, and we are no exception to the rule. It takes money, and plenty of it, too, to feed the real, vital, and energetic life of an up and doing association. So plan something, something attractive, and spare no pains to make your efforts successful.

After the officers have carefully considered what shall be done and decided upon it, the next thing is to enlist help. Make sure that every family is called upon for assistance in some direction. Then if you have some who have never been on committees before give them a chance now. Let the few who always do the hard work be increased in numbers and give as many as possible a chance to be very much interested because they are given good opportunities to help.

It has been decided that preparatory work for any form of entertainment must not interfere with the regular hour for Primary meetings, other arrangements must be made. During the months when Primary has adjourned would be a good time for such preparation.

In planning the work it would be well to have committees to take charge of the children in groups or classses. Be sure to get some good men helpers. If you plan for any farm or garden produce let the children who are going to do this class of work have a committee to help and advise them in regard to what they can most successfully plant and cultivate. Boys, and girls, too, delight in carpentry; enlist the services of some good carpenter to give them some good ideas in the uses of wood and tools.

There are many things that are both useful and ornamental which may be made from materials usually considered worthless or of little value. Empty spools may be used for book-shelves, small tables, baskets and many other articles; sometimes they are glued together or strung with strong wires into the desired shape and then painted or varnished. Empty ribbon-bolts may be made into very pretty and useful button boxes by cutting one end of the bolt off and covering with fancy paper, scraps of ribbon or silk; sometimes they are painted with gold or silver gilt, and then they look very gay. Empty cardboard boxes may be transformed into things of beauty as well as usefulness with a little ingenuity and care. Corn-cobs make beautiful dolls and cradles to hold them, twigs may be cut and fashioned into picture frames, easels, pen-racks, etc. There is no end to the things which may be made by the children, but, we would suggest that they be allowed to make them themselves under the supervision of someone who is qualified to direct them. It is not meant by this that any special skill is necessary in the supervisor, but, that you divide your children into groups according to the kinds of work they intend to do, for instance—If bread, cake, etc., is to be one of the features of the fair, select someone who is a good cook and let her give the children some good, practical lessons in good plain-cooking, such as the making and baking of good bread and cake, etc.; the same plan to be used for sewing, wood-work, gardening, etc.

If prizes are to be given, they may be offered for the best work in the class or group who are working with the same materials.

Some form of entertainment also should be given, short miscellaneous programs, drills, operettas or cantatas would be appropriate and add greatly to the interest and success of a fair.

We submit a list of books which are suggestive and helpful for

fairs or other entertainments; these are not in our regular list and postage will have to be added.

Church Sociables and Entertainments, 25c; postage 3c.
The Correct Art of Candy Making, 15c; postage 4c.
Uses of Crepe and Tissue Papers, 15c; postage 4c.
Burnt work, 15c; postage 4c.

ENTERTAINMENTS.

Many of the suggestions given for Primary fairs will be found helpful in the preparation of entertainments. Be sure that every family is represented in the program, all may not be able to take leading parts, but, chorus and concert work may be arranged so as to bring in all children. Be as impartial as possible and not give the best part to the same children every time, sometimes talent of a high order is hidden beneath a modest or bashful exterior, needing only a little encouragement to develop it, and besides it is not always advisable nor good for some children to appear too often in public. Many a sweet and lovable disposition is spoiled through self-consciousness or conceit. A little tot who was bright and clever in taking any part that was assigned to her was overheard making this statement when an entertainment was talked of in the ward where she resided, "Oh, they can't get along without me."

Care should be exercised in the selection of the material for a program, the exercises should be suitable to the ages and capacities of the children. In vocal exercises choose pieces that are neither very high nor very low in pitch,—that are cheerful and lively in sentiment. Avoid all love songs or doleful recitations; keep the moral tone clean and pure in all that the children do; to accomplish this, means that everything given in an entertainment must come under the personal supervision of the officers of the Primary Associations.

Drills are very good exercises and are highly recommended not only for their attractiveness but for the physical benefit which may be derived from them, rythm, time and marching are all excellent and healthy exercises for children.

A number of selections suitable for conferences, review meetings or entertainments are given in this number of The Children's Friend. We have also selected a number of musical pieces, cantatas, operettas, song and recitation books for the same purpose; the list will be found elsewhere in the magazine. For anniversaries and special days some good programs will be found in Vol. I of The Children's Friend.

SELECTIONS SUITABLE FOR ENTERTAINMENTS.

WELCOME SPEECH.

I am a tiny tot,
And have not much to say;
But I must make, I'm told,
The "Welcome Speech" today.

Dear friends, we're glad you've come
To hear us speak and sing.
We'll do our very best
To please in every thing.

Our speeches we have learned;
And if you'll hear us through,
You'll see what tiny tots—
If they but try—can do.

THE LITTLE MOTHERS.

(A song with illustrative pantomime by several little girls to the tune of "Here we go round the Mulberry Bush.")

(Enter children, carrying dolls, and singing.)
Here we come with our dollies dear,
Dollies dear,
Dollies dear,
Here we come with our dollies dear,
And we're their little mothers.
(All bow as they sing the last line.)

(Caressing the dolls.)
This is the way we love our dolls,
Love our dolls,
Love our dolls,
This is the way we love our dolls,
When they are good and gentle.

(Shaking heads and forefingers at dolls.)
This is the way we scold our dolls,
Scold our dolls,
Scold our dolls,
This is the way we scold our dolls,
When they are very naughty.

(Holding the hems of the dolls' dresses, and making the motion of sewing, as with needle and thread.)

This is the way we mend their clothes,
Mend their clothes,
Mend their clothes,
This is the way we mend their clothes,
When they have torn and ripped them.

(Making motions as of combing hair.)

This is the way we comb their hair,
Comb their hair,
Comb their hair,
This is the way we comb their hair,
To make them neat and pretty.

(Walking up and down.)

This is the way we carry them,
Carry them,
Carry them,
This is the way we carry them,
When we go out to visit.

(Holding the dolls in their arms as if rocking them to sleep.)

This is the way we sing to them,
Sing to them,
Sing to them,
This is the way we sing to them,
When they are tired and sleepy.

(Laying them down on the floor at their feet and bending over them.)

This is the way we lay them down,
Lay them down,
Lay them down,
This is the way we lay them down,
To sleep until the morning.

(Taking them up and kissing them.)

This is the way we take them up,
Take them up,
Take them up,
This is the way we take them up,
And kiss them in the morning.

(Giving the dolls' hands a shake toward the audience and the word good-bye.)

And now we think we'll say "good-bye,"
Say "Good-bye,"
Say "Good-bye,"
And now we think we'll say "good-bye,"
As we are tired of singing.

FALSE KINDNESS.

The softest little fluff of fur!
The gentlest, most persuasive purr!
Oh, everybody told me that
She was the "loveliest little cat!"
So when she on the table sprung,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
I only gently put her down,
And said, "No, no!" and tried to frown;
But if I had been truly kind,
I should have made that kitten mind!

Now, large and quick, and strong of will,
She'll spring upon the table still,
In spite of all my watchful care,
Will snatch the choicest dainties there;
And everybody says, "Scat! Scat!
She's such a dreadful, dreadful cat!"
But I, who hear them, know, with shame,
I only am the one to blame,
For in the days when she was young,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
Had I to her been truly kind,
I should have made that kitten mind.

—Selected.

TWO KINDS OF BOY.

I want to ask a question;
Now, 'splain me this who can—
Why 'tis whenever I get hurt,
I'm mother's great big man.
"Too large, of course, and brave to cry!"
But when I ask for cheese,
Or maybe pickles with my lunch,
Why, then—now listen, please—
Oh, no, I'm "too little, dear;
Must eat nice milk and bread."
I think and worry over this
Until it hurts my head;
And I'd be very much obliged
If some one would tell me
Just 'zactly what's the proper size
A fellow ought to be.

ONLY ONE MOTHER.

You have only one mother, my boy,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,
Or cause it to ache
Till ready to break—
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will
Stick to you thro' good and thro' ill,
And love you, although
The world is your foe—
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray
That in the good path you may stay;
Who for you won't spare
Self sacrifice rare—
So worship the mother alway.

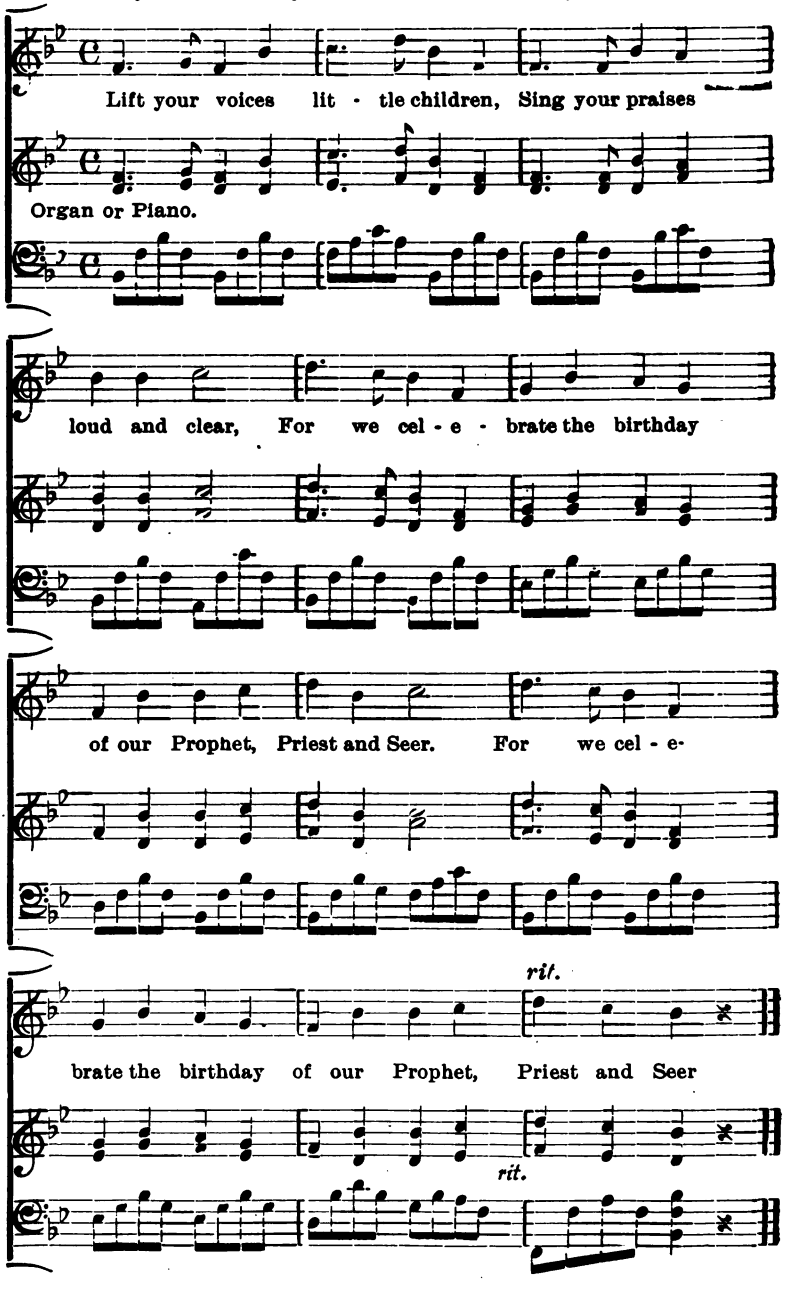
You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night
For you with delight—
So help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother to miss
When she has departed from this,
So love and revere
That mother while here,
Some time you won't know her dear kiss.

You have only one mother, just one,
Remember that always, my son;
None can or will do
What she has for you—
What have you for her ever done?

—New York Evangelist.

"LIFT YOUR VOICES, LITTLE CHILDREN."

Words by Mrs. M. Kelly. Music by Wm. C. Clive.

Lift your voices lit - tle children, Sing your praises
Organ or Piano.
loud and clear, For we cel - e - brate the birthday
of our Prophet, Priest and Seer. For we cel - e-
rit.
brate the birthday of our Prophet, Priest and Seer
rit.

WHO WAS THE PROPHET?

Dialogue and Chorus.

Words by Mary F. Kelly. **Music by W. C. Clive.**

(Suitable for Prophet's Birthday celebrations.)

Recited by Boy:

Who was Joseph Smith, the Prophet?
Little sister, tell me, pray,
For they say it is his birthday
That we celebrate today!

Recited by Girl:

Yes, dear brother, I will tell you!
Joseph was a humble youth
But the noble soul within him
Burned with love of right and truth;
In reply to his petition
God our Father did unfold
All the fullness of the Gospel
As it was in days of old.

Chorus of Children:

Lift your voices, little children,
Sing your praises loud and clear,
For we celebrate the birthday
Of our Prophet, Priest, and Seer.

Recited by Boy:

How I wish I could have known him,
Heard him speak, and seen his face,
Felt his loving arms around me
In a tender, sweet embrace!

Recited by Girl:

Yes, dear brother, but remember
Tho' on earth he could not stay,
We can follow in his footsteps,
On the straight and narrow way,
Learn the lessons that he taught us,
Try to keep them all in mind
Then in Heaven with the faithful
Brother Joseph we shall find.

Chorus of Children:

Lift your voices, etc.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

(The words of the hymn may be either sung by a choir, with organ accompaniment, or by the reciter. In either case the effect of alternate singing and recitation is thrilling. The dramatic effect will not be lessened if the last verse is omitted.)

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is nigh!"

Carelessly a little child,
In the sunshine, at her play,
Lisping sang and sweetly smiled,
On a joyous April day.
Sang with laughter, light and droll—
Sang with mirth in each blue eye:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!"

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!"

Sang a maiden with a face
Free from look of earthly care,
With a form of faultless grace,
With a wreath of golden hair.
Sang with heart by grief untried—
Sang with no regretful past:

"Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!"

"Other refuge have I none—
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me!"

Sang a mother while she bowed
O'er her baby as it lay
Wrapped within its snowy shroud
On a dreary autumn day,—
Sang of hopes forever flown,
Sang of eyes that could not see;

"Leave, ah! leave me not alone—
Still support and comfort me!"

"All my trust on Thee is stayed—
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!"

Faint and weary in the race,
In death's winter-evening gray,
With a sweet, angelic face,
Dreamed a woman. Far away,
As the feeble twilight fled,
Angels seemed with her to sing:

"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!"

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is nigh!"

Ah! how soon our hopes decay—
We must suffer and endure;
Strive and struggle as we may.
Life is short and death is sure.
We may hear the anthem roll
Through the starry realms on high:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly!"

—*Eugene J. Hall.*

THE NEW BABY.

Oh, we've got a new baby sister!
Folks act as if she was a queen!
What Rob and I want doesn't matter,
And sometimes it seems kind of mean.
We dress up for regular battles,
With helmets and sabers and all;
It's pretty exciting, I tell you!
We charge on the foe, and they fall,
And then we hear somebody calling
(Mamma, or Aunt Lou, or Aunt Jane),
"Boys! boys! can't you learn to be quiet?
You're waking the baby again!"

She's little, and red, and keeps squealing,
And squints up her eyes, just like this!
And then they all crowd up around her,
And every one gives her a kiss.

But when Rob and I play we're wounded,
And fall, with loud groans, to the floor,
Why, no one comes flying to help us.
But while we are "groaning full sore,"
We're sure to hear somebody calling
(Mamma, or Aunt Lou, or Aunt Jane),
"Boys! boys! can't you learn to be quiet?
You're waking the baby again!"

Now Rob can play tunes with one finger,
And I've got an awful strong voice.
Rob's fav'rite is "Star-Spangled Banner,"
But "Marching Through Georgia" 's my choice,
So gen'lly we do both together.
It's real hard to keep your own part;
You can't, 'less you do it the loudest.
But when we've just got a good start
Of course we hear somebody calling
(Mamma, or Aunt Lou, or Aunt Jane),
"Boys! boys! can't you learn to be quiet?
You're waking the baby again!"

But Rob and I try to be patient,
For when she's a sensible size,
That baby, we've planned how we'll have her
A trav'ller that's took by surprise
By robbers, or animals maybe,
All wild! That'll be one of us;
The other will rush to her rescue
With shouts! But they won't make a fuss.
They'll smile, and they'll say to each other
(Mamma, and Aunt Lou, and Aunt Jane),
"Why, we can't expect they'll be quiet;
They're 'musing that baby again!"

—*Elizabeth L. Gould in Youth's Companion.*

SONG DIALOGUE FOR BOYS.

A class of as many boys as desired may be chosen to sing the repeats. The four leading singers may be placed at intervals in the class or altogether. Uniform dress, slight imitation of soldiers, may be used. A boys' band, also in uniform, playing the music, will increase the interest. One boy with flute, harmonica, drum, or other instrument will do.

(Music enters, playing "Yankee Doodle." Boys follow, marching to music, and form in line or semi-circle, first singer sings.)

My mother says I grow so fast,
She cannot keep(1) my measure;
I eat so much and play so hard,
And am so fond of pleasure!
Very soon(2) I'll be a man,
Then look(3) out for the battle;
For I'll be(4) a soldier brave,
And make(5) the rifles rattle!

(Repeat last four lines, class joining, making same motions, and singing, "Very soon he'll be a man," etc.)

(Music changes and plays, "The Maid of Monterey," and second singer sings.)

And I'll be your companion,
But not to use your guns;
I'll be a kind, wise surgeon,
To help the wounded ones;
I'll have (6) my bandage ready,
The wound (7) will soon be dressed;
I'll cure (8) all those who can be cured,
And cheer (9) and soothe (10) the rest.

(Repeat last four lines, class joining, making same motions, and singing "He'll have his bandage ready," etc.)

(Music changes to "Red, White and Blue," and third singer sings.)

Oh, boys! I shall want to go with you,
To see what the world is about;
I think you can make me your chaplain,
I'll learn to be grave and devout!
And when the last battle is over,
And (11) "Peace to the earth" is the word,
You will own that the (12) prayers of your chaplain,
With the (13) prayers of your mother's were heard.

(Repeat last two lines, class joining, same motions and same words except "We will own," etc. Our chaplain, and our mothers, etc.)

(Music changes to "Rosa May," or "Hive of Deseret," and the fourth singer sings.)

I'll be a missionary, boys;
And spread (14) the Gospel light;
The Patriarch (15) has said I should,
And this you now is right.
I'll teach the nations far (16) and near, (17)
To cease from war and strife;
And learn to keep the laws of God, (18)
And gain eternal life.

(Instead of playing chorus, music here starts first of tune, lively, and class sings.)

We'll all be missionary boys,
And spread the Gospel light; (19)
The Patriarchs (20) have said we should,
And this we know is right.
We'll teach the nations (21) far and near, (22)
That strife and war must cease; (23)
And we must (24) clasp each other's hands,
And (25) walk in love and peace.

Chorus.

And walk in love and peace;
And walk in love and peace;
And we must clasp each other's hands,
And walk in love and peace;

MOTIONS. (1) Raises hand over head. (2) Stretches up, hands on hips. (3) Turns to second boy, shoving up sleeves as if to strike. (4) First position of soldier with arms. (5) Position for shooting. (6) Pulls handkerchief from pocket. (7) Wraps handkerchief around left arm. (8) Spreads hands gently. (9) Places left arm across left breast and pats it softly. (10) Strokes cheek. (11) Spreads hands gently. (12) Raises and clasps hands, and raises eyes. (13) Bends knees, half kneeling, and eyes still raised. (14) Reaches out hands. (15) Places hand on head. (16) Reaches out hands. (17) Draws hands toward breast. (18) Points upward. (19) Reaches out hand. (20) Places hand on head. (21) Reaches out hands. (22) Bring hands toward breast. (23) Indicate this with head and hand. (24) Each two boys clasp right hands. (25) Every second boy gently draws other boy's hand under left arm. Music leads march and all march 'round and off, singing, last chorus.

—*L. L. Greene Richards.*

FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"Oh, I wish I could find
Some nice, yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A green little leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone!"

"Now see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
You just come and scratch."

—*Selected.*

"Up and be doing," is the word that comes from God for each of us. Leave some "good work" behind you that shall not be wholly lost when you have passed away. Do something worth living for, worth dying for.—Arthur P. Stanley.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Questions in regard to Primary Work will be answered in this Department. All Officers and Teachers are invited to contribute.

Should aids be set apart?

Certainly. If aids are a necessity—and we believe they are—they are a part of the board of officers, and as such are entitled to their portion of the responsibility of such board and should receive all the support that is given to any other officer. They should be set apart by the proper authority in the Priesthood and made to realize from the beginning that they are being placed in a position of responsibility, and that they will be expected to honor their position and assume the responsibilities attached to it. The officers of any organization should form parts of a whole, and each one should have a definite place and part in the control of the organization. It is not right or proper to have officers who are not doing something for the onward progress of the organization to which they belong, and there should not be any difference in the respect given to any of the officers, whether President, aid or otherwise.

When an association is disorganized, do the aids remain with power to act. If only secretaries remain in office, who holds the money?

The office of the secretary is the only one that is continued during the disorganization of an association, and she should keep all records, properties or moneys until a new organization is effected, when she may be asked to resign or continue in her position.

Should there be more than three grades?

Large classes are not as satisfactory as small ones, and whenever it is practicable it is advisable to divide them into one or more classes, as the occasion and condition require, but this does not mean more grades. Lessons are prepared for these grades, and it is preferable for all the associations to be working in order and with system.

One grade may have a number of classes, all using the same lesson, but do not add another grade.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

"God help us parents all to live aright,
And may our homes all love and truth unfold,
Since life for us no loftier aim can hold
Than leading little children to the light."

HOME POWER.

"In the course of a conversation with Madame Campan, Napoleon Bonaparte remarked: 'The old systems of instruction seem to be worth nothing; what is yet wanting in order that the people should be properly educated?' 'Mothers,' replied Madame Campan. The reply struck the Emperor. 'Yes!' said he, 'there is a system of education in one word. Be it your care, then, to train up mothers who shall know how to educate their children.'"—Aime Martin.

Home is the first and most important school of character. It is there that every human being receives his best moral training, or his worst; for it is there that he imbibes those principles of conduct which endure through manhood, and cease only with life.

Thus homes, which are the nurseries of children who grow up into men and women, will be good or bad, according to the power that governs them. Where the spirit of love and duty pervades the home—where head and heart bear rule wisely there—where the daily life is honest and virtuous—where the government is sensible, kind, and loving, then may we expect from such a home an issue of healthy, useful, and happy beings, capable, as they gain the requisite strength, of following the footsteps of their parents, of walking uprightly, governing themselves wisely, and contributing to the welfare of those about them.

The poorest dwelling, presided over by a virtuous, thrifty, cheerful, and cleanly woman, may thus be the abode of comfort, virtue, and happiness; it may be the scene of every ennobling relation in family life; it may be endeared to a man by many delightful associations: furnishing a sanctuary for the heart, a refuge from the storms of life, a sweet resting-place after labor, a consolation in misfortune, a pride in prosperity, and a joy at all times.

But while homes, which are the nurseries of character, may be the best of schools, they may also be the worst. Between childhood and manhood how incalculable is the mischief which ignor-

ance in the home has power to cause! Between drawing the first breath and the last, how vast is the moral suffering occasioned by incompetent mothers and nurses! Commit a child to the care of a worthless, ignorant woman, and no culture in after-life will remedy the evil you have done. Let the mother be idle, vicious, and a slattern; let her home be pervaded by cavilling, petulance and discontent, and it will become a dwelling of misery—a place to fly from, rather than to fly to; and the children whose misfortune it is to be brought up there will be morally dwarfed and deformed —the cause of misery to themselves as well as to others.

We have spoken of the mother of Washington as an excellent woman of business; and to possess such a quality as capacity for business is not only compatible with true womanliness, but is in a measure essential to the comfort and well-being of every properly governed family. Habits of business do not relate to trade merely, but apply to all the practical affairs of life—to every thing that has to be arranged, to be organized, to be provided for, to be done. And in all these respects the management of a family and of a household is as much a matter of business as the management of a shop or of a counting-house. It requires method, accuracy, organization, industry, economy, discipline, tact, knowledge, and capacity for adapting means to ends. All this is of the essence of business; and hence business habits are as necessary to be cultivated by women who would succeed in the affairs of home—in other words,—who would make home happy—as by men in the affairs of trade, of commerce, or of manufacture.

The idea has, however, heretofore prevailed, that women have no concern with such matters, and that business habits and qualifications relate to men only. Take, for instance, the knowledge of figures. Mr. Bright has said of boys, "Teach a boy arithmetic thoroughly, and he is a made man." And why?—Because it teaches him method, accuracy, value, proportions, relations. But how many girls are taught arithmetic well?—Very few indeed. And what is the consequence? When the girl becomes a wife, if she knows nothing of figures, and is innocent of addition and multiplication, she can keep no record of income and expenditure, and there will probably be a succession of mistakes committed which may be prolific of domestic contention. The woman, not being up to her business—that is, the management of her domestic affairs in conformity with the simple principles of arithmetic—will, through sheer ignorance, be apt to commit extravagances, though unintentional, which may be most injurious to her family peace and comfort.

Method, which is the soul of business, is also of essential importance in the home. Work can only be got through by method. Muddle flies before it, and hugger-mugger becomes a thing un-

known. Method demands punctuality, another eminently business quality. The unpunctual woman, like the nupunctual man, occasions dislike, because she consumes and wastes time, and provokes the reflection that we are not of sufficient importance to make her more prompt. To the business man, time is money; but to the business woman, method is more—it is peace, comfort, and domestic prosperity.

Prudence is another important business quality in women, as in men. Prudence is practical wisdom, and comes of the cultivated judgment. It has reference in all things to fitness, to propriety; judging wisely of the right thing to be done, and the right way of doing it. It calculates the means, order, kind, and method of doing. Prudence learns from experience, quickened by knowledge.

For these, among other reasons, habits of business are necessary to be cultivated by all women, in order to their being efficient helpers in the world's daily life and work. Furthermore, to direct the power of the home aright, women, as the nurses, trainers, and educators of children, need all the help and strength that mental culture can give them. Mere instinctive love is not sufficient. Instinct, which preserves the lower creatures, needs no training; but human intelligence, which is in constant request in a family, needs to be educated. The physical health of the rising generation is intrusted to woman by Providence; and it is in the physical nature that the moral and mental nature lies enshrined. It is only by acting in accordance with the natural laws, which, before she can follow, woman must needs understand, that the blessing of health of body, and health of mind and morals, can be secured at home. Without a knowledge of such laws, the mother's love too often finds its recompense only in a child's coffin.

It is a mere truism to say that the intellect with which women as well as man is endowed has been given for use and exercise, and not "to fust in her unused." Such endowments are never conferred without a purpose. The Creator may be lavish in His gifts, but He is never wasteful.

Woman was not meant to be either an unthinking drudge, or the merely pretty ornament of man's leisure. She exists for herself as well as for others; and the serious and responsible duties she is called upon to perform in life require the cultivated head as well as the sympathizing heart. Her highest mission is not to be fulfilled by the mastery of fleeting accomplishments, on which so much useful time is now wasted; for, though accomplishments may enhance the charms of youth and beauty, of themselves sufficiently charming, they will be found of very little use in the affairs of real life.

Speaking generally, the training and discipline that are most

suitable for the one sex in early life are also the most suitable for the other; and the education and culture that fill the mind of the man will prove equally wholesome for the woman. Indeed, all the arguments which have yet been advanced in favor of the higher education of men plead equally strongly in favor of the higher education of women. In all the departments of home, intelligence will add to woman's usefulness and efficiency. It will give her thought and forethought, enable her to anticipate and provide for the contingencies of life, suggest improved methods of management, and give her strength in every way. In disciplined mental power she will find a stronger and safer protection against deception and imposture than in mere innocent and unsuspecting ignorance; in moral and religious culture she will secure sources of influence more powerful and enduring than in physical attractions; and in due self-reliance and self-dependance she will discover the truest sources of domestic happiness.

But while the mind and character of woman ought to be cultivated with a view to their own well-being, they ought not the less to be educated liberally with a view to the happiness of others. Men themselves can not be sound in mind or morals if woman be the reverse; and if, as we hold to be the case, the moral condition of a people mainly depends on the education of the home, then the education of woman is to be regarded as a matter of national importance. Not only does the moral character but the mental strength of man find its best safeguard and support in the moral purity and mental cultivation of woman; but the more completely the powers of both are developed, the more harmonious and well-ordered will society be—the more safe and certain its elevation and advancement.

The influence of woman is the same everywhere. Her condition influences the morals, manners, and character of the people in all countries. Where she is debased, society is debased; where she is morally pure and enlightened, society will be proportionately elevated.

Hence, to instruct woman is to instruct man; to elevate her character is to raise *his* own; to enlarge her mental freedom is to extend and secure that of the whole community. For nations are but the outcomes of homes, and peoples of mothers.—From Character by Samuel Smiles.

"HE GAVE HIMSELF."

THE STORY OF A HERO.

In a corner of France, some few years ago, lived a very poor but hard-working woman who had lost her husband in battle, and who was left with five children to maintain by her own unaided efforts.

"Alas!" condoled her neighbors, "we pity you; but so many of us are in similar positions that we cannot afford to help you."

"'My help cometh from God,'" replied the widow. "I know He cannot fail me; and you remember His promise?"

"No," was the reply, "we have forgotten. But it is well to be as you, to have such trust. Take care you are not disappointed."

The widow turned away, she saw they did not understand. "They don't know, Lord," she said, under her breath—"they have not tried Thee. Wilt Thou reveal Thyself to them, gracious God?"

The widow's eldest son, Jean, was now growing up, and when an illness rendered his mother incapable of working he took the burden of the family upon his brave young shoulders and became the breadwinner. The neighbors looked on in amazement.

"I thought," said one, "that when the widow Berthelot was laid aside we should see a crumbling of her trust. But no; yesterday, when I went to see her, she reminded me of a promise from her Heavenly Father, as she said. But I laughed at her."

"What is this wonderful promise?" asked another.

"'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me.' I think those were the words."

"They are good words indeed," said the other. "We shall see if they are true."

Meanwhile, the widow and her children were very happy. Jean was like a little father in the home—all there loved him, and all knew how ill he could be spared by any one of them; for his generous loving heart and willing hands made each think—"Surely life in our humble home would be a hard thing if our beloved Jean were withdrawn from it!" And his mother, so proud of him, watched him lovingly.

Then a terrible thought burst upon all in that little home. Jean was getting to an age when he would be called upon to serve his king and country as a soldier; and then, alas! the widow lay awake at night, brooding over the terrible possibility of her beloved son, the family mainstay, being drawn for the conscription!

"My Father," she would cry, "Thou knowest all—our poverty if he were gone, our helplessness! Thou has given us, through him, the comforts of food, home, clothes—Lord, let not this thing be, that he draw the fearful fatal number! Spare him to us!"

A perfect faith would ask only that God's will be done—but God teaches us often that perfect faith through suffering. "Three years' separation!" was the widow's one thought. "Ah, but he may not draw a soldier's number! God grant it!"

At last the dreaded day for the drawing of the lottery came, and the Widow Berthelot felt that her heart was breaking. She prostrated herself before God in agonized prayer, and besought Him as a "Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows," to withhold this cup of bitter agony, and to let her boy remain at home. The neighbors heard her pleading. They said among themselves: "Ah, now we shall see! 'Tis hard to be the Widow Berthelot."

Evening came and Jean returned. He sat in a corner of his humble little home, and the neighbors flocked to hear the news.

"Mother," cried the poor boy, "be brave, dear heart. In three years I shall be with you again—but, I have drawn a soldier's number."

The poor mother threw up her hands and fell prone to the earth. The children ran hither and thither screaming, thinking she was dead, or that something terrible had happened.

Jean raised his mother's head, and bathed her temples and hands. "Mother, mother," he cried, kissing her, "it is I, your son Jean; I am still here, mother, but look at me, and all will be well." But the pale, worn features showed no signs of life.

The neighbors crowded around the door and into the room—and over the hum of their voices one heard the crying of the children.

"It is as we thought," said one woman—"God does not hear, and He does not care. I'm glad I never asked Him for anything."

"You might be a better woman if you had," ventured an old man.

Presently a strange youth pressed through the little crowd, and saw the fainting woman—his curiosity was aroused.

"Why is this?" he ased. "I am from a strange town and have not heard the news. I had a mother once, but she died, and looked as this poor mother looks. But she has a noble son."

They told him the sad little story.

"She did not think God would let him draw a soldier's number," one said; "but He has and she is like that."

Pity stirred in the heart of the strange youth; he was alone in the world, but this other lad had a mother, and it was killing her to lose him. Unhappy thought! she would be left alone in her weakness. He would go, and spare her. He marveled at these thoughts in his breast—he had never felt them before, and they seemed to be outside of himself. He grew ashamed of the weakness he felt, and left the place very quietly. But he could not

proceed; he had to turn back, and, half ashamed, with a foolish air, he slipped back silently into the little room.

"Look here," said he, trembling and pale with agitation, and gazing at the drawn, agonized face of the slowly recovering mother, "tell her that her son need not go. He is still hers to support her in her weakness. Tell her I will be a substitute. I will go for her son." Tears stood in his eyes as he spoke, and when he had finished he moved nervously away.

They made the poor mother hear at last, and then she sprang to her feet and clasped her hands, saying:

"My Father, Thou hast redeemed Thy promise! 'While they are yet speaking, I will hear,' Thou saidst, and it is so. I thank Thee, Father, for this great mercy."

The neighbors began to move away slowly.

"After all, there seems to be something in it," said one. "Widow Berthelot is not to be pitied—she knows a God who hears."

Wonder, confusion, amazement, joy filled many hearts in the little village—this, they said, was a miracle.

"A stranger; and you will go for my son, whom you never knew!" cried the widow, taking the hand of her earthly savior.

"Yes, I will go," said he; "it is God, whom I have slighted, who is sending me—He has answered your prayers in me."

And so all was well. Again there was peace in the peasant home, and Jean remained at its head, beloved and loving—ransomed for those he loved, by a stranger!

And his substitute went to serve in his stead, and possibly gave his life in fighting for his country, for those whom he delivered never heard of the brave youth again.

It is a beautiful story—one would not wish to belittle it by comparing it with any other story; but there is a grander, greater more beautiful sacrifice even than this. Will you think of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who, as St. Paul reminds us in Gal. 2: 20, "loved me and gave Himself for me?" He, the Son of God, the Eternal King, came to earth to ransom such rebellious, disobedient strangers as you and me! Was ever love like unto His love?—M. B. Gerds, London Christian.

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WORK FOR ALL.

'Tis not a single bird
That makes the forest ring;
A thousand joyous notes are heard,
A thousand warblers sing.

'Tis not a lonely flower
Though it may glad the sight,
That makes the earth one summer bower,
All beautiful and bright.

But each thing brings its share
Amidst the mingled throng;
Some cadence, or some treasure rare,
Of beauty or of song.

All have their tasks to do,
All have their work assigned,
And carry out in order true
The plan their God designed.

The chorus grand rings forth
From things both great and small:
"On the broad circle of the earth
God giveth work for all."

FIRST GRADE.

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH.

OPENING EXERCISES.

Song. God is Great and Good.

I know God made the sun
To fill the day with light;
He made the twinkling stars
To shine all thro' the night.

He made the hills that rise
So very high and steep;
He made the lakes and seas
That are so broad and deep.

He made the streams so wide
That flow thro' wood and vale;
He made the rills so small
That leap down hill and dale.
—Dainty Songs for Lads and Lassies, page 19.

To be repeated after the teacher.

Our Father in heaven,
We hallow Thy name:
May Thy Kingdom holy,
On earth be the same;
O, give ot us daily,
Our portion of bread,
For 'tis from Thy bounty,
That all must be fed.
Forgive our transgressions,
And teach us to know
The humble compassion
That pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation—
From weakness and sin
And Thine be the glory,
Forever. Amen.

Song. Hymn of praise.

I'll strive while young to tune my voice,
To songs of praise and love,
The theme, of which I'll make a choice,
Shall be my God above.

He gives His children here below
A thousand blessings rare,
Each passing day and hour doth show
His loving, tender care.

O, Father, good and full of grace,
Tune Thou my heart and voice,
That I may ever chant Thy praise,
And in Thy love rejoice.
—S. S. Hymns, page 79.

Suggestive Talks.

Teacher's Reading. St. Luke 13: 6—9.

1. One Sunday Jesus was preaching to the people and He told them a story something like this:

A man wanted to plant a fruit tree in his garden; he was very anxious that it should be a good one and grow into a beautiful and useful tree. So first of all he made the ground ready by digging a deep hole and taking away all the rocks, then he made ready some rich soil so that the little tree could get good food through its roots. Now the little tree was planted in the hole, the soil was put carefully around the roots and then the man watered his little baby tree.

The tree grew larger every year and by and by it was old enough to bear fruit. Now was its chance to pay the man for all his care and trouble. But there seemed to be something the matter, for no fruit came. For three years the man would look at the tree to see some signs of fruit. But, alas, the tree did not do its duty and so the man cut it down and it was used for firewood.

I think Jesus meant by this that when we are old enough, we must be willing to do our share by helping and loving one another and not be useless like the tree which had no fruit growing on it.

Teacher's reading. Luke 13: 10—13.

A long time ago there lived a poor woman, who was very lame, her back was so weak that she could not stand up straight like you and me. It hurt her to walk so she never went to many places and the worst of all was that she hardly ever saw the blue sky and shining sun by day or the moon and stars that shone at night.

One day this poor woman heard about Jesus, that He had power to make sick people well.

"Where does He live?" she asked.

"He has no home, He just travels around among the people, preaching and blessing those who are sick," answered the person who had told her about Jesus.

"Will He ever come here, do you think," said the poor woman.

"Maybe," was the reply.

One day the lame woman heard that Jesus was preaching to the people in her town.

"Now," she cried, "I must do my best to go to Jesus, for I'm sure if He sees me and knows how I suffer, He will be willing to help me."

So she hobbled along as best she could until she came to where Jesus was preaching.

Dear, kind, loving **Jesus**, as soon as He saw her, He was sorry for her and He knew, too, that she had come to Him to be made well.

"Come to me," he said to her. And when she had come right close to Jesus, He laid His hands upon her and blessed her, and when He took His hands off, she stood up straight and could see all around and the blessed sky and the sweet face of Jesus. How happy she was and delighted that now she could go and tell everybody about her wonderful blessing.

3. Teacher's reading. John 9: 1—7. Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 41.

Sitting by the side of the road on the way to the Temple in Jerusalem was a man who had been born blind. He did not know how beautiful the world about him was; he could smell the fragrance of the flowers but see nothing of their beautiful form or color. He knew the sun was warm and pleasant but he had never seen its glorious light. The faces of his father and mother and his friends were all unknown to him. When he wanted to go from one place to another he had to have someone to lead him.

His life must have been a very dark and sad one, and one day as Jesus was passing by He saw the poor, blind man and He was sorry for him.

When Jesus was sorry for any one what do you think He wanted to do? And I will tell you how He helped the blind man. He spat on the ground and mixed a little of the clay together and spread it on the blind man's eyes and told him to go and wash in a certain pool where there was some water. The blind man went, washed, and his eyes opened so that he could see as well as anybody else.

4. Teacher's reading. Matthew 15: 32—38. Mark 8: 1—9. Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 34.

Sometimes the people would follow Jesus as He went from place to place. Once there was a great crowd, about four thousand, the Bible tells us, who had been traveling with Jesus for three days. They were so happy to be near Him that they forgot all about eating and resting, but you may be sure they did get very tired and hungry. Jesus did not enjoy having so many people around Him and He would have liked to send them home, but He knew they followed Him because they loved to be near Him. Now that they were tired and hungry, He was sorry for them. They were a long way from their homes and there were no places where food could be procured. Jesus asked the disciples how many loaves they had and they told Him they had seven loaves and some small fishes.

Then Jesus told all the people to sit down on the ground; and He took the seven loaves and the little fishes and broke them into pieces, blessed them and gave them to His disciples to give to the people.

Seven loaves and some small fishes would not be nearly enough to feed four thousand hungry people, but Jesus blessed it so that there was plenty for everybody and when they were all through eating. the pieces and crumbs that were left were gathered together and they filled seven baskets.

This is a wondrful story of the goodness of Jesus and is called a miracle. It is a miracle to us because we cannot understand how it was done.

A SMALL HERO.

He did not know he was a hero, but I think he was, and perhaps after you have read this little story you will agree with me.

He was a square-shouldered little boy who lived on our street. His mother was quite troubled because he had such mannish ways

before he was fairly out of his babyhood. But he was "nobody's baby." He had a pair of blue overalls such as nice boys on our street wore when they played in the dirt, and when those were on he had a funny way of taking long steps and standing with his feet far apart, as if he were about as tall as his father.

Half a dozen other Tom Thumbs, who also wore overalls and took long steps, chose Charlie for their leader. Instead of calling them Kenneth and Willie and Joe our Charlie used their last names —Knox, Robinson, Clarke, and so on—while they called him MacArthur, or, still better, "Mac." He was happy when he could be "Mac" all day.

These dear little pygmies had a big football which some older brother had worn out, and they "blew it up" and patiently mended it day after day, and kicked it so vigorously that usually the kicker fell backward into the dust, but that was taken as part of the game

Charlie's mother used to say, "Charlie is a born leader. O, if I could only know he would be a good one!" I can tell you, boys, between ourselves that ever so many mothers are thinking of that very thing.

Well, one day a little chap wandered into our street and began to play with Charlie and his "regiment"—for that is what he called the boys who followed his lead. I do not know what sort of parents or home this boy had, but somewhere he had taken lessons in evil, and before he had been with them a half hour he began to swear, taking the name of the great God in vain. Charlie stopped playing and drew a long breath.

"Did you do that a-purpose?" he asked.

"Yes, and I'll do it again," replied the boy from outside, and he did.

"Robinson!" cried Charlie to his oldest follower.

"Here!" answered Willie, running to Charle's side, while the rest of the boys followed.

"He sweared," said the little captain, standing very straight and pointing to the culprit, "and we don't play with boys that swear on this street."

"No, we don't; no, no!" they responded.

"What'll we do with Sullivan?"

"You can't do anything. I'll stay here if I'm a mind to," said the boy, kicking dust toward them.

"Not if you swear when the Commandments say not to," answered Charlie.

"No, sir; not if you swear," echoed the others.

"And we won't want you if you've got bad words inside," added the leader.

"I don't care; men say 'em on the street," said the defiant Sullivan.

"But this regiment don't, and you can't play with us 'less you promise never to again."

The boy took up a stone to throw, but as he looked at the six determined little figures he dropped it and turned sulkily away.

"Tell your mother to wash out your mouth with soap suds," said Willie Robinson.

"And don't you come again till—till you're over it," added the captain, as if the dreadful habit was a disease.

They waited until "Sullivan" turned a corner, and then went on with their play.

But Charlie's mother, who sat beside an open window, could not see to set another stitch until she had wiped the tears from her eyes. But they were not "sorry" tears.—Mrs. O. W. Scott.

HOW LITTLE DOUBLE DARLING'S SHOES BECAME LADY SLIPPERS.

Adapted from a Story in St. Nicho las.

Double Darling peeped over the side of her little bed, and down on the floor she saw a new pair of shining black shoes, and just beside them stood her old red ones. The string holes were broken and the toes were thin and brown, so she was very happy to have some new ones, and black shoes were a sign she was growing older. Then Double Darling began to wonder what became of all the old shoes. The world must be full of old shoes with so many men and women and children. "Grandma, what becomes of all the old shoes?"

"The fairies make them into lady slippers," grandma answered promptly.

This was the last thing grandma said except "good-night" after she heard "Now I lay me," and tucked Double Darling nicely up for the night. So Double Darling was thinking of that when she fell softly into dreamland.

In a moment she found herself wearing her new shoes, and walking all alone beside a beautiful river. There were so many flowers and such lovely rocks to jump over, only I hope they won't scratch my nice new shoes. She walked on and on, as people do in Dreamland, without ever being tired, until she had gone many, many miles. The river had grown broader and broader, until it was like a lake. Almost covering the water were many lily pods floating. Just beyond was a little island covered with flower beds.

"Oh, oh, oh!" said Double Darling, "I wish I might pick some for grandma." Just as she was saying this she heard a rustle and patter behind her, and when she looked, what do you think she saw? Her old red shoes coming along, quite by themselves, exactly as if they had a pair of little feet in them. Now nobody is ever surprised at anything in Dreamland, and she was just going to say something to them when patter, pat, patter they went right by, jumped on one great green lily leaf, then another, as if they were scampering over a bridge.

Without thinking Double Darling started after them, and in a twinkling she had crossed the river and was following the old red shoes up a garden walk, until they reached the center of the island. There, in the soft moonlight, stood one of the loveliest little old ladies she had ever seen. Double Darling had nearly tumbled over her in her haste, but the fairy looked first at the shoes and said to them, "How do you do?"

Up the little shoes rose on their toes and bowed very politely as they answered, "Very well, I thank you," just as if they had talked all their lives.

"To whom did you belong and how old are you?" said the fairy.

"Please, Madam," said the shoes, rising on their toes and dropping a little courtesy, "we belong to Double Darling and are about three months old."

"What have you done for her?" said the fairy.

"We were kind shoes and never tripped her feet, and we always ran fast with her when her grandma called; then we ran fast, too, so she wouldn't be late to kindergarten."

"Very well," said the fairy, "you have done well; go into the garden and bury yourself in the third row from the front, and you will come up single lady slippers, and be of a very choice color."

"To whom do you belong and how old are you?" This time it was a pair of very plain, ugly shoes that answered. The strings were gone, so were the toes, and holes were worn right through the soles. They made a very awkward bow as they answered: "We were Mary Murphy's shoes in the beginning; when she outgrew us she gave us to little Tommy, and we are one year and ten months old."

The old fairy smiled as she said: "Oh, yes, I knew you, and if you had come to me from Mary I really don't think I could have kept you at all. You pinched her toes and stumbled when she ran, and were very uncomfortable. But then you were born boys' shoes, and you did help Tommy, so you may go and bury yourself in the third row from the front, and you will come up double, and rather mixed in color."

The next pair were baby shoes, made of soft, blue kid. The toes were curled up as if a baby's toes had wriggled around in them, otherwise they were quite new.

"Well," said the fairy, "you never walked in your lives."

"No," said the shoes, "we flew. We couldn't stay on because baby's toes wouldn't keep still, and we got tired of being dropped on the floor; so tonight, after baby was asleep and nurse had gone downstairs we flew out of the window and came here."

The fairy looked tenderly at them as if they were real babies, then she said: "You cannot be changed until you have done some good in the world. Go and hang yourselves on Santa Claus' tree until he comes to gather you. When you are quite worn out you may come again."

The baby shoes looked sad, but they knew the fairy meant what she said, and off they fluttered like a pair of blue butterflies.

Next came a pair of shabby cloth gaiters. These were so old and worn that you would hardly believe they ever were shoes, but the fairy was paying them the greatest attention. As they gave a very polite bow the fairies said: "To whom did you belong and how old are you?"

"We are one year and six months old, and we belonged to a school teacher. When she went away for the school vacation she gave us to a nurse. We helped the best we could, never slipping when she went up dark stairs, and walking so softly across the room. We were just as easy for her as possible, to rest her tired feet; and one day when she was caring for a poor little boy we heard his mother say she had no shoes and couldn't go out to work to earn some money, so the nurse gave us to her. When we had helped as long as we could she threw us out of the window into an ash pile, and then we came here.

"This is the kind of a life story I love to hear. I will plant you myself in the front row, and you will be double as the rose and the finest color in the world." Then the fairy touched Double Darling on the hand, and asked her to go with them to the garden; then she opened her eyes and there was grandma, with a bunch of roses in her hand and wishing Double Darling a happy birthday.

Bessie having been punished for misbehavior, slunk to the other end of the room crying. When her sobs had subsided, her mother turned to view her repentance, but found her engaged making faces at her. "Why, Bessie," said her mother, "how can you do so?" "Oh, mamma," answered the girl, quickly, "I was trying to smile at you, but my face slipped."

SECOND GRADE.

LESSON XXV.

LOVE.

Teachers' reading: Life of Christ, Farrar.

"GO IN PEACE."

Luke 7: 36—50.

Jesus visits Simon—How He was received—The woman who had sinned—Her actions—Jesus answers Simon in a parable—"Go in peace."

HAROLD'S FIELD DAY.

It was Jack's Field Day, too, though he hadn't expected to have any. Jack sold papers, when people would buy them, and sometimes they bought a good many. Then again, when the weather was bad and people were in a hurry, some were apt to be left over. That means a loss to Jack.

Taking losses and gains together, Jack barely made a living. Perhaps you would not call it a living; but Jack did. Different people, you know, have different ideas about what living is. Jack's living did not mean luxuries, and he regarded new clothes as the very height of affluence.

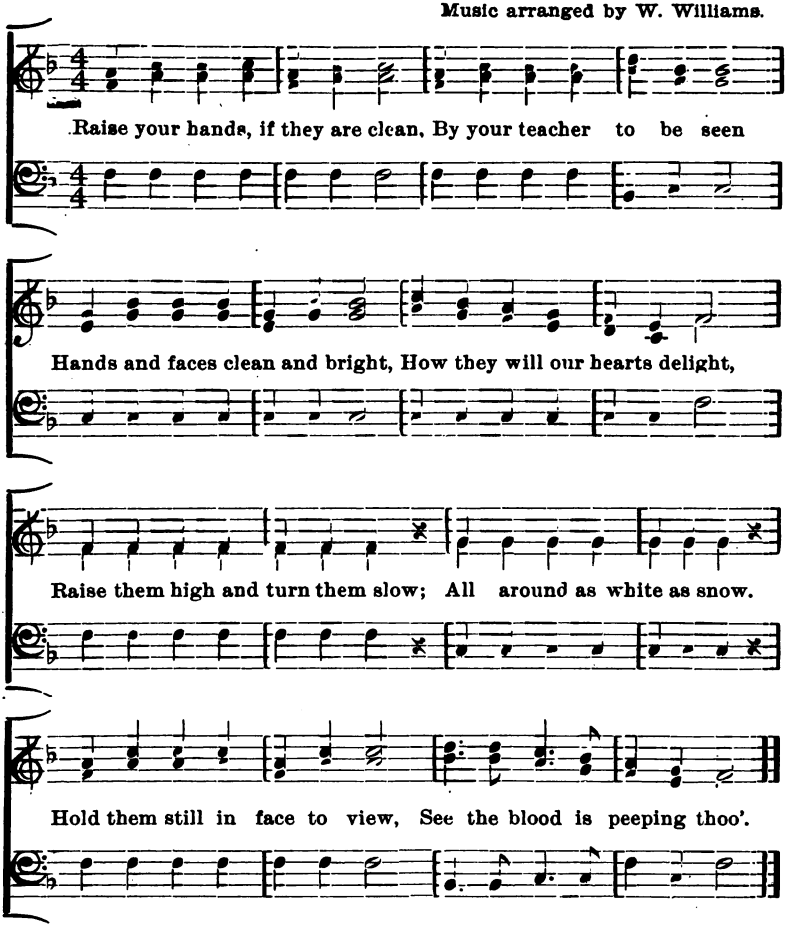
Once in a while an old suit was given him, but it had been a long time since anything of this kind had happened, and Jack was very shabby. In fact, he seemed to be coming out of his clothes all over in spots.

No other boy ever wore Harold's clothes before he did. Few boys had a chance to wear such fine ones at all, first or second hand either, for that matter.

It was just two blocks from Harold's home to Jack's. Luxury and misery are only a few steps apart sometimes.

Jack never went around where Harold lived; but Harold was fond of strolling down Jack's way and seeing how things were getting on. It was all so different from what he had at home, and there was a certain charm about Jack's independence to one who never had had any out of that kind. Harold had a great respect for a boy who supported himself, even if he didn't keep pace with the fashions and was not laying up money for a rainy day.

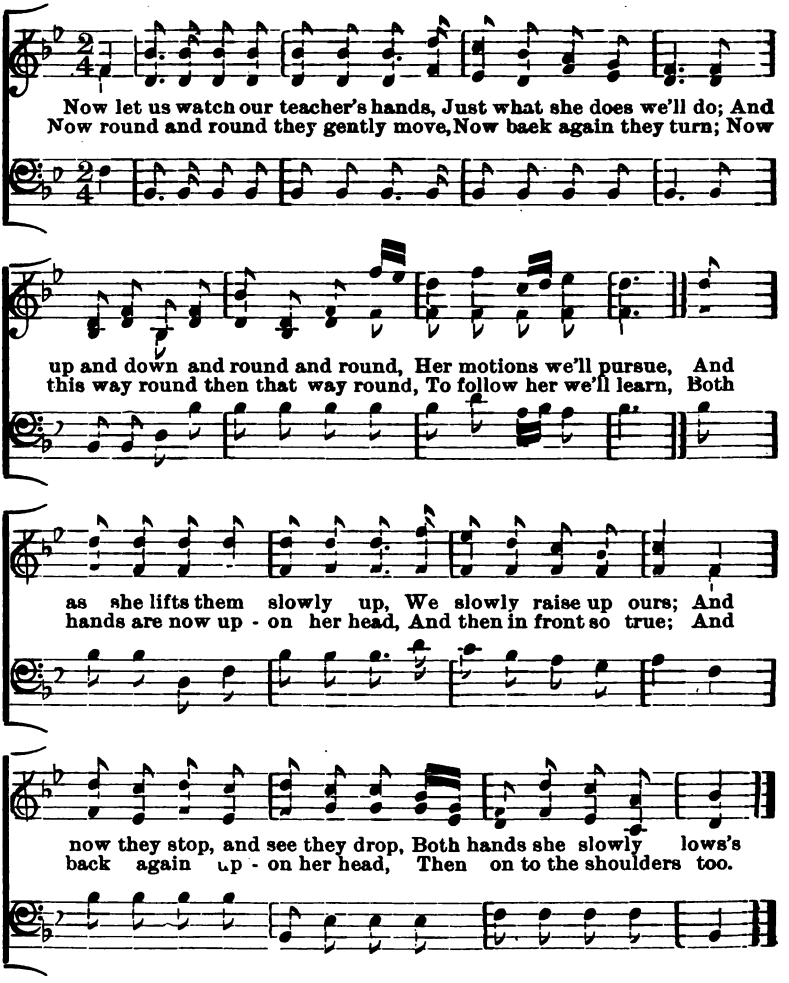
RAISE YOUR HANDS.

Music arranged by W. Williams.

Raise your hands, if they are clean, By your teacher to be seen
Hands and faces clean and bright, How they will our hearts delight,
Raise them high and turn them slow; All around as white as snow.
Hold them still in face to view, See the blood is peeping thoo'.

All in pretty spots of red,
Just as our dear teacher said,
If we keep them bright and clean,
Their true color may be seen.
Hold them very still again;
Teacher don't you see how plain,
Almost see the purple vine,
All around our fingers twine?

Oh, how happy we must be,
When the blood can flow so free;
If we're dirty, could not know
Where the pretty veins do flow.
All who come to No. 14 school,*
They must learn No. 14 rules.
Wash your faces, comb your hair,
And brush your clothes with such care

ATTENTION.


Now let us watch our teacher's hands, Just what she does we'll do; And
Now round and round they gently move, Now back again they turn; Now
up and down and round and round, Her motions we'll pursue, And
this way round then that way round, To follow her we'll learn, Both
as she lifts them slowly up, We slowly raise up ours; And
hands are now up - on her head, And then in front so true; And
now they stop, and see they drop, Both hands she slowly lows's
back again up - on her head, Then on to the shoulders too.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and Harold, with his hands in his pockets, strolled around to look for Jack. He found him standing on the corner watching for promising street cars. When one came he hopped on as spryly as a cat, rushed through it with his papers, off again, and back to his first corner on the next returning car.

"Day after tomorrow's Field Day," said Harold, by way of opening conversation.

"What's that?" asked Jack, indifferently, keeping a business eye on the cars.

"Well, I never! Didn't you ever hear of Field Day before?" asked Harold.

Jack was off like a flash. "Sold a paper that time," he said, when back again on the corner. "What day were you telling me about?"

"Field Day! All the Sunday schools in the city are going to the park, and there'll be baseball and tennis, racing and jumping and shooting at a mark, and ice cream and cake and lemonade, and everything."

Jack gave an appreciative "Oh!" then startled Harold by shooting off like a rocket.

"Come and go, too," urged Harold, when Jack came back again.

"Can't do it," said Jack, decidedly. "Can't afford a day off."

Harold pleaded, but Jack was firm. At last he said: "I'll tell you what, Jack—tomorrow you take a double lot of papers and I'll sell half. That'll make two days' work in one and then you can go."

It took a good deal of coaxing to get Jack to agree to this; for, much as he liked Harold, he strongly doubted his business ability. But it was finally settled, and the next morning, Harold was promptly on hand at the place of meeting.

Selling papers was a good deal harder work than he had supposed, and not half so much fun, but he kept bravely at it, and succeeded very well, until he felt a strong grip on his coat collar, and himself lifted from the street, and landed squarely on the curb stone. An upward glance showed his Uncle Will towering over him.

"Well, young man, what are you doing?" asked the gentleman grimly.

"Selling papers," said Harold, in a small voice, much abashed.

"Why?"

It was hard to do; but Harold, very much embarrassed, managed to explain.

"Well," said Uncle Will, slowly, "I want some papers today; how many have you left?"

"Six."

"I'll take them. Let's go and see if Jack has any. I want some more."

Jack had two left and Uncle Will expressed himself as satisfied with the number.

"Now, let's go home," he said, "and see if we can't find some clothes for Jack."

There were hundreds of happy children taking part in the Field Day sports next day; but the very happiest boys were Harold and Jack.

"Do you know," said Jack, excitedly, on the way home. "I'm going to take another fellow next year, and I'm going to begin to save for it right away!"

The very next day he hunted up an old tin box and dropped a cent into it. The faithfulness and regularity with which pennies have been put in this home-made bank ever since insure for next summer a day of happiness, such as Jack himself enjoyed, to some other little waif."—Selected.

LESSON XXVI.

THE SACRAMENT.

Teacher's reading: Life of Christ, Farrar.
Picture: "The Last Supper."

THE LAST SUPPER.

Matthew 26; Mark 14; Luke 22.

Jesus prepares to keep the passover—Washes the feet of His disciples—Sacrament given—"Do this in remembrance of Me."

(Note to teachers: See page 329, October No., Vol. I. The Children's Friend.

LITTLE HELMA AND THE SACRAMENT.

In the Primary class of one of our Sunday schools, a bright little girl was called Helma. Not one of the children was more prompt to learn every lesson that was given to them by Miss Yale, their beloved teacher, and none enjoyed Sunday school more than

did dear little Helma. She always had a smile for Miss Yale and for each of her class mates. So it was a great surprise to them all, when one Sunday morning it was noticed by some of the children that Helma was weeping very bitterly.

Miss Yale soon saw it, too, and drawing the little girl to her side, she put her arm around her tenderly, and asked what could be the cause of her grief.

"Oh, Miss Yale!" sobbed Helma, "I am eight years old now, and I have no right to take the Sacrament any more because I have not been baptized."

"Well, do not feel bad about it," said Miss Yale gently, "for if you want to be baptized you can be, very soon."

"No, I never can," answered the child, with a new outburst of tears, "for my papa and mamma are not Mormons, and they do not want me to be baptized."

Miss Yale thought over the matter very seriously, and then she comforted Helma by saying, "My dear little girl! I feel sure that the Lord will hear your prayers if you will pray about this,and He will cause your parents to become willing for you to be baptized. I will pray that it may be so, and I believe all these children will pray for you, too, will you not, boys and girls?"

Every child in the class raised the right hand, then, to show that they felt sorry for little Helma, and would pray for her. That made Helma feel very happy, for she believed in prayer, and had faith in the words Miss Yale had spoken to her.

It is quite likely that every one of the children remembered and kept the promise they made to pray for their little friend. Miss Yale certainly did. And the prayer was heard and answered. In a few weeks Helma's papa and mamma gave their consent for their little girl to be baptized.

Oh, how glad it made her! And she was doubly glad, when, a while afterwards, her dear mamma was also baptized, and went with her to meeting.

That was some years ago. Helma is always happy in partaking of the Sacrament, and often remembers the day she cried so in Sunday school because it was not right for her to take it.—Hattie Young.

Little four-year-old Edith had been spending the afternoon with an old couple across the street. "I hoped you behaved like a lady," said her mother upon her return. "Indeed, I did," replied Edith. "Every time I yawned I put my hand over my mouth."

LESSON XXVII.

FORGIVENESS.

Teacher's reading: Life of Christ, Farrar.

JESUS GIVES HIS LIFE.

Matt. 22, 27; Mark 14, 15; Luke 22, 23; John 18, 19.

The betrayal—Jesus heals the soldier's ear—Jesus gives up His life—"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

(Note to teachers: In giving this lesson, it is not well to give all the details. It is necessary that the children be taught that Jesus gave His life for us, but they should not be told all of His sufferings. Show them His love and kindness in healing the soldier's ear and in asking that His enemies be forgiven, even when they were taking His life.)

THE GOLD-STONE BUTTON.

Near the close of the winter session of school, the girls had been busily engaged in making collections of the prettiest and most brilliant buttons they could find. These they would string together like beads, and the girls would see who could make up the prettiest and longest string.

At the opening of the summer school, after three weeks' vacation, it was expected that the button contest would be renewed; and all the girls were prepared for it. Minnie Allen had begged from her mother and aunts, and had rummaged grandma's old button-box, till at last she numbered sixty on her string—of all shapes, colors and sizes.

Minnie reached school, on the first day of the term, half an hour before the bell rang. The girls were chatting in groups, and there was hardly one among them who had not brought her button-string. Lulu Wilmot ran up to her at once and asked her how many she had.

"About sixty, I think," said Minnie. "How many have you?"

"Sixty-five," said Lulu. "A man in the factory gave me five yesterday. But oh! you ought to see Kate Barto's. She has a hundred and fifty-four, and over thirty of them are glass ones."

It was not difficult to find pretty Kate Barto, who stood in the midst of an admiring group, with her string of buttons twined around her neck, and one end hanging carelessly over her shoulder. Who could hope to rival that?

But soon the bell rang, and the children hurried into the

school-room. Being the first day of school, there were no recitations in the forenoon, and the teacher busied himself in taking names, giving our lessons, and allotting seats. Next after Minnie's name the teacher called "Mary Atkins."

"My seat-mate," thought Minnie. "I wonder who she is!"

Minnie glanced curiously around, and saw a plainly dressed, pale little girl, coming down the aisle. They were soon seated side by side, and Minnie stole another look. Mary Atkins did not have long, wavy hair, like her's and Lulu's. It was cut short; and her apron was not ruffled. She had brought a few old, well-worn books, and a very short button-string.

"How many buttons have you on your string?" asked Minnie.

"Only eleven," whispered the little girl in reply, as she looked with admiration at Minnie's sixty.

"I do not believe I shall like her, and I wish Lulu could sit by me," thought Minnie, and so to avoid being sociable, she became deeply engaged in cleaning out her desk and arranging her books. Mary Atkins did the same.

As Minnie ran into the house that afternoon, on her return from school, her mother asked her: "How did you get along to-day?"

"Oh, I had a horrid time!" she replied. "Just think! I can't sit with Lulu any more. I have to sit with a new scholar—a freckled little girl. She is not funny, and bright, and pretty like Lulu. I know I shall not like her one bit."

"You may like her better than you think," said her mother. "You may find her a very nice little girl."

"I know I shall not," said Minnie, rattling her string of buttons. The buttons were all pretty; and a dozen glass ones, all alike shone in the sun like bits of rainbow. But the pride of all the buttons was the centre one—a great gold-stone button, that looked as if a thousand little particles of gold dust had been sprinkled over it.

The next day Minnie took her string to school again; but she found no time to look at it until recess, so busy was she with her lessons, Minnie found, to her surprise, that Mary Atkins was in the same class as herself in all her studies; and when the recitations were over it was found that the shy, shrinking little girl had learned her lessons more thoroughly than any of the others. Minnie now began to feel some respect for her. At recess, in a sudden impulse of generosity, she gave five of her glass buttons to Mary Atkins.

"It seemed so dreadful to have only eleven buttons!" Minnie said to Lulu. "That's why I did it." But she would not have parted with her gold-stone button for a dozen of any others.

As Minnie's lessons had all been heard before recess, she had nothing to do for the next hour, except to look over her lessons for the afternoon. So she propped up the lid of her desk, as if she were arranging her books. But she was counting her buttons behind it. Then she slipped them all off the string, to string them anew, while Mary, who sat next to her, studying her lesson, could not forbear an occasional glance at the brilliant display.

But just as Minnie had begun the task of stringing them again, she heard the teacher call her name. "Minnie, put down your desk-lid and come here. I wish to speak to you."

Minnie hurriedly pushed all her buttons away to the back of her desk, dropped the lid, and went forward, expecting to be blamed. But the teacher only called her to ask about the reading lesson; and after a few words he sent her to her seat. But Minnie was a little afraid to put her desk lid up so high again; so she raised it only a little way, and, reaching in for the buttons, she strung them as fast as she could, without any regard to order.

It was not until school was dismissed that Minnie had a chance to glance at her string,—and then, to her dismay, the brilliant gold-stone button was missing! She ran back to her desk to look for it, and pushed the books here and there; but it was not to be found. The girls gathered around, wondering, and sympathizing with her, and at last one of them whispered to her that perhaps Mary Atkins had taken it.

"I do believe she has!" exclaimed Minnie, turning indignantly toward the pale little girl, who was lingering near by, with her books in her hands. "Mary Atkins, give me my gold-stone button, this minute."

"Why, I haven't it. I do not know anything about it," she replied, in her shy, gentle way.

"Yes, you do," exclaimed Minnie. "I left it right here in my desk, and no one knew it but you; and when I came back it was gone."

The tears came into Mary's eyes, and her cheeks flushed painfully; but she still declared over and over, that she knew nothing about it. She even let Minnie take her string, and search her pocket. But it was of no use; Minnie would not believe her.

Mary Atkins went home crying. The other girls did not know what to think; and Minnie, grieved and angry, hurried home to tell her mother. Mrs. Allen in vain sought to pacify her.

The next morning there was a gloom on the faces of the girls, as they gathered in groups before the school house. They were talking about the affair, and there was hardly one that did not think that Mary had taken the button. When Mary arrived, the side-glances and suspicious whispers told her what was passing:

and she went into the school-room at once, and took her seat in so hopeless a manner, that it touched the feelings of Kate Barto, who was watching her.

"I don't believe she took it, girls," Kate said afterward, but none of the rest agreed with her.

From that hour Mary Atkins was steadily avoided. Minnie was obliged to sit with her; but she would scarcely look at her; and even drew her dress away, for fear it might touch Mary. The other girls spoke to her only when they were obliged to; and when she looked timidly toward them, their faces seemed perfectly stony. All avoided her but Kate; she sometimes smiled and spoke kindly to her.

So it went on for several days. But, whether Mary was guilty or not, she learned her lessons perfectly, and obeyed every rule. At the end of the week, when the reports were made out, the teacher, as was his custom, appointed the best scholars among the girls, and also among the boys, to see that the desks were in order, and that the hat and cloak rooms were kept clean, and everything in its proper place, during the coming week. Mary Atkins was named monitor for the girls' cloak room, and Kate Barto for the desks. Kate was very popular, though she did her duty faithfully.

The teacher, who had been watching carefully, knew all that had happened about the button. But he thought it best to say nothing yet, and to await; hoping and believing that all the difficulty would be cleared up in the end.

The moment Mary Atkins entered upon her duties the next day, she saw she had a difficult task before her. Some of the girls treated her in the coldest manner possible, while others tried to annoy her in every way. They left their hats and cloaks about, and strewed paper over the floor of the cloak-room, so that Mary was at her wits' end to preserve order. She was glad when school began; but she was almost crying.

It was Kate's duty to see that the desks were in order; and she made her first round of inspection shortly after school commenced. On her way down the aisle she presently reached Minnie and Mary.

"Mary Atkins—credit for good order," she said, as she opened her desk.

"Minnie Allen—should put a fresh paper in the bottom of her desk. This one is torn, and untidy looking."

A fresh paper was supplied, and Kate stood by while Minnie pulled out the old, torn, and blotted one. A large knot-hole was now seen in the bottom of the desk, and there was something lying in it. Kate looked at it sharply.

"What is in that hole, Minnie?" she asked.

Minnie looked, changed color, and then hastily drew out of the hole her gold-stone button, bright and beautiful as ever. It had slipped under the torn paper, and then into the knot-hole, the day she pushed all her buttons back into the desk, when the teacher spoke to her.

Minnie held it up in her hand, and did not know what to say. She had never felt so ashamed of anything in her life, as she did now of her suspicions of Mary Atkins. Her face showed her feelings as she looked up at Mary; but Mary's face was bright and joyful, and her eyes beamed affectionately on Minnie, as she put her little hand in hers, and whispered,—

"I am so glad you have found it, Minnie."

The whole school, and the teacher, too, quickly knew that the gold-stone button had been found. It was hard for the girls to wait for recess, and to go quietly through their recitations as if nothing had happened. The moment they were at liberty there was a grand rush into the school-yard, where everything could be talked over, to their hearts' content. "Only think of it," said Lulu, "that we should have treated Mary Atkins so shamefully!"

Kate Barto went around with a hat, and collected three buttons apiece from all the girls, to make a string for Mary, as long as any in the school. When she reached Minine Allen, Minnie deliberately laid the gold-stone button, with two others, in the hat, and looked happier than she had at any time since the school commenced. Selected.

LESSON XVIII.

THE ASCENSION.

Teacher's reading: Life of Christ, Farrar.

Matt. 26; Mark 16; Luke 24; John 20: 21.

Women visit the grave—Jesus appears—The soldiers—On the road to Emmaus—Thomas—On the mountain—Jesus goes to Heaven.

"LIKE ONE OF THESE."

A young girl stood by a potting table, a very thoughtful look upon her face. She held a lily bulb in her hand, and, as she looked at it, she said softly, "How wonderful it seems that there is life hidden in that ugly, brown thing, without one trace of beauty about it. Wonderful, glorious, fragrant life. Mother, I be-

lieve I will carry one to little Ernest Sinclair. He has such a terrible fear of death, you know."

"Very well, daughter, I do not see how the lily is going to help him; but do as you choose."

"I have an idea, mother," the girl replied, but without offering to explain. She felt as if it would take the first bloom off the sweetness and sacredness of her thought to rehearse it beforehand.

She toiled up a long flight of tenement stairs an hour later, and was welcomed at the landing by a pale woman, whose eyes told of much weeping and loss of sleep, whose thin cheeks complained of lack of nourishment.

"How is he, today, Mrs. Sinclair?"

"No better, Miss. I thought yesterday he seemed a trifle brighter, but in the night the pain awoke him,and with it came the dread of dying. When the pain is so sharp, he fears the last has come. If only the doctor hadn't spoken so loud that day, Miss Elsie."

The young lady went in and stood beside the cot where lay the sufferer. A noble little face, with broad, high forehead and long eyelashes, sweeping down, almost touching the dark rims which suffering had penciled beneath the eyes. The sweet, sensitive mouth was drawn in lines of pain, and the little thin hands were locked as if in an effort of endurance.

Alas, there was nothing to suggest the carelessness and joy of childhood in that plaintive figure, and tears came to Elsie Lincoln's tender eyes.

The child's great brown eyes opened suddenly on hers. "I have brought you something, darling," said Elsie, when she had kissed him. "Now, you must not be disappointed because my gift is not pretty to look at. little lad. I will tell you all about it."

She sat down by the bedside and drew from the paper wrappings the pot of earth and the brown bulb. Ernest took it in his hand wonderingly.

It was such a queer gift, for Miss Elsie had always before brought him something to please his eyes or tempt his capricious appetite, golden oranges or luscious grapes, his picture book, and one glorious day, his beloved harmonica, with the silvery tones which he could breathe out from it himself.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Would you ever believe it, dear?" she replied, taking the bulb in her own hand. "See how brown and homely it is, so dead and silent, but, Ernest, inside of it there is a great beautiful lily all waiting to spring up and grow. On the outside where we can see, it is all dead, but inside it is all alive. What do we do with dead things, Ernest?"

"Put them in the ground," replied Ernest with a shudder.

"Yes, dear, and so we'll put the lily down into the ground so it can grow. It is not its real self now, it is only the homely little house where the beautiful lily lives."

She tucked the bulb into its dark bed and covered it over, the boy's dark eyes watching every movement. "Now we have buried our dead in its grave, and in a little while you will see the lily coming up fresh and green, not a bit like the ugly brown bulb."

"Will I be that way when I am buried?" The large eyes were fixed on hers with painful intensity.

"Yes, dear. Right inside of this poor little pain-racked body, there is a beautiful, wonderful angel boy, all well and strong, waiting to be released, so that it can go away to God, and be with Him."

The quick mind of the child grasped the idea with avidity, and his eager questions were answered with unfailing patience by his young teacher, who all the time had the prayer in her heart that the teaching might accomplish all that she had hoped for it.

From that day a new life began for the afflicted child. He had been such a bright, strong lad before the terrible fall which had hurt his spine, laying him upon a bed of almost intolerable suffering, that it was no wonder that he fretted and chafed for his accustomed sports, and bore his pain rebelliously at first.

Day after day the child's eager eyes watched the surface of the lily's bed, until one morning he called out joyfully:

"Oh, mamma! Come quick and see. My lily has come."

A tiny spike of green had burst its bounds in the night, and Mrs. Sinclair sympathized fully with her child's delight as she set the pot in the sunny window which blessed her humble home and drew Ernest's little cot close beside it. Never lily grew more beautifully than that; surely never flower was honored with a greater devotion or care.

The child seemed to drink in the sweet lesson of the resurrection with its growth, he rarely spoke of death now.

One day the mother said to Elsie as she stood beside the little bedside, "I think He who cares for the little lambs must have whispered the thought of bringing it to you. It has been such a blessing to him."

Seven long, beautiful buds crowned the green stalk. Ernest watched it with delight, almost forgetting his pain in his pleasure, and one day he looked at his mother with a smile and said:

"I'll not be afraid to die now, mamma. I'd rather be God's angel boy than poor, sick little Ernest."

Soon the wonderful lilies unfolded, and Ernest had learned the beautiful story they told him.—Adapted.

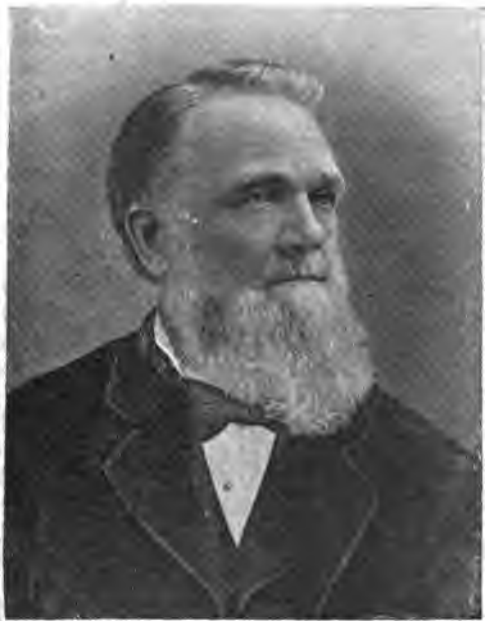
THIRD GRADE.

CHURCH HISTORY.

LESSON XXV.

Chapter 21. Young Folk's History of the Church.

FRANKLIN DEWEY RICHARDS.



was the seventh President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He was ordained and received as the youngest member of that quorum when he was but 27 years old. Forty-nine years later he became President of the quorum and so continued until his death. He was born at Richmond, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, April 2, 1821. He was always a great lover of good books. At ten years of age he had read through every book in the Sunday School library. This reading so quickly developed him that he easily led his associates and before he reached his 13th year was unanimously selected for and tendered a free scholarship in a leading New England theological seminary. His parents left it to him to accept or reject this tempting offer. He declined it and instead of becoming a Congregational minister became a preacher of righteousness and an

Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was baptized when 17 years of age, immediately left his home and walked about 1200 miles to Far West, Missouri, to see and hear the Prophet Joseph Smith and to cast his lot with the people of God. He was soon ordained a Seventy and sent on successive missions to Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, New York, and four times to England. From the day he started from Massachusetts for Missouri in 1838 until the day of his death, December 9, 1899, he was always ready to respond to the call of duty. He never permitted himself to engage in any kind of business that could interfere with his Church duties. Of him it can truthfully be said that he sought first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.

During his mission to Michigan, early in 1845, he traveled 1000 miles and gathered nearly $500.00 in tithing, which he carried back to Nauvoo to assist in the completion of the temple.

He was one of those who having received his blessings in the Nauvoo temple, was left behind, with his family, to complete the building after the general exodus of the saints. When this was done he crossed the Mississippi river with his wife and child, and after bidding them good-bye and starting them westward into the wilderness—he left, without purse or scrip, to fill his first mission to Great Britain. He was then but 25 years old, a young man to be entrusted with the Presidency of such a mission. His return home, two years later, with a brilliant record, was soon followed by his ordination to the apostleship.

Under his presidency of the British mission from the summer of 1850 to the close of the spring of 1852, there were some 16,000 baptisms. During his mission from June, 1854, to July, 1856, he presided over all of the conferences and all of the affairs of the Church in the British Islands and adjacent countries, including the East Indies, Africa, Australia, New Zealand and other parts. All of the European missions were united under one head; the German mission was opened up, the doctrine of tithing was preached and put into practice and 8,000 Saints were emigrated to Utah. His fourth mission to Europe was from the fall of 1866 to the fall of 1868. When calling him to this mission President Brigham Young said: "Brother Franklin, I am sending you over to close up the affairs of the British Mission." Upon Franklin's arrival in England he concluded to give the people a final warning and in doing so visited the principal branches of the Church in England, Scotland, Wales, Scandinavia, Germany, Switzerland, Holland and other countries. He created such a revival among the people that during the last year of his mission in Great Britain alone, there were nearly 3,500 baptisms and 3,200 Saints were emigrated to Utah. Up to that time the Saints all came over the sea in sailing

vessels, but President Richards, progressive as he ever was, considered that the time and comfort of the Saints demanded that a change be made, and so he sent two large companies by steamships and contracted to have future emigrants brought over in that way, and they have been so coming ever since.

Upon Franklin's return home in October, 1868, President Brigham Young met him with these very significant words: "Brother Franklin, welcome home! I am glad to see you. I congratulate you upon your revival of the work in the British mission. I sent you over to wind up the affairs of the mission but you have left it in a more flourishing condition than it has been for years." Franklin replied that he had gone over for that purpose, but that the Lord sent so many honest souls demanding baptism that he dared not refuse them. This pleased the President, who answered: "You did right."

Many interesting events in the life of this great man could be written, showing his earnestness and devotion as a Saint and as an Apostle, his wisdom and ability as a legislator, his integrity and mercy as a judge, and his courage and bravery as a pioneer and soldier—all surrounding a most amiable and engaging personality; a lovable man—but our space will not permit.

We will conclude this sketch by quoting the following tribute from the pen of President Joseph F. Smith, in the Improvement Era of January, 1900:

"He was among the first to recognize the value of mutual improvement among the young people, and established and presided over a successful association in Ogden two years before the general movement was inaugurated forming these associations in 1875. He was ever after interested in them, and was a dear friend to the youth of Zion.

"He was an ideal Latter-day Saint. Kind, fatherly, loving—a man who won the respect and confidence of all who knew him. When he spoke, all listened as to one who would utter only that which was good, and which would grieve none. He was thoroughly in accord with the spirit of Joseph Smith, his very being vibrating with the testimony of the prophet's divine mission.

"One of the sweet traits of Brother Franklin's character was the exemplification in his life of the saying of Job: Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' He bowed always to the will of God, and endured much, but by such humility and endurance set an example that has strengthened others to bear more joyfully their burdens of life, and to yield instead of breaking into pieces. He was for Zion, true and faithful under all circumstances, and was one of the noblemen of the human race. If such as he are not exalted in the presence of the Lord, who then on earth will ever

gain a glory? Thousands will remember his fatherly advice, his interested friendship, his kind words, his respect for authority and his deference for the servants of the Lord; and so remembering, will be better, and happier, and more charitable and loving, because Brother Franklin lived.

"The Church will greatly miss him, and in every home in Zion there will be felt an indescribable loss, as when one who is dearly loved has said his last good night. His example will shine out like a beacon light, and well may we all exclaim: 'You may count me with him. I wish to be with him, to associate with such as he, in the Kingdom of God throughout the ages of eternity.' His memory, his character, his works, will be an inspiration to the living of noble lives by all who learn of him or knew him."

LESSON XXVI.

Chapter 22. Young Folk's history of the Church.

PARLEY PARKER PRATT.

Parley Parker Pratt, one of the great men of the Church had very few advantages when he was young. He was very studious and whenever an opportunity offered he would be seen reading some instructive book. Being compelled to assist his family, often his work was hard and laborious for one so young, and, yet, in spite of tired and aching limbs he found time for study. While his companions rested or found enjoyment in some form of recreation, Parley would read, read, read.

When he was fifteen years old he left home to work on a farm; here he lived eight months very happily, Mr. Herrick, who owned the place, and his family, being very kind to him, and when the time came for him to leave he was very sorry.

Some months later Parley and his brother William started on a journey to the west to find some place in what was then a wilderness, which might be cleared and cultivated for a home.

The boys traveled about two hundred miles on foot, and were often footsore and weary, but at last they found a piece of land which they thought would do. They sought the owner and agreed to buy from him seventy acres of the land, which was covered with trees, and situated near Lake Ontario, in the State of New York. The price agreed upon was four dollars per acre, to be paid in four annual payments with interest. Seventy dollars was paid down and then the boys had to return East to earn the money for the next payment.

Wages were very low and working hours long and hard, but, by steady application and the most careful economy, enough money was earned and saved to pay the installment when it was due. It took it all but enough to buy two axes. When Parley returned to his new possessions his father went with him to help. The axes were now used to clear the land of its many trees; after a part was cleared, a fence was built around it and wheat and Indian corn planted, with the hope that the harvest would bring enough to make another payment on the land. Besides all this hard work, they performed extra labor to pay for their board.

Time passed; harvest came and brought a fine crop; but there was no market at which to sell the produce, so there was no money to meet the payment on the land, when it became due.

To Parley's great disappointment, the man, from whom they purchased the land, refused to wait any longer for his money and took back his property with all its improvements and did not even allow anything for the money which had been paid.

Very much discouraged Parley now determined to spend the remainder of his life in the great west, among the Indians. So he bade his family and friends good-bye and started westward,working his way from one place to another. He finally reached Ohio where he decided to remain for the winter. Some settlers lived here and Parley found work amongst them and earned enough to get an axe, a gun, and some provisions. Then he went into the dense forest country and built a little cabin where he lived for the winter. A stream of water flowed past the litle home, which quenched his thirst and with the help of his gun he procured meat enough to keep him well supplied with food.

When the spring time came, the woods were very pleasant and Parley became much attached to his new home. Again he resolved to make an effort to purchase a portion of land, and after making the necessary arrangements started to clear and cultivate enough of it on which to raise crops. He also decided to build a home.

Parley was now twenty years of age and thought himself old enough to marry. He remembered a certain young lady whom he

had long cherished and loved in his heart and now he would go back home and find out if she loved him well enough to marry him and go with him to the little home far away in the west.

Parley was very successful this time, finding Thankful Halsey all he wished. Soon they were married and traveled back to their home in Ohio.

This is a part of the story of Parley P. Pratt's youthful life. Later he became a member of our Church and the same energy, perseverance and courage, which he showed as a boy, was used for the progression and welfare of the Saints. He performed many missions, traveling many thousands of miles, baptizing many honest souls into the Church. He preached many sermons and wrote many valuable works in defense of his faith. He rose in the estimation of his people and his Heavenly Father and became one of the Twelve Apostles. He suffered much from mobs and persecutions and finally laid down his life for the truth.

LESSON XXVII.

Chapter 23. Young Folk's History of the Church.

MARY ANN ANGELL YOUNG.

Mary Ann Angell Young was the second wife of Brigham Young. Brother Young's first wife was dead and having two little girls he very naturally wanted a good woman to be his wife to help him to take care of them. Therefore, when he met Miss Angell in Kirtland and saw that she was a good woman and a faithful Latter-day Saint, he thought she would make him a good wife and be a good mother to his children. Miss Angell had heard President Young preach and felt sure that he was a good man and when, later, they were better acquainted, he asked her to become Mrs. Young, she was ready and willing to assume the cares and responsibilities of married life.

Very soon after they were married their trials and troubles began. Brother Young was compelled to be away from home a great deal, leaving his wife alone to care for the children. After a while Mrs. Young had children of her own, but, the two little girls who came to her with her husband were always as dearly loved as though they were indeed her own.

Brother Young filled many missions during these early days

and his wife, like a woman of God, never complained, but would say to him even when it seemed the darkest hour, "Go, fill your mission, and the Lord will bless you, and I will do the best that I can for myself and the children."

While Brother Young was away upon his missions, Sister Young had to endure many hardships, but she was never heard to complain.

An intimate friend of Sister Young relates one circumstance of her life at this time. "On a cold, stormy November day Sister Young came into my house in Nauvoo, with her baby Alice in her arms, almost fainting with cold and hunger, and dripping wet with the spray from crossing the river in an open skiff. I did not question her, but made her a cup of tea immediately and gave her something to eat; we had very little ourselves but she was glad to have even that. I tried to persuade her to stay, but she refused, saying, 'the children at home are hungry, too.'

"I shall never forget how she looked, shivering with cold and thinly clad. I kept the baby while she went to the tithing office. She came back with a few potatoes and a little flour, for which she seemed very grateful, and taking her baby with the parcels she had to carry, weak as she was from ague and fever, wended her way to the river bank."

In Winter Quarters, on the Missouri River, Sister Young shared in the sufferings of her people. Here she performed many acts of kindness and mercy. She visited and nursed the sick, prepared medicines for them and often shared her short supplies of food with those who were in greater need than herself. Many were the blessings prayed upon her by hundreds of grateful Saints.

Brother Young was once very ill and became so weak that he thought he would die, when his wife by her faith and presence of mind preserved his life in a wonderful way. He relates the incident himself as follows: "When the fever left me on the eighteenth day I was bolstered up in my chair, but was so near gone I could not close my eyes, which set in my head; my chin dropped down and my breath stopped. My wife seeing my situation, threw some cold water in my face and eyes, which I did not feel in the least; neither did I move a muscle. She then held my nostrils between her thumb and finger and placing her mouth directly over mine blew into my lungs till she filled them with air. This set my lungs in motion and I again began to breathe. While this was going on I was perfectly conscious of all that was passing around me; my spirit was as vivid as ever it was in my life, but I had no feeling in my body."

Thus was this noble woman instrumental in preserving the life of the man who was later to do so much for the Saints of God.

LESSON XXVIII.

Chapter 24. Young Folk's History of the Church.

SARAH M. KIMBALL.

Sarah M. Kimball was one of the pioneer women of the Church. She was a lady of tall, commanding figure, with a face that expressed dignity and sincerity. She was very intelligent and capable, and could present her opinions and views in a clear and convincing manner. Her life is full of interesting incidents, a few of which we will relate.

Sister Kimball was married in 1840, to Hiram Kimball. Mr. Kimball was not a member of our Church. He was, however, in good circumstances.

Their first child, a boy, was born in Nauvoo. When he was very young an incident occurred that is very interesting to relate.

The Saints in Nauvoo were very busy at this time building the temple. About three feet of the walls were up, and some help was needed to go on with the work. Sister Kimball wished very much to assist, but did not like to ask for anything from her husband, because he was not a member of the Church.

When the baby was three days old, Mr. Kimball was admiring him and his wife said: "What is he worth?"

"Oh, I don't know, he is worth a great deal."

"Is he worth a thousand dollars?"

"Yes, more than that, if he lives and does well."

"Then," said Sister Kimball, "half of him is mine, is it not?"

"Yes," answered the father. "I suppose so."

"Then I have something to help on the temple."

"You have?" said Mr. Kimball pleasantly, not quite understanding.

"Yes," said Sister Kimball, "I think I shall turn in my share as tithing."

"Well, I'll see about that," answered her husband.

Soon afterwards Mr. Kimball met the Prophet Joseph Smith and told him what his wife had proposed, adding, "Sarah has got a little the advantage of me this time, she proposes to turn out the boy as Church property." President Smith seemed pleased with the joke, and said, "I will accept all such donations, and from this day the boy shall stand recorded as Church property." Then turning to Willard Richards, his secretary, said, "Make a record of this, and you are my witness." Then to Mr. Kimball, "You now have the privilege of paying $500.00 and retaining your boy, or receiving $500.00 and giving him up."

Mr. Kimball appreciated the joke and asked if city property would do as well as cash, and the Prophet said it would.

"Then," said Mr. Kimball, "how will that reserve block north of the temple suit?"

"It is just what we want," the Prophet replied.

Later the Prophet bestowed a blessing upon Sister Kimball and her son for the help they had given the Church.

Sister Kimball was one of the first members of the Relief Society, and from the time of its organization until her death was a prominent and active worker among her sisters.

Sister Kimball taught school after she came to Salt Lake City, because it was necessary for her to support her family. Her salary was $25.00 per month, this was not paid in money, but in any kind of produce that the people were able to give. She had her mother and children to provide for, and you may be sure it was not an easy task with such uncertain pay.

In 1868 Sister Kimball had the honor of laying the corner stone of the first building erected by the Relief Society of our Church. She used a silver trowel and mallet for this important occasion.

SUGGESTIONS FOR SINGING EXERCISES.

ALVIN A. BEESLEY.

If you give your Primary children the proper encouragement, there is no reason why your musical exercises should not be the most pleasant part of your gatherings.

In your opening song be sure you select one familiar to the children, and by all means one full of life, and insist upon their singing it with spirit. Your singing thus introduced, half the work is accomplished.

Whenever possible use the organ in your association meetings; it will accomplish more than your singing could possibly do without its aid.

Do not stop in your efforts until all the boys and girls are singing with you. Remember that music is the only universal language, and that few indeed are there among our children who, if encouraged, do not learn to sing.

Do not sacrifice quality to quantity; in other words, insist upon their singing from the heart and soul, rather than loud; and yet, there is little to fear in this direction. I find it requires some

effort to get enough volume of tone; they tire so easily and soon the music gets "draggy" and slow and loses its good effect.

In introducing a new song to the children, if unable to provide them with books, spend a few minutes in memorizing the words. Learn the words yourself, and if you are familiar with them, you will be surprised how quickly the children will learn them after you repeat them. Once learned, they will remember them and the music will come easily.

Have a regular time for singing practice during your meeting, and do not let anything interfere with that exercise. Stop the children occasionally in order to give a little boy or girl another chance to join with you, until all are singing. Do not let them tire of any part of your exercise; rest them by asking all to stand or sit well back in their seats, or learn to repeat another verse. You will find numerous ways of interesting them.

Choose songs with short verses, as far as possible. They cannot grasp the meaning of long sentences and surely enough can be had to please and instruct without making it a burden.

By all means impress upon them the importance of the song; for instance:

"Our Father in Heaven, we hallow Thy name,
May Thy Kingdom holy on earth be the same.
O, give to us daily our portion of bread;
For 'tis by Thy bounty that all must be fed."

Convince them that their Heavenly Father is as willing to answer that song as any prayer they could utter; that music is as pleasing to Him as other forms of worship.

Do not tire of singing. How often do you go over the story of Jesus, and how eagerly the children look for the climax, and never tire of listening. Give them the same opportunity to hear and sing songs, and they will look for them as anxiously as they do for the story of Jesus.

Let the children make a choice of songs occasionally, and if they are not acquainted with the one chosen, you have a most excellent material for their next singing practice.

It was Freddy's first experience with soda water and, drinking the contents of his glass with undue eagerness, he was of a tingling sensation in his nostrils. "Well, how do you like it?" asked his mother. "It's all right," observed Freddy, as he wrinkled his nose, "but it tastes like your foot's asleep!"

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Questions in regard to Primary Work will be answered in this Department. All Officers and Teachers are invited to contribute.

In the last issue of The Children's Friend, the following questions were asked:

When an association is disorganized, do the aids remain with power to act? If only secretaries remain, who holds the money?

It was answered by stating that the office of secretary is the only one continued during the disorganization of an association, and that she should keep all records, properties or moneys until a new organization be effected. We desire to qualify the above answer. The same question was presented to the First Presidency of the Church, and their decision is, that the offices of secretary and treasurer are continued during the disorganization of an association; the secretary to have charge of all records, the treasurer all property or money.

Are the Primary associations expected to keep The Children's Friend as part of the library belonging to the association?

Each association is expected to have at least one bound volume of The Children's Friend in the library. These volumes will be found very useful for reference in the preparation of lessons; there are so many interesting stories; many quotations suitable for sentiments or memory gems; songs with words and music and numerous pieces suitable for readings and recitations.

Besides all these there is much valuable instruction for the benefit of all who are working with the children.

The association which is failing to keep The Children's Friend is certainly behind the times and not fully alive to that which will be of lasting benefit to its successful operation.

Is it necessary for all Stake officers to subscribe for The Children's Friend?

For many years requests were sent in to the General Board of Primary Associations for some help, some systematic plan to help the officers, many of whom have had very little, if any practical experience in the teaching and management of children.

In response to these requests the General Board made many attempts to issue a magazine which would answer these requirements. It seemed that anything short of a magazine would be inadequate for the necessities in the associations; and, indeed, the

experience of the Board up to the present time justifies that reasoning.

The General Board assumed the heavy responsibility of issuing The Children's Friend, because they felt confident that the officers of the Primary associations would sustain them and not allow the responsibility to become a burden.

The Board is very grateful to those, who so far have done all that was possible in the way of assistance.

In consideration of the efforts put forth by the General Board to help all who are engaged in Primary work and for the best advancement of its interests, all officers, stake and local, are required to subscribe for The Children's Friend.

The local officer needs it, that she may understand what is required of her, and to keep up with the onward progression of the work. An officer without The Children's Friend is without her proper guide. The General Board is in existence to keep the work of the Primary associations up and alive; to help them to better methods and results; to see that all are doing united, progressive work for the benefit of the children. And it is only through The Children's Friend that every officer may be reached, encouraged and assisted.

All Primary officers who have accepted positions are not doing their best unless they are in constant receipt of the official organ of the association to which they belong, and are putting into practice the instructions found therein.

Stake officers hold the positions of supervisors of the work planned by the General Board, and how can they perform their duties with any degree of success if they are not fully acquainted with the plans?

There had been a domestic crisis in the Weeks family. The maid of all work had been ill; company had arrived unexpectedly, and the weather was very hot. But Florence Weeks had just come home from college, and proved a reinforcement that saved the day for the tired mother.

When the skirmish was over, her mother said, "Florence, I believe you sweep and dust and cook and wash dishes better since you studied calculus!"

"Why not, mother?" answered the girl. "Isn't that what calculus is for?"

Good George Herbert exhorted women to devout service when he wrote:

> Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
> Makes that and th' action fine.
>
> —Youth's Companion.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

"God help us parents all to live aright,
And may our homes all love and truth unfold,
Since life for us no loftier aim can hold
Than leading little children to the light."

THE NEW MAN.

The new man is not here yet, but he is on the way. More properly, he is the coming man. He cannot be made up in a hurry, nor can he be made over, like last year's dress, by being turned and newly bound. Man is not so easily adjusted when you come right down to it. From his very nature of strength and dominion he is firm and determined.

The only way to attain to a new man is to make him out of the present boy.

There is certainly no more current subject than boys, no more absorbing subject.

As a first requirement in the making of the new man out of this very present, omnipresent boy, nothing is more important, more indispensable, in fact, than a father and mother—a really good father and mother.

There are many most excellent men and women who have boys, but they confine their excellence to other departments, seeming to take the ground that a boy ought to be thankful for all his benefits, parents included, no question asked as to quality.

This does not refer to the great unwashed population, but to the washed and polished, among whom it too often happens that where the parents are not good enough the house is too good.

A boy's hands and his shoes are almost always dirty; they must be. How can a boy get along in the world and keep clean? If he is ever in the house any length of time he is nagged with "Do's" and "Don'ts" till he is apt to become perfectly callous.

It is "Do take off your hat. Don't throw it down. Wipe your feet. Don't perch about like a monkey. Do sit down like a Christian. Go wash your hands. Don't make a noise. Do get something to do!"

"What?" Aye, there's the question—What?

A boy should be kept busy every moment of his waking life; not working, of course, but busy. Tradition and experience teach

no truer lesson than that of the broad scope of the devil's employment office. To keep ahead of its arts, to anticipate its wiles, requires eternal vigilance.

Give a boy some regular, responsible occupation; something to do that must be done; something that has continued interest; something to do the first thing in the morning—blacking shoes, tending fires, cleaning cellar, porch, or walk, carrying milk or papers.

Give him hammer, nails, and all kinds of tools. He will soon learn to handle without hurting. Encourage him in making things—play-houses, boxes, carts, derricks. Give him a garden to cultivate, pets to take care of. Again give him something to do that must be done, that he will do because he is interested.

How often arises that question—What to do—such a big question that it is dodged by sending the boy into the street, bidding him not to keep "running in." So he stays out until his boy's appetite—his big boy's appetite—brings him in.

Then, how is he met on that ground? Is there not a continuance of more or less nagging during the meal to insure good manners?

There is really no greater point in the temperance work than in feeding the boys. They should have good, strong, nourishing food, and plenty of it. Let the meals be something to be remembered, something to be anticipated.

Feed the boy, feed him well and plenty. Make a man of him.

Keep him at home, also; interest him in home plans for the evening, for rest and recreation. Let there be something to do, somebody coming, somewhere to go. Hold the boy from making too freely his own plans, or following those of some questionable comrade. The devil is abroad after dark—don't let him catch our boys out!

A boy should so far as practicable select and buy his own clothes—at least his furnishing goods. He should make out and check off his own laundry lists, lay out his mending, and be able to do it.

He should be often required to care for his own room, and to cook a simple meal, as breakfast, when the cook fails to materialize, or Sunday supper.

These are all manly accomplishments—anything is manly in a man that better qualifies him to protect and help a woman, to be her knight, her true helpmeet in every way.

Stir yourselves, fathers and mothers; come on, girls! Surely, there is no greater, grander mission than this, having a hand in the making of the New Man. Let us make him what we want him to be.—Hal. Owen.

HOW TO SEW ON BUTTONS.

It is probable that the average girl thinks she knows how to sew on buttons, but the chances are, says an exchange, that she never heard of the best way, so this little story is given to enlighten her.

"When I get a bright idea I always want to pass it along," said a thrifty housewife, as she sat watching a young girl sewing. "Do your buttons ever come off?"

"Ever? They're always doing it. They are ironed off, washed off, and pulled off, until I despair. I seem to shed buttons at every step."

"Make use of these two hints when you are sewing them on, then, and see if they make any difference. When you begin, before you lay the button on the cloth, put the thread through so that the knot will be on the right side. This leaves it under the button and prevents it being worn or ironed away and thus beginning the loosening process. Then, before you begin sewing, lay a large pin across the button, so that all your threads will go over the pin. After you have finished filling the holes with thread, draw out your pin and wind your thread around and round beneath the button. That makes a compact stem to sustain the possible pulling and wear of the buttonhole. It is no exaggeration to say that my buttons never come off, and I'm sure yours won't if you use my method of sewing.

SUNSHINE.

Learn how to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A good story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sick-room. Learn to keep your own troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows. Learn to stop croaking. If you can not see any good in this world, keep the bad to yourself. Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile.—Selected.

The Sunday school class had just finished singing "I Want to be an Angel and with the Angels Stand," when the teacher, observing that one of the boys had not contributed his voice to swell the sacred refrain, said: "And you want to be an angel, too, don't you, Johnny?" "Yes'm," answered Johnny, "but not right away. I'd rather be a baseball player a good deal first."

HOME PLAYTHINGS.

One of the favorite playthings of my children is to take a box and cover, setting the box part into the cover at an angle of forty-five degrees, and tacking them fast together. This makes a very lovely doll's bed; or a little wagon, without wheels, to be dragged along by a cord. My four-year-old has a great many of these little playthings with a dolly in each one, and has learned to fix them up herself, with covers, pillows, etc. I find she gets much more pleasure out of the home-made dollies, and I wish to mention a few of the different kinds she has enjoyed this summer.

On a double folded paper I draw the outline of one side of a paper doll; she cuts it herself along the pencil mark, and is delighted when it unfolds into a dolly. We have all sizes representing mother, father, baby, etc., and these are stowed away in paper-box beds with paper coverlets and paper pillows. Then we have made dollies out of corn husks, dressing up the cob with the husks, with arms of twisted husks and a lovely husk shawl about the shoulders. The upper part of the cob can be decorated with black headed pins to make quite a respectable face. The corn silk is easily arranged for hair that will braid, and a little oak-leaf cap to cover where it is fastened makes a very charming dolly indeed. For this dolly we had a husk bed tucked into a little box as was described above.

Every odd piece of muslin about the house is secured and quickly hemmed on the machine to prevent raveling. Out of these scraps all manner of dollies are constructed by stuffing them with batten or twirling the edges. Stray bits of ribbon may be used for neckties and belts. Almost any mother can suggest how her own children play along this line. I would add that all the winter playthings were put away and that the children had not one single ready-made plaything since the cold weather in the spring. Of course it makes some litter about the house to have them constructing these things, but they are much more wholesomely entertained, and can be left so completely to themselves, where the actual construction of the playthings occupies such a large part of their play time.

I wish to invite each mother to let us have some of the best things her children enjoy. Do not fail to send in even the slightest contribution, for these things are all very helpful, and I am sure will aid us to see by Christmas time that the expensive, mechanical toys are a poor substitute for the real home-made playthings.

A RIDDLE.

There's a queer little house
That stands in the sun;
When the good mother calls
The children all run;
While under her roof
It is cosy and warm
Tho' the cold wind may whistle
And bluster and storm.

In the day time this queer
Little house moves away,
And the children run after
So happy and gay,
But it comes back at night
And the children are fed
And tucked up to sleep
In their warm, cosy bed.

This queer little house
Has no windows or doors;
The roof has no chimneys
The rooms have no floors;
No fire-places, chimneys
No stoves can you see
Yet the children are cosy
And warm as can be.

The story of this
Little house is quite true,
I have seen it myself
And I'm sure you have, too;
You can see it today
If you'll watch the old hen
While her downy wings cover
Her chickens again.

—Anonymous.

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ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

Edited and Published by the General Board.

VOL. II. SEPTEMBER, 1903. No. 10

UNDERSTOOD.

Thou knowest, Lord! Thou know'st my life's deep story.
And all the mingled good and ill I do.
Thou seest my shame, my few stray gleams of glory,
Where I am false and where my soul rings true.

Lord, I am glad thou know'st my inmost being,
Glad thou dost search the secret of my heart;
I would not hide one folly from thy seeing,
Nor shun thy healing touch to save the smart.

Like warp and woof the good and ill are blended,
Nor do I see the pattern that I weave;
Yet in thy love the whole is comprehended,
And in thy hand my future lot I leave.

Only, dear Lord, make plain the path of duty;
Let not my shame and sorrow weigh me down,
Lest in despair I fail to see its beauty,
And, weeping vainly, miss the victor's crown.

—Henry W. Hawkes.

FIRST GRADE.

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH.

OPENING EXERCISES.

Song, 'Tis time to sing.

We love to make sweet music,
To make our voices ring,
And we are always happy
When comes the time to sing;
O, come, and let us sing, then,
Like birds that fly away,
And look as bright as dewdrops
In warm and sunny May.

We love to make sweet music,
To make our voices ring,
And we are always happy
When comes the time to sing;
We'll sing of love and kindness,
We'll sing of home and school,
We'll sing of morning, mid-day,
And evening, bright and cool.

We love to make sweet music,
To make our voices ring,
And we are always happy
When comes the time to sing;
And while we sing so cheerful,
We'll better grow each day,
And then our songs of pleasure
Will never fade away.

—Dainty Songs for Little Lads and Lasses, page 16.

To be repeated after the teacher:

All things bright and beautiful,
All things great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
Our Father made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How good is God our Father,
Who doeth all things well. Amen.

Song. Song of Summer and Winter.

God sends his bright, warm summer sun,
And soft, refreshing rain,
To ripen all the glowing fruits,
And waving fields of grain.

God sends his bright, warm winter sun,
The white and sparkling snow,
To warm the trees and sleeping flowers,
And tiny seeds below.
—Song Stories for the Kindergarten, page 20.

Suggestive Talks.

Teacher's Reading: Matt. 8: 5—13. Luke 7: 1—10. Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 19.

1. There was a rich man who lived in Capernaum who had many servants to help and serve. One of these servants was especially good; he did his work so well that his master loved him and thought so much of him that he could not bear to think of losing him.

One day the servant was very, very ill, so ill, it was feared that he might die. Everything possible was done for him but he did not get any better.

Now, the rich man had some friends who were Jews and who knew about Jesus and how He could make sick people well. So they said to the rich man, "We will go and find this wonderful Jesus and tell Him all about your servant who is so sick, and we will tell Him how you love your servant and want him to be made well."

So these friends looked for Jesus and when they found Him, they told Him all about the rich man, what a good man he was and always good to the Jews. And, now, that he was in trouble they

would like to help him. Jesus asked them what He could do, and they said:

"Our friend, the rich man has a very good servant and he is so very sick that it is feared he will die. We know that you can help the sick, and we want you to make the servant well."

Of course, Jesus went with them. He was always ready to do good.

When they were nearing the house, the rich man saw them coming and sent word to Jesus not to come any farther, saying:

"Lord, do not trouble for me, I am not worthy so great an honor that you should enter my home but just say the word and my servant shall be healed."

Jesus was astonished at this and said to the people who were following Him, that He never heard of greater faith.

When the people went into the rich man's house they found the servant well, and there was great rejoicing and happiness in that home.

2. Teacher's reading. Matthew 25: 1—13. Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 53.

When Jesus lived among the people He often told them parables. Parables are stories that we must listen to very carefully and see what it is they tell us we should do. This is one of them.

There were ten virgins, or young girls, who took their lamps and went out to a great party. In the country where these ten girls lived the nights were very dark and there was no way of lighting the streets. The people had to carry their own lamps, and had to be very sure there was plenty of oil in them, because if they went out, they would be left in the dark.

These ten virgins had to go to a certain gate and wait until it was opened for them to go in; their lamps must be clean and bright, with plenty of oil to keep them burning or they could not go into the party.

Five of these virgins were very wise and did just as they were told, they filled their lamps full of oil, trimmed them nicely and polished them until they shone. The other five were not so careful; they thought there was plenty of time, they could get their lamps ready by and by.

All of these virgins went to the gate and stood waiting for it to open; they stood so long that they grew tired and weary and sitting down to rest, all fell fast asleep.

By and by they heard a cry, which awakened them and that told them it was time for the party. How anxiously they all looked at their lamps, five were burning and five were out. Then the five foolish virgins began to beg help from the five wise ones.

"Oh, give us a little of your oil," they cried, but the others said, "No, if we give you some of ours, we will not have enough. You must go and buy your own oil."

Then the man opened the gate and the ones with the lighted lamps went in, the others were left outside and the gate was shut. The foolish ones ran as fast as they could to buy some oil. Then fixing their lamps they went back to the gate and knocking on it asked to be allowed to enter. But the man told them it was too late and they could not go into the great party.

3. Teacher's reading. John 21: 1—11. Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 62.

There were twelve apostles who traveled with Jesus and helped Him to preach the Gospel, just like the twelve apostles that we have in our Church today, who help the First Presidency.

Jesus' apostles were poor men and had to work to earn their food and clothing. Once one of them decided to go fishing, so they might have something to eat. Six others said they would go and help.

The seven men got their nets and started to fish in the evening, as that was the best time for that kind of work. They worked all the evening and all the night long, but never caught any fish. In the morning they were so tired and hungry that they felt discouraged. Somebody called to them and asked them if they had caught any fish. The men looked up and there on the shore stood a person, but they did not know who it was.

When they answered and told the man that they had not caught any fish, He told them to put their nets in again and they did so, and immediately the nets were full of fish.

Then John the Apostle said he knew it was Jesus and he jumped out of the boat into the sea and swam across to where Jesus was standing, and although he was all wet, he knelt down at His feet and embraced Him. The others followed, dragging the nets full of fish with them.

When they reached the shore there was a fire made of wood, and on the ground beside it was some bread.

Then Jesus told them to bring some of the fish and cook it. When it was prepared they all sat down to a good breakfast.

4. Teacher's reading. Matthew 9: 18—26. Mark 5: 35—43. Luke 8: 41—56. Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 25. The Children's Friend, Vol. I, page 225.

Jairus was a very rich man who had but one daughter, a little girl twelve years old. One day Jairus came to Jesus in great dis-

tress; he fell down at his feet, crying, "My daughter, my dear little daughter is so sick, perhaps by now she is dead. Oh, please come and lay your hands upon her head and she will live."

Jesus was sitting at a feast with His friends, but, his heart was touched with pity for the poor father and He left the table at once to go with Jairus. His friends and a great multitude of people went with them, for they wanted to see the sick child made well.

As the great crowd passed along the streets, a poor woman who had been sick for many years with a dreadful disease, pressed through the crowd trying to reach Jesus. She was afraid to ask Him to bless her, she thought that if she could just touch Jesus' clothes she would be made well.

The crowd kept very close to Jesus and the sick woman had to push and push her way along. When she was close enough she took hold of Jesus' robe in her hands and prayed that she might be made well. Instantly she felt better and letting go of the robe she started to go away. But Jesus felt her touch and, stopping, asked: "Who touched my clothes." He looked around and saw the woman who had touched Him, and He knew at once just what was the matter, and He said to the poor woman who was afraid that He would be angry: "Daughter, go, thy faith hath saved thee; be healed from thy disease."

Jairus was very anxious about his sick daughter and was very glad to go with Jesus again. But just as they started, a messenger came running to tell him that his daughter was dead and that Jesus need not come.

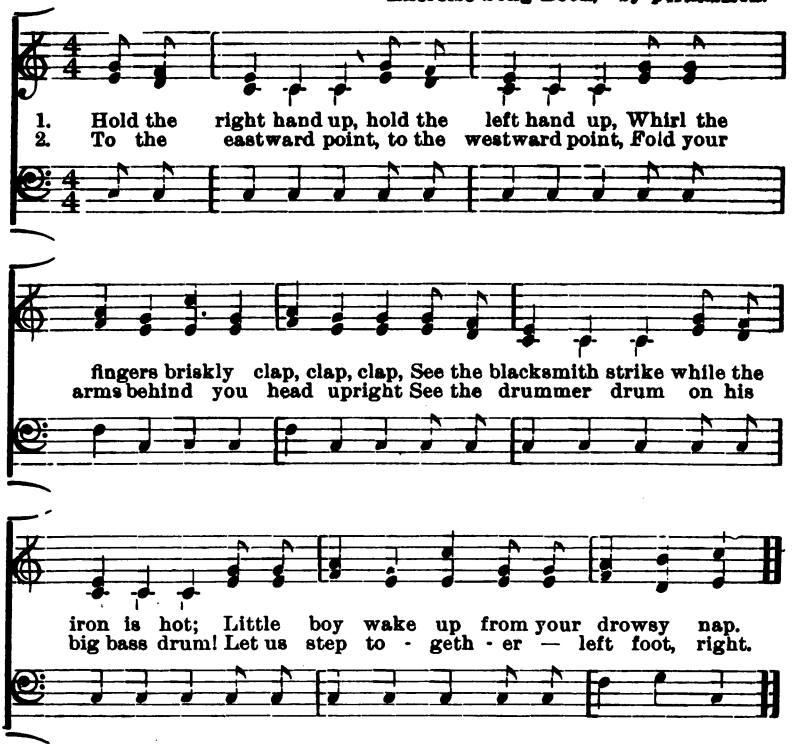
Jesus heard what the messenger had said and He said to Jairus, "Fear not, only believe."

They soon reached the house and found it full of people who were mourning for the dead child. He told them all to go away, that the little girl was not dead, but only sleeping. The people would not believe what Jesus said; they mocked Him and kept up their noisy weeping. But Jesus sent everybody away, except the father and mother and three of the apostles. Then taking the little girl's hand, said: "Little maid, arise!" and the child arose and walked.

The parents were so surprised and delighted that they did not know what to do, and Jesus told them to give their little girl something to eat.

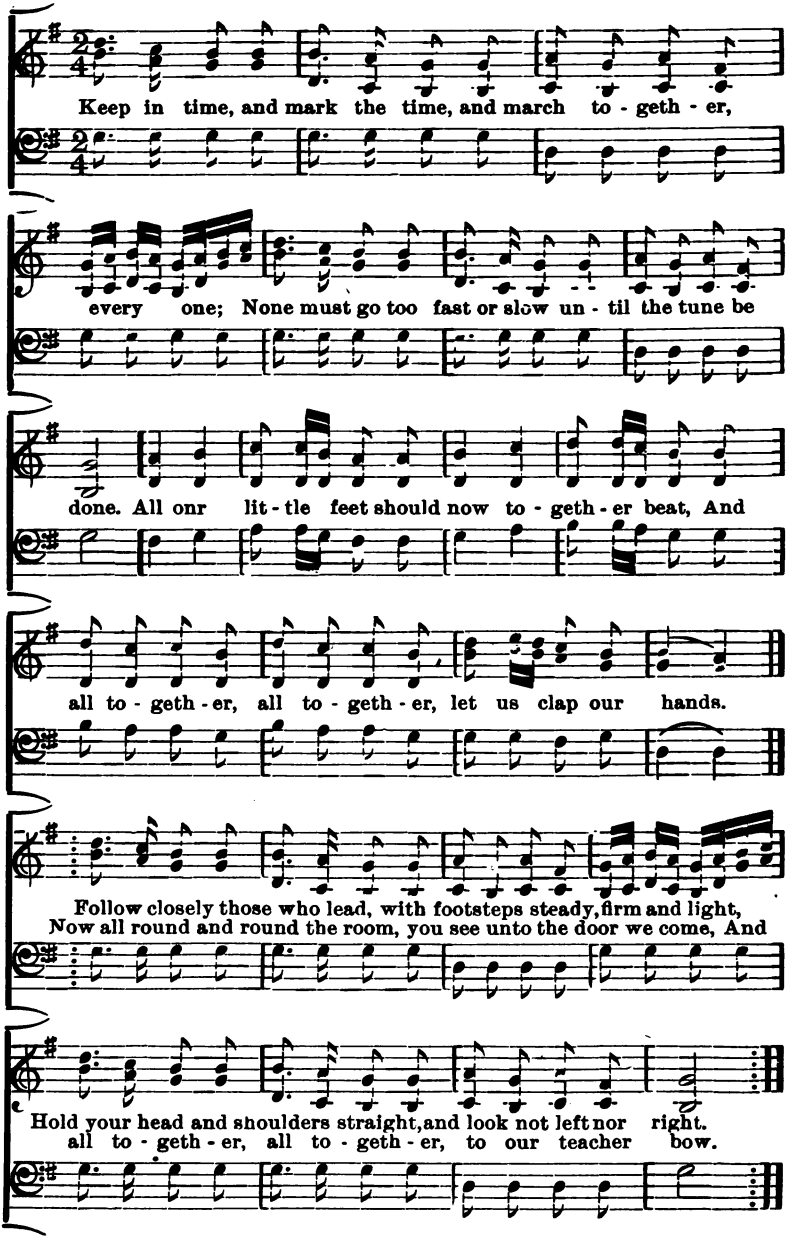
"Where does skye-terriers come from?" asked four-year-old senior, "anybody ought to know that; they come from the sky when it rains cats and dogs."

CLAP, CLAP, HURRAH.

: "Exercise Song Book," by permission.

1. Hold the right hand up, hold the left hand up, Whirl the
2. To the eastward point, to the westward point, Fold your
fingers briskly clap, clap, clap, See the blacksmith strike while the
arms behind you head upright See the drummer drum on his
iron is hot; Little boy wake up from your drowsy nap.
big bass drum! Let us step to - geth - er — left foot, right.

Here we all stand up clapping merrily,
Let us raise our hands—clap once again.
See the sawyer saw at the big wood pile
How it makes the blood run through each vein.

We are standing yet, and our hands stretch up,
Downward, upward, quickly the elbows draw;
See the schoolboy driving his hoop along—
Ha, ha, ha, ha!—Hurrah! Hurrah!

KEEP IN TIME.

Keep in time, and mark the time, and march to - geth - er,
every one; None must go too fast or slow un - til the tune be
done. All onr lit - tle feet should now to - geth - er beat, And
all to - geth - er, all to - geth - er, let us clap our hands.
Follow closely those who lead, with footsteps steady, firm and light,
Now all round and round the room, you see unto the door we come, And
Hold your head and shoulders straight, and look not left nor right.
all to - geth - er, all to - geth - er, to our teacher bow.

THE BLACK SHEEP

Once upon a time, and it was a very long time ago—as long ago as when your grandma was a little girl—there was a farmer who had a big flock of sheep in his pasture. There were a great many white sheep, and just one old black sheep; and there were a great many little lambs, all of them snowy white except one, and it was as brown as brown could be.

All day long the sheep and lambs nibbled the tender grass, and the lambkins played about with each other and had fine times.

The old black sheep stood watching them one day, and she noticed that the little black lamb did not play with the rest, but stood all alone by herself. "Poor Little Black Lamb!" said Old Black Sheep; "I fear she is unhappy. I think I will go and comfort her."

Old Black Sheep went over to where her little friend was standing, and this is what Little Black Lamb said: "Oh, dear! why was I made a black lamb? Why did I not have pretty white wool like the rest? I am only a homely little black lamb, and I can never make any one happy just because my wool is black! Oh, dear!"

"Don't say that," said the Old Black Sheep, "for it isn't true. I have lived a long time and I know black sheep are useful."

So little Black Lamb took courage and ate her grass and waited. By and by the Summer was gone and the cold Winter came, and one day the farmer and his boys came into the pasture and drove all the sheep down to the great sheep barn back of the farmhouse, and there they staid all Winter nice and warm. In Spring, when the warm days came, they were all driven back to the pasture again. The little lambs that had played there before were now great sheep, and long wool hung down from their sides.

One hot day in the early Summer the farmer and his boys came again to the pasture. This time they drove all the sheep down to the stream, where they caught them, one at a time, and ran into the water with them, and gave them such a scrubbing that they were frightened nearly out of their wits. Big Black Sheep kept close to Little Black Sheep to comfort and encourage her. "Now you shall see," said Big Black Sheep, "the time will soon come when you will be glad your wool is dark brown."

There was no time for Big Black Sheep to say any more, for just then the farmer caught him up in his arms and dashed into the stream with him. Little Black Sheep was carried off by the farmer's boy, who said to himself: "I shall not need to wash this sheep very clean; he is so black no one will ever know." But just at that minute the farmer called out: "My son, wash that black

sheep just as carefully as any of the rest, for we mean to use his wool."

By and by all the sheep were washed and sent back to the sunny pasture to dry. Next day they were again driven to the great sheep barn where the farmer and his boys and some farmer neighbors were ready for them.

The sheep were put into a pen from which they were taken one at a time to the men, who with long, sharp shears quickly clipped off their soft, fleecy coats. By and by it came the little black sheep's turn. He was so frightened he didn't make a sound as the farmer's shears went clip, clip, clip, all over his little body, and his long brown coat fell in a fleecy mass to the floor.

He was returned to the pen, where he eagerly watched from his corner to see what was to be done with his coat. Most of the wool was made into bundles and put into great sacks to be carried to the mill. One little white fleece and his own brown coat were folded into neat little bundles and laid side by side on the table, when the farmer's little daughter came running in with her mamma.

"Oh, Papa!" she cried, "What are you going to do with that pretty brown wool?"

"You will have to ask your mamma that," he said, "for it was she who asked me to save the little brown lamb last Spring, and she must have had some good reason for her request, I guess."

"Well," said mamma, I thought that brown wool with this white fleece would make such pretty cloth woven in little brown and white stripes, and that pretty cloth would make such a nice dress for the dearest little girl in the world."

"Oh, goody! goody!" cried the little girl, as she danced up and down with pleasure. "I must kiss you for thinking of it, and run and thank the little black sheep for his wool." So she ran to the pen and put her arms around the little black sheep's neck, and patted him and thanked him for his coat; and my! but wasn't the little black sheep happy! And from that day to this the little black sheep and the little girl have been the best of friends and the happiest.—Edith Carol Pinneo.

THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

Once upon a time a Tortoise was sunning herself on the seashore, when a Hare walked by. Seeing her, he stopped a moment. "If you are trying to warm yourself, why don't you come out of your house?" asked he with a smile. "You will never get warm that way."

"The reason why," answered the Tortoise, "is that my house is fastened to my back, and I have to carry it always."

"What!" cried the Hare, "do you mean to say that when you run about for food you have to carry it always?"

"Certainly," replied the Tortoise. "But I don't mind it;" and she began to crawl away.

When he saw her moving off at such a slow pace the Hare began to laugh, which was very rude, and annoyed the Tortoise.

"What are you laughing at?" she demanded, turning round.

"I beg your pardon," said the Hare, "but you do move so slowly that I cannot help it."

"Well, you need not laugh! I could beat you in a race to the woods any day," returned the Tortoise, now very angry to think that Hare was making fun of her.

"Do you really mean that? Did you ever see me run?" asked the astonished Hare.

"Of course I have seen you run; but I mean every word I say. I will beat you in a race to the woods if you are willing to try." And the Tortoise looked him straight in the eye.

"Why, I am always willing to try anything as easy as that," said the Hare. "Just wait a moment. I'll run off and ask my friends to look on." So he darted away like a flash, and at the same time the Tortoise went back to the sea to ask some of her friends.

Turtles can swim faster than they can walk, so very soon she returned with ever so many of her friends. They were the green turtles in large numbers, flying fish, and oysters, clams, mackerel, and other creatures of the sea; and while they were selecting good places along the line, so as to see it all, the Hare appeared followed by a great crowd of his friends from the woods. When they saw the Tortoise they all looked rather disappointed, and the rabbits, who were cousins of the Hare, said: "It won't be very much fun to see this race, for we all know that you will win."

"Don't be too sure of that," said a wise old owl. "I know both parties well, and it is my opinion that the Tortoise will win;" and as he said this, she flew in a slow and stately way over to the friends of the Tortoise, who were greatly encouraged at having such a wise creature on their side.

The eagle was appointed judge, and the crow the starter, on account of her loud, clear voice. She was to cry, "Caw, caw, caw!" which meant, "Go, go, go!" and at the third "caw" the two were to start, but not before. Then a certain rock in the road was chosen as the starting point, and of course both the Hare and the Tortoise had to be close to that rock when they began—neither behind it or in front of it, but exactly in line with it.

When all was ready, and the crow had shouted "Caw, caw,"

away! went the excited Hare before she had said it the third time; so all his friends cried: "Come back! Come back!" and Judge Eagle flapped his wings and said in a solemn voice: We will try again."

It was very difficult to keep the Hare and the Tortoise both in the right place. Sometimes one would be a little behind or a little in front of the rock, and once the rabbits forgot the crow was the starter, and they told the Hare to "go." Of course he had to come back again directly; but at last everything was ready, the crow called, "Caw, caw, caw!" the three times, and away they went, amid the cheers of their friends.

The Hare soon left the Tortoise far behind, which pleased his friends greatly; and they nodded to each other and said, looking with pity at the poor Tortoise, who was crawling slowly along, "We knew from the first how it would end; and you see it is just as we told you."

I should think the Tortoise would have been discouraged, but she was not; and strange to say, her friends were not either. They said, "Keep on; you are doing splendidly. Don't mind the shouts of the other side; you may win yet;" and the Tortoise worked harder than ever.

By and by the Hare grew hungry, and he and all his friends went off to look for some dinner. "You will have plenty of time to win the race afterwards," said they. "That poor old Tortoise will never reach the goal. Besides, she will have to have some dinner, too."

That seemed very likely; but evidently they did not know the Tortoise, for although she grew hungry and terribly thirsty, she never stopped. She kept on, and her friends never left her; they were too much excited. When she had finished the first half, and the Hare had not come back, the excitement was so great that the crowd almost got in the way of the Tortoise, they were so anxious to see.

"Keep on; keep on! Don't stop," they cried; and the Tortoise, knowing that she was nearing the end, began to hurry a little.

She had known enough not to hurry in the beginning, for it would have tired her; but now she could with safety, and when she saw the great oak tree which was the end of the race course, with Judge Eagle seated on the top, she hurried with all her might.

"Hurry, hurry! Do hurry! You are almost there!" cried the flying-fish. And the owl called out, "To-whoo? To-whoo?" which meant, To whom will the praise be given?

When the Tortoise was only a little way from the oak, the eagle saw a rabbit coming to see how she was getting along; and

when the rabbit saw that she was almost to the tree, he stood perfectly still, he was so surprised. But in a moment he turned, and the way he hopped after the Hare, who was taking a nap, frightened the friends of the Tortoise; for it was truly astonishing. They were afraid the Hare would win after all, and they urged on the Tortoise.

"Do hurry!" cried one. "The Hare is coming!" shouted another. "He is almost here; do your best," they cried; and just as the Hare bounded up, the Tortoise touched the tree with her head, not a moment too soon.

Oh, such a shout as went up from all her friends! The flying fish flew away to tell the oysters and clams, who had been left on the shore, as they were not able to walk on the land very well; and they were so delighted that they opened their shells and cheered with their funny little squeals just as loud as they could. But the Hare and his friends went home very much ashamed, and a good deal wiser than when they came.—Ellen F. Wiggin, Manchester, N. H.

EVENING PRAYER.

Now the light has gone away,
Saviour, listen while I pray,
Asking thee to watch and keep,
And to send me quiet sleep.

Jesus, Saviour, wash away;
All that has been wrong today,
Help me every hour to be
Good and gentle, more like thee.

Let my near and dear ones be
Always near and dear to thee;
Oh, bring each and all I love
To thy happy home above!

Now my evening praise I give;
Thou didst die that I might live,
All my blessings come from thee,
Oh, how good thou art to me!

Thou, my best and kindest friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end!
Let me love thee more and more,
Always better than before.

—Francis Ridley Havergal.

SECOND GRADE.

LESSON XXIX.

FULFILLMENT OF PROMISE.

Acts 1 and 2.

Jesus promises to send the Holy Ghost—Comforter—the day of Pentecost—the promise fulfilled. Promise made to us when confirmed—the Spirit that brings peace.

HANS, THE SHEPHERD BOY.

A long time ago there lived in Germany a little shepherd boy named Hans. One day he was watching his sheep in a meadow near a great wood, when a hunter came up to him from the forest.

"How far is it to the nearest village, my boy?" asked the hunter.

"It is six miles, sir," Hans answered. "But the road is only a sheep track, and it is very easy to miss it."

The hunter looked grave, and said, "My boy, I have been lost in this wood. I am tired and hungry. Leave your sheep here and show me the way, and I will pay you well."

Many boys would have gone at once; but Hans said: "I cannot leave the sheep, sir. They would stray into the wood and be eaten by wolves or taken by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" replied the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two would not be noticed by your master, and I will give you more than you could earn in a whole year."

"Sir, I cannot go," said Hans. "My master pays me to take care of his sheep, and I cannot leave them until my day's work is done. Besides, if any of the sheep were lost, I should be as much to blame as if I had taken them."

"Well, then," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me, while you go to the village and get me some food and a guide? I will take care of them for you."

The boy shook his head.

"The sheep do not know your voice, and ———" Then he stopped speaking.

"And what?" asked the hunter. "Can't you trust me? Do I look like a thief?"

"No," said Hans; "but you have tried to make me break my word to my master, and how do I know that you will keep your word?"

The hunter laughed. "You are right, my boy," said he. "I wish I could trust my servants as your master can trust you. Well, show me the sheep path of which you spoke, and I will try to follow it without a guide."

As the man was speaking, several hunters rode up. They gave a cry of joy when they saw their master.

Oh, sir!" cried one of them, "we feared you were lost or killed."

Then, to his great surprise, Hans learned that the hunter was the prince who owned all the country round about. The poor boy was afraid that the great man would be angry with him; but the prince smiled kindly, and spoke of his honesty.

A few days after, one of the prince's servants came to take Hans to the palace.

"My good boy," said the prince to him, "I think you are a boy whom I can trust, and I want you to serve me."

So Hans became a servant of the prince. He worked faithfully and although he never became rich or great or famous, he lived a contented life, happy in the trust and affection of his kind master.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Before you make a promise, consider well its importance, and when made, engrave it upon your heart."

LESSON XXX.

FAITH.

Acts 3.

The Temple—the lame man asks alms—Peter's reply—the lame man healed—Peter's address to the people.

BRAVE CHRISTIANA.

It was during the Winter of 1890 and 1891 that a great storm raged in Europe. Many weeks passed without a break in the weather. Even the tidal river was frozen fast. The whole country was wrapped in a thick blanket of snow. Not only in the snow but even in their beds many people were found dead of the cold.

Just before the storm began Mr. and Mrs. Leyden were called away from home by the severe illness of the latter's mother. It had been their expectation to return at night, consequently they had not arranged matters at home for more than a day's absence. Christiana, the eldest child, a girl of thirteen years, was left in charge of the house and of the younger children of whom there were five.

About noon it began to snow heavily. It continued steadily, and a bitterly cold wind sprang up. The little cabin in the Pyrenees, where the Leydens lived, was not as warm as it ought to have been. It required a steady effort on Christiana's part to keep the temperature up to a comfortable heat. Every little while she added a log to the fire-place. She saw the stock of logs diminish without any anxiety, as it did not occur to her that her father and mother might be prevented from returning home that night. But they did not come.

Night set in early. The last log was in the fire-place, and the cold wind shook the little house. The baby began to cry for his mother, and his example was followed by the next to the youngest. Christiana put the small baby in his cradle, and taking the other on her lap she rocked and sung to them until they were both fast asleep.

The log was burning away rapidly. "I must get more wood," said Christiana, after she had put down the little one and covered her up with a warm blanket. "You can't" said Caro, Christiana's lame brother of eleven, "the snow's too deep. You'll have to wait till father comes."

"Perhaps father'll not come tonight. I can't wait. We'd all freeze."

She opened the door a little, but the strong wind blew it fast. Three times this was repeated, but she persisted. At last she was outside in the bitter cold and storm, fighting her way to the wood-shed. She could not lift the logs, but there are more ways than one of accomplishing necessary things. Christiana dragged the logs one at a time into the cabin. The snow nearly blinded her, and the cutting wind made her gasp for breath. Poor little lame Caro watched his sister from the window—wishing he could help.

Christiana carried logs until her arms gave out; then she went inside—replenished the fire that was near dying out, and got warm. Afterward she breasted the storm again—this time to feed the cow and to milk her. Later she prepared the supper, Janet, who was nine years old, helping her with the dishes. They had no lamp—only the light of the fire, but Christiana got out the big family Bible that had been grandfather Leyden's, and they had prayers—Christiana leading. She asked God, trustfully, to bless and keep them all. She coaxed Caro, who was very delicate, as

well as lame, to go to bed, which, after considerable reluctance—he did. Janet and seven-year old Marie soon followed his example.

Quiet settled down upon the little house. Christiana did not go to bed. She prepared herself to be on guard—to keep up the fire, to open the door if her parents should return, or to comfort the little ones if they should awaken and miss their mother. She had no idea of staying awake when it was not necessary. Naturally brave and hopeful she had no fears. Wrapped in a big woollen blanket, with a pillow behind her and a cushion under her feet, she made herself as comfortable as possible on the old settle near the fire-place. The children slept right through the night—all except Caro, who was restless and awoke a number of times, each time saying, despondently, "I wonder why father and mother don't come! I should think they would."

Each time that he awoke Christiana went to him with words of comfort. "They'll come as soon as they can," she would say gently. "Does your leg hurt, Caro?"

"Yes, it hurts," he would moan, tears filling his eyes, and then she would rub the lame leg as patiently and gently as if she had been his mother.

The storm raged on—rocking the house sometimes, or so it seemed. And thus the first night wore away. In the morning—as Christiana opened the door—thinking to make her way to the shed to care for the cow—she saw something that almost made her heart stand still.

Not more than a yard from the door stood a big animal with tusks. She slammed the door and bolted it.

"What's the matter?" called Caro.

"It's morning," was the cheery answer.

"Is that what made you slam the door?"

Christiana laughed, but she did not say why she had slammed the door. She thought the children would be afraid if they knew what she had seen. It was a huge wild boar, which had invaded the isolated district. It was, doubtless, hungry, and seeking food. Christiana thought it would go away soon, but it did not. For hours it wandered around the house or near the cowshed—in the deep snow. Of course, the children saw it from the windows, and the younger ones—Marie included—cried from fright. But Christiana brought peace. She said cheerfully, "There's nothing to cry for; the wild boar can't get into the house. God has kept us through the night, and He'll keep us through the day."

About noon, the wild boar, not having found anything to appease its hunger, wandered away, and Christiana in great relief made preparations to go to the cowshed. She had to shovel her way through great drifts of snow. The bitterly cold wind stung

her and at times threw her down, but she succeeded in her attempt. She milked and fed the cow, and put an extra blanket over her—carefully pinning it on—notwithstanding the cow's objections.

The second night passed away like the first, but when dawn broke they did not know it, for the snow had reached a height above the windows. When Christiana tried to open the door, she found that there was an impenetrable wall of snow guarding it.

Caro cried and the younger ones fretted. Christiana, only, held her peace. She got the meals and cleared them away. She attended to the wants of the little ones and told stories to the older children. There was no light except firelight—the house was buried in snow.

When night settled down and all the children were asleep, Christiana fell upon her knees in prayer, after which, as usual, she wrapped herself in the blanket and prepared for rest on the old settle. It was towards morning when Christiana heard a strange sound from outside. She could not account for it, and as there was only a wall of snow all around the house there was no use trying to find out. She could not sleep. The strange sound continued, and she listened wonderingly—it seemed to come nearer and nearer. At last there came a loud knock at the door, and a voice, like sweet music to Christiana, called, "Open the door, Christiana; it's father."

Oh, joy! Yes, it was father and nine other men were behind him, all having made their way to the hamlet with snow shovels.

"Your mother will be home today," he said, "I'm going back after her."

When he found that the children were all well—that no one had starved or frozen, he held up his hands and cried out "Thank God," and later when he had thawed out and listened to Caro's recital of what his eldest child had done, he went to her and lifted up her face toward his own. Kissing her, he said fondly, "My brave Christiana!"—Selected.

LESSON XXXI.

COURAGE.

Acts 4.

Peter and John imprisoned—Peter tells how the lame man was healed—they are commanded to preach no more in the name of Jesus—Peter's reply—prayer.

IT DOESN'T PAY.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!"

"Out of the way ——"

"See her scoot! Whizz-z-z."

A dozen or more of the pupils of a country school at the roadside to watch the speeding downhill of a new set of bobs. It was by all agreed to be the finest craft on the coasting hill.

"Oh, what are you going down there for?"

There was a little stir in the small crowd, then two of its number took a tumble down the steep bank at the roadside, followed by the question above, in a tone of mock surprise. The unfortunates were Jack Kent and his little sister.

For himself Jack did not at all mind the plunge into the deep snowdrift, but poor little Polly was cold. Her hood came off—her mittens were lost in the snow, and she cried as at length her brother contrived to pull her to the top of the bank. Jack ceased his care of the little one to turn fiercely on one of his companions who had been laughing at the disaster.

"You did that, George Banks," he said in a loud and angry voice, making towards him with clenched fists. "You jostled against me—and you did it on purpose. I wouldn't have cared if it had been just me, but you reached your foot and upset my balance just as I was trying to keep Polly from going over. Before I'd be such a coward!"

George backed a little at the advance, knowing well the strength of Jack's fists in many a friendly wrestle. Then he braced himself.

"Come on."

For a moment Jack stood with flashing eyes and flaming color. Then he turned abruptly.

"Here, Polly—don't you want to get warm—poor, little girlie?"

Seizing her in his arms, although she was no light weight for a boy of his age, he rushed down the hill with her, never stopping until he had deposited her by the schoolroom stove. When next seen by those who cared to follow his impetuous movements, he was giving good help in the vigorous storming of a snow fort. Going home from school, Jack was joined by his best chum.

"I wish you would tell me," said the latter, "how you ever managed to keep from knocking George Banks higher than a kite this morning. He deserved it, if a fellow ever did. He's always playing some mean trick or other."

"I know it," said Jack, his face flushing again at thought of little Polly's wrong.

"Why didn't you let into him?"

"Well," said Jack, contemplatively, "it was just because I thought it wouldn't pay."

"Wouldn't pay—?"

"No, not a bit. You see," went on Jack, laughing, "I was hopping mad—more because of his mean way of laughing than for what he had done. He would have got mad, too, and it would have been a fight. He or I, or both of us, would have got some bad knocks, maybe. My head would have ached for it all day. I should have got into trouble at school. When I went home there would be trouble there, and mother would have looked sorry. Now, the fun of letting out my mad against George wouldn't pay for all that."

"But," said the other, gazing at him in amazement, "how can you think of that just at the time? I always think I will, when it isn't just the time, and then when I get mad it all goes to the winds."

"It's tough," said Jack, setting his lips together. "It's—just —awfully—tough. But it came to me this way. Once I had a cold and a toothache and a swelled face—no end of a bad time. I couldn't study, I couldn't read, except what I could get by a peep out of one eye. So I could only take in little bits at a time, and this was one of the bits: 'If we give way to our passion we gratify ourselves for the present in order to make our future miserable.' Well, I thought it all out. I had plenty of time for thinking, you see—never did so much of it in my life before. And I made up my mind I'd try it. I knew it would be tough, but we boys like to tackle tough things, you know, and why shouldn't it be that kind of a thing?"

The other boy gave a sidewise nod to his head as if agreeing that there was a great deal in that.

"Tough, I should say! I had to work it off some way," went on Jack, laughing. "By the time I had grabbed Polly and landed her by the fire, I hadn't enough breath left for a fight. And by the time our side got the better of the garrison I had about forgotten all about George and his meanness."

"It's a good way," said his friend. "But I don't know whether I could do it."

Some helpful words from the mother whom he did not like to make look sorry came to Jack's mind. They were about the greatness of him who ruleth his spirit. But he was a boy and did not say them. Perhaps his example had said it better.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"He who conquers self is greatest victor."

LESSON XXXII.

CHARITY.

Acts 4: 31—37. Acts 6. I Corinthians 13.

Care of the poor and widows—how they were provided for—Show that charity means something more than the mere giving of money; it means to act and speak kindly, and to think kindly of others.

"IT'S NO BUSINESS OF MINE."

This was a favorite saying with young Myron Boyd. He was a farmer's son. A tall, handsome young fellow, honest in his dealings in the ordinary sense of the word, enterprising, industrious and emphatically, as the country phrase goes, "smart to work." People respected Myron; that is to say, they rather looked up to him because he was in a fair way to be rich, because he understood farming better than any other young man in the district, because he was capable and sensible, and yet he could not be called a favorite among young men of his own age.

Myron knew that he was not popular, and though he professed to care nothing for public opinion, nevertheless he would have liked to feel himself more welcome than he generally was in the society of his fellows.

Perhaps one secret of the lack of cordial feeling toward Myron was the consistent manner in which he acted up to his favorite saying:

"It is no business of mine."

He not only never put himself out of the way to do a neighbor a service, but he never offered a kindness or lifted a hand to prevent any injury to another, even when it would have cost him no trouble whatever.

One day he was driving into the village with Alfred Brown, the minister's son, a boy some years younger than himself.

It was a very warm day, the road to the village was sandy and tiresome, and Alfred, who had been sent out to Mr. Boyd's on an errand, was not sorry that he was not obliged to walk back.

By and by they passed an old grayheaded colored man toiling along in the sun with a heavy bundle over his shoulder. The old man looked wistfully after the wagon, but he knew Myron Boyd too well to ask for a ride.

"Why don't you give old Uncle Jeff a lift?" asked the good-natured Alfred. "It's all of a mile from here to his place."

"Oh, I'd have to stop to pick him up and set him down. I can't take in every one I see."

"But the poor old fellow looks so tired."

"Well, I can't help that," said Myron carelessly; "it's no business of mine."

Their way lay past Uncle Jeff's little place, and Alfred saw that there was no one at home and that two or three cows, taking advantage of a weak place in the fence, had got into the corn patch and were making sad havoc.

"Oh, let's stop and drive those cows out," cried Alfred. "They'll ruin the old man's garden."

"He should have had his fence in better order then," said Myron. "It's no business of mine."

"It's mine then, anyway," said Alfred, disgusted. "Let me out."

"I shan't stop for you to drive out the cows," said Myron coolly; "It's no business of mine."

"Drive on then," said Alfred, as he jumped out of the wagon and ran after the cows.

Myron drove on and was soon out of sight, thinking to himself what a fool Alfred Brown was to lose his ride for the sake of old Uncle Jeff's garden, which was, after all, no business of his.

It cost Alfred some time and trouble to drive out the cows and put up the fence again so that they could not make their way back into the garden.

When this was finally accomplished he sat down on the door-step to rest awhile, feeling very hot and tired, and not a little provoked at Myron.

By and by Uncle Jeff came wearily home, and when he learned the story he was very thankful to Alfred, and the boy did not regret what he had done, even though he had a long hot walk to the village.

Two or three days after Myron Boyd went past old Uncle Jeff's house with a heavy lumber wagon loaded with grain bags. He had not gone far when out came the linch-pin and down went the wagon. The horses were steady and did not run.

Myron was not hurt, and after ascertaining the cause of the accident went back to Uncle Jeff, who was peaceably smoking on his door-step to borrow a hammer.

"I seed dat linch-pin was a-comin' out when you passed," said Uncle Jeff, coolly.

"You did!" said Myron, not unnaturally provoked. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why, honey," said Uncle Jeff, with a sly little laugh, "I thought 'twasn't no business of mine."

Myron bit his lip.

"Have you got a hammer you'll lend me?" he said.

"Well, I don't rightly know jes' where the hammer is," said

Uncle Jeff, placidly, "and I'm mighty comfortable just now, and I don't want to go and look for it. 'Tain't no business of mine."

Greatly provoked, Myron was turning away when Uncle Jeff called after him.

"You's welcome to the hammer or anything else, honey," said he laughing.

"I was only jes' seeing how curus things is, but I guess you'll find out this rule of yours is one of the kind won't work both ways. Dis yer is a world full of folks and you can't live in it like there wasn't nobody but yourself, fix it how you will." And then Uncle Jeff went to help Myron with his wagon.

Myron did not want for sense, and Uncle Jeff's lesson made a strong impression on his mind. He used his favorite phrase less frequently and learned after a time to feel that duty was a word of far wider meaning than he had supposed, and that whatever his hand found to do for his neighbor, whether in the way of prevention or cure, was indeed the business of a man and a Christian.—Selected.

Memory Gem.

For memory gem on charity select verses from I Corinthians 13.

THE OPEN HEART.
By John Vance Cheney.

Would you understand
The language with no word,
The speech of brook and bird,
Of waves along the sand?

Would you make your own
The meaning of the leaves,
The song the silence weaves
Where little winds made moan?

Would you know how sweet
The falling of the rill,
The calling on the hill—
All tunes the days repeat?

Neither alms nor art
Nor toil can help you bear:
The secret of the ear
Is in the open heart.

—Selected.

THIRD GRADE.

CHURCH HISTORY.

LESSON XXIX.

Chapter 29. Young Folk's history of the Church.

KARL G. MAESER.

Karl G. Maeser was born in Germany, in his youth he was very studious, and while still a young man, became a very successful teacher.

When he was a boy he heard something about the people known as "Mormons," which made him very anxious to learn more about them and as he grew to manhood he often wished that he might meet a member of this peculiar church.

One day he heard that there were "Mormon" missionaries in the town. Mr. Maeser was delighted at the news, and finding out where these men were staying, went to see them. He found Apostle Franklin D. Richards, President William Budge and Elder William H. Kimball. Mr. Maeser made himself acquainted with the ministers of this new and wonderful religion and invited them to come to his home and tell him about "Mormonism."

The invitation was accepted, and our missionaries were soon explaining the beauties of the gospel to this earnest young teacher, who accepted their teachings with the eagerness of a mind hungry for the truth.

Soon afterwards Mr. Maeser was baptized and all three of the missionaries with some others were present to see the ceremony performed. After the baptism the party started back to the Maeser home. As they walked along, Apostle Richards wished

to carry on a conversation with Brother Maeser. Apostle Richards could talk only in the English language and Brother Maeser only in the German, so President Budge, who understood both, acted as interpreter. They had not been talking very long when Apostle Richards told President Budge that it was not necessary for him to help them any more, because, they understood each other perfectly. It was a very dark evening, and when some others in the party realized that the two men, who each spoke a different language, were able to converse without any help, their feelings were indescribable and they knew it was a divine manifestation.

Brother Maeser told afterwards that when he came up out of the water, he prayed for some manifestation from heaven to strengthen his faith, feeling sure that God would answer his prayer, and how soon and in what a wonderful manner his petition was granted.

Whatever Brother Maeser undertook to do he would put his whole heart and energy into, and now that he was a member of the Church he worked faithfully and earnestly for its promotion. While he remained in the Old World he helped in every way possible, and when he came to the West he still continued the good work.

When he reached Utah he naturally turned to school work and as long as he lived he labored for the benefit of the children and young men and women of the Church. Brother Maeser was indeed a friend to the children. Wherever and whenever there were children needing help there was Brother Maeser ready and willing to assist them. He devoted a great deal of his time to the Sunday School and Religion Class work and there are not many stakes in the Church which have not been visited and benefited by the wise instructions of Brother Karl G. Maeser.

"Ma faither's a soger," said a little Scotch lassie. "An' ma faither, too," said her playmate. "Ah! but ma faither's a brave mon. He's been in war, an' he's got a hale gang o' medals. An' he's got the Victoria Cross. The queen pinned it on him wi' her ain hand!" breathlessly announced lassie number one. "An' ma faither's braverer!" cried the other little one. "He's been in dozzens o' wars, an' he's got gangs and gangs o' medals an' Victoria Crosses. An' he got a bonnie wudden leg, an'," with a triumphant shriek, "the queen nailed it on wi' her ain hand!"

LESSON XXX.

Chapter 30. Young Folk's History of the Church.

GEORGE GODDARD.

"Who's on the Lord's side, who?" was the song which Brother Goddard delighted in singing to the children, and after singing it, would ask how many were ready and willing to be on the "Lord's side." He could tell in such an interesting way what the song meant and by his example he showed that he was doing his best to be found working on the "Lord's side."

Brother Goddard was a very enthusiastic and energetic worker, and there are few people who possess the wonderful influence over children that he was able to exercise.

He once wrote a sketch of his life which shows the perseverance and remarkable energy which he exhibited through a long and honorable life.

"Fourteen months mission to Canada, by handcart to the Missouri river. Three years gathering rags as a mission. Nine years superintendent of the Thirteenth Ward Sunday School. Twenty-seven years clerk to Presiding Bishop Edward Hunter. Twenty-six years First Assistant General Superintendent of Sunday Schools. Ten years clerk of general conference. Four years clerk of the School of the Prophets. Three years clerk and treasurer to the Salt Lake Stake Assembly Hall, twenty years a member of the Tabernacle choir. Twenty-five years a member of the Thirteenth Ward choir. Twenty-three years a member of the Old Folks' Committee."

This sketch was written in 1898, and he adds this: "I am now eighty-three years old, lacking only a few weeks, and during the past five years I have traveled between twenty and thirty thousand miles by railway and several thousand miles by team, over all kinds of roads, in heat and cold, by night and by day, in

the interest and for the benefit of the youth of Zion, who are connected with our Sunday Schools. I have visited thirty-eight stakes of Zion. I use neither tea, coffee, wine, liquor nor beer, and I am blessed of the Lord with good health, which causes my heart to rejoice exceedingly."

Brother Goddard lived until he was eighty-four years old and now after so many years of faithful service he can sing with greater rejoicing and greater understanding the songs of Zion which he loved so well.

LESSON XXXI.

Chapter 31. Young Folks' History of the Church.

PHOEBE W. CARTER WOODRUFF.

The following sketch of the life of Sister Woodruff was written so beautifully in her own language, that we give it without any alteration.

"I, Phoebe W. Carter, wife of Apostle Wilford Woodruff, was born in the town of Scarboro, in the State of Maine, March 8th, 1807. My father was of English descent, coming to America at the close of the seventeenth century. My mother, Sarah Fabyan, was also of England, and of the third generation from England. The name of Fabyan is ancient, and of a noble family. My father's family, also, much of the old puritan stamp.

"In the year 1834, I embraced the gospel, as revealed through the Prophet Joseph Smith, and, about a year after, I left my parents and kindred, and journeyed to Kirtland, Ohio, a distance of one thousand miles, a lone maid, sustained only by my faith and trust in Israel's God. My friends marveled at my course, as did I, but something within compelled me on. My mother's grief at my leaving home was almost more than I could bear; and had it not been for the spirit within, I should have faltered at the last. My mother said she would rather see me buried than going thus alone into the heartless world, and especially was she concerned about my leaving home to cast my lot among the Mormons. 'Phoebe,' she said impressively, 'will you come back to me if you find Mormonism false?' I answered thrice, 'Yes, mother, I will.' These were my words well remembered to this day; she knew I would keep my promise. My answer relieved her trouble; but it cost us all much sorrow to part. When the time came for my departure I dared not trust myself to say farewell, so I wrote my

good-bye to each, and leaving them on my table, ran down stairs and jumped into the carriage. Thus I left my beloved home of childhood to link my life with the Saints of God.

"When I arrived in Kirtland I became acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith, and received more evidence of his divine mission. There in Kirtland I formed the acquaintance of Elder Wilford Woodruff, to whom I was married in 1836. With him I went to the 'Islands of the Seas' and to England, on missions. Here I will bear my testimony to the power of God which I have often seen manifested among the Latter-day Saints. The following is one notable instance:

"When the Saints were settling Nauvoo, the unhealthy labor of breaking new land on the banks of the Mississippi for the founding of the city, invited pestilence. Nearly everyone was attacked with fever and ague. The Prophet had the sick borne into his house and dooryard until the place was like a hospital. At length even he succumbed to the deadly contagion and for several days was as helpless as the rest of our people, who were all nearly exhausted by their extermination from Missouri. But the spirit of the Lord came down upon Joseph, commanding him to arise and stay the pestilence. The Prophet arose from his bed and the power of God rested upon him. He commenced in his own house and dooryard, commanding the sick in the name of Jesus Christ to arise and be made whole; and they were healed according to his word. He then continued to travel from house to house, and from tent to tent, upon the bank of the river, healing the sick as he went, until he arrived at the upper stone house, where he crossed the river in a boat accompanied by several of the quorum of the Twelve, whom he had bade to follow him, and landed in Montrose. He walked into the cabin of Brigham Young, who was lying sick, and commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to arise and be made whole, and follow him, which he did. They came to our house next, and Joseph bade Mr. Woodruff, also, to follow, and then they went to the house of Brother Elijah Fordham, who was supposed by his family and friends to have been dying, for two weeks. The Prophet stepped to his bedside, took him by the hand, and commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to arise from his bed and be made whole. His voice, Joseph Smith's, was as the voice of God. Brother Fordham instantly leaped from his bed, called for his clothing and dressed himself, and followed the Apostles into the street. They then went into the house of Joseph B. Nobles, who lay very sick, and he was healed in like manner. And when by the power of God granted unto him, Joseph had healed all the sick, he recrossed the river and returned to his own house. Thousands of witnesses bear testimony of the miracle. It was a day never to be forgotten. Hearing of the

case of Brother Fordham, whom I with the rest had believed to be dying, I thought I would go and see with my own eyes. I found him very happy, sitting in his chair. He told me he had been out to work in his garden. This was only a few hours after the miracle. From that day I never doubted that this was the work of God.

"It will be expected that I should say something on polygamy. I have this to say. When the principle of plural marriage was first taught, I thought it was the most wicked thing I ever heard of; consequently I opposed it to the best of my ability, until I became sick and wretched. As soon, however, as I became convinced that it originated as a revelation from God through Joseph, knowing him to be a Prophet, I wrestled with my Father in Heaven, in fervent prayer, to be guided aright at that all-important moment of my life. The answer came. Peace was given to my mind. I knew it was the will of God; and from that time to the present I have sought to faithfully honor the patriarchal law.

"Of Joseph, my testimony is that he was one of the greatest prophets the Lord ever called, that he lived for the redemption of mankind and died a martyr for the truth. The love of the Saints for him will never die.

"It was after the martyrdom of Joseph that I accompanied my husband to England in 1845. On our return the advance companies of the Saints had left Nauvoo under President Young and others of the Twelve. We followed immediately and journeyed to Winter Quarters. The next year my husband went with the pioneers to the mountains while the care of the family rested on me. After his return and the reorganization of the First Presidency, I accompanied my husband on his mission to the Eastern States. In 1850 we arrived in the Valley and since that time Salt Lake City has been my home.

"Of my husband, I can truly say I have found him a worthy man with scarcely his superior on earth. He has built up a branch of the Church wherever he has labored. He has been faithful to God and his family, every day of his life. My respect for him has increased with our years, and my desire for an eternal union with him will be the last wish of my mortal life."

LESSON XXXII.

Chapter 32. Young Folks' History of the Church.

LYDIA KNIGHT.

This is the story of how Lydia Knight received the gospel, and the blessing of the Prophet Joseph Smith. Adapted from Lydia Knight's History, by "Homespun."

Although so remote from the States, rumors of the new prophet and a "golden bible" had reached Mount Pleasant, and had been wondered over and commented upon.

When it was reported that the prophet and one of his apostles were in the city, Lydia was very anxious to see them. They came to visit the home where she lived and many were the curious glances Lydia cast at the man who dared to call himself a prophet.

She saw a tall, well-built form, with the carriage of an apollo, brown hair, handsome blue eyes, which seemed to dive down to the innermost thoughts with their sharp, penetrating gaze, a striking countenance, and with manners at once majestic, yet gentle, dignified yet exceedingly pleasant.

Elder Rigdon was a middle-aged man of medium height, stout and quite good-looking, but without the noble grandeur that was so distinguishing a mark of the prophet.

The Elders were very wise. They said nothing about their views or doctrines, but waited patiently until someone should express an interest.

As soon as supper was over, the visitors and family were invited upstairs to the parlor where they could have a talk. All, accordingly, repaired to the large, well-furnished room where the prophet and Mr. Rigdon were invited to speak freely.

The prophet commenced by relating the scenes of his early life. He told how the angel visited him, of his finding the plates, the translation of them, and gave a short account of the matter contained in the Book of Mormon.

As the speaker continued his wonderful narrative, Lydia, who was listening and watching him intently, saw his face become white and a shining glow seemed to beam from every feature.

As his story progressed he would often allude to passages of scripture.

The prophet bore a faithful testimony that the Priesthood was again restored to the earth, and that God and His Son had conferred upon him the keys of the Aaronic and Melchisedek Priesthood. He stated that the last dispensation had come, and the words of Jesus were now in force—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Elder Rigdon spoke after the prophet ceased. He related some of his early experiences, and told those present that he had received a testimony for himself of the truth of what Joseph had said, and then exhorted all present to take the advice of the ancient Apostle James, and ask God, and the testimony would be given to each one; for God is the same now as He was anciently, and has communicated His only gospel to men. "God," said Elder Rigdon, "is no respecter of persons, but will give to all that ask

of Him a knowledge of the things Joseph Smith has declared unto you, whether they are true or false, of God or of man.'

After both men were through speaking, many questions were asked by all present for information. The listeners were honest-hearted people, and when truth is told to such, they are constrained to accept and believe.

Seldom have any petitions been sent up to heaven more fervent and earnest than were those of the inhabitants of this home that night.

Next day notice was sent out that there would be public preaching in the new store-house. A large and attentive audience were present.

Elder Sidney Rigdon spoke to the people with great clearness on the first principles of the gospel, and closed with a strong testimony to the truth of so-called "Mormonism."

The prophet then arose and poured forth a golden stream of words, many of which were verily pearls without price. Setting forth the restoration of the gospel and the great work that had commenced on the earth. With power he exhorted every one who was present to seek for the truth of his and his companion's words from the source of all light, all truth, all religion, and a knowledge of the same should surely follow.

Great was the excitement among the peaceful dwellers in Mount Pleasant.

The day following a meeting was again held, and after it was over, the prophet baptized twelve persons, among them, Lydia. She who was always so sober and full of reflection had received the glad message with trembling joy. She was filled with a bright, peaceful influence, and was full of gratitude that God had spared her to hear and accept His glorious gospel. How often we wish and even pray for that which would be our greatest misfortune! The lonely girl had thought of death and its rest with a longing heart, but now, why here was life, life eternal! life filled to the utmost with good works, joy, and happiness. No matter what should come now, she would know it was all for the best. That is one of the greatest charms of our holy religion. Whatever is, is always for the best if we are only true and pure.

So into the water goes Lydia with a light step and happy heart. She was so filled with the Holy Ghost while standing in the water after she was baptized that she was constrained to cry aloud.

"Glory to God in the highest! Thanks be to His holy name that I have lived to see this day and be a partaker of this great blessing."

In the evening, the new members of the Church assembled for confirmation. God bestowed His Spirit very freely and the prophet gave much valuable instruction.

The evening of this day, the family were all seated around the wide, old-fashioned fire-place in the parlor listening to the prophet's words and full of rejoicing.

"I would be so glad if some one who has been baptized could receive the gift of tongues as the ancient Saints did and speak to us," said one of the new members.

"If one of you will rise up and open your mouth it shall be filled, and you shall speak in tongues," replied the prophet.

Every one then turned as by a common instinct to Lydia, and said with one voice, "Sister Lydia, rise up."

And then the great glory of God was manifested to this weak but trusting girl. She was enveloped as with a flame, and, unable longer to retain her seat, she arose and her mouth was filled with the praises of God and His glory. The spirit of tongues was upon her, and she was clothed in a shining light, so bright that all present saw it with great distinctness above the light of the fire and the candles.

Turning to the young girl, the prophet said, "Sister Lydia, great are your blessings. The Lord, your Savior, loves you, and will overrule all your past sorrows and afflictions for good unto you. Let your heart be comforted. You are of the blood of Israel, descended through the loins of Ephraim. You shall yet be a savior to your father's house. Therefore be comforted, and let your heart rejoice, for the Lord has a great work for you to do. Be faithful and endure unto the end and all will be well."

My heart is God's little garden,
And the fruit I shall bear each day,
Is the things He shall see me doing,
And the words He shall hear me say.

—Selected.

Somebody did a golden deed;
Somebody proved a friend in need;
Somebody sang a beautiful song;
Somebody smiled the whole day long;
Somebody thought, "'Tis sweet to live."
Somebody said, "I'm glad to give;"
Somebody fought a valiant fight;
Somebody lived to shield the right;
Was that somebody you?

—*Success.*

NOTICES.

Now that the Primary associations are once more in good running order, we would suggest that some arrangement be made that sufficient means may be provided for subscriptions to Vol. III. of The Children's Friend.

All officers are expected to take the Friend, and it is hoped that by December 1st every association and Stake board will have sent in the names and addresses of all workers belonging to the Primary Associations.

Conference Meeting. A meeting for the benefit of visiting officers will be held during the time of the General Conference. See Deseret News later for date and place of meeting.

"Branches That Run Over the Wall." The attention of all Primary workers is directed to the prospectus enclosed in this issue. Sister Louisa L. Greene Richards is a member of the General Board of Primary Associations, and has always been a sincere friend and earnest worker for the children of the Saints and deserves the support and recognition of all interested in the welfare and progress of the little ones.

Prepaid subscriptions may be sent to the author or to the office of The Children's Friend.

"Up and be doing," is the word that comes from God for each of us. Leave some "good work" behind you that shall not be wholly lost when you have passed away. Do something worth living for, worth dying for.—*Arthur P. Stanley.*

"While I sought happiness, she fled
  Before me constantly.
Weary, I turned to Duty's path,
  And Happiness sought me,
Saying, 'I walk this road today;
  I'll bear thee company.'"

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

"God help us parents all to live aright,
And may our homes all love and truth unfold,
Since life for us no loftier aim can hold
Than leading little children to the light."

EXTRACTS FROM AN ARTICLE ENTITLED EARLY ENVIRONMENT IN HOME LIFE.

When we consider the subject broadly, I think that we shall find that heredity, prenatal conditions and early environment all exert a positive influence on life, and that prenatal culture can do much, despite the contention of some modern scientists, to overcome heredity tendencies, while through proper environment for the child, from the cradle to adolescence, evil heredity taints and unfortunate prenatal influences may be largely overcome. In the present paper I wish to notice the destiny-stamping power of early environment.

When the infant enters the garden of life, it comes under the spell of influences which are frequently as subtle as they are enduring in effect and life-moulding in character; influences which cast the deciding weight in the balance of life, giving supremacy to the animal or spiritual dominion. It has been observed that animal organisms live by devouring others, and that spiritual organism live by aiding others; and this broad generalization carries with it a truth of supreme importance to humanity, as it indicates the dividing line between true and false civilization. The civilization which is to endure must rest on the spiritual instead of the animal ideal of life. Until this thought has burned into the conscience of humanity, the most we can hope for will be temporary rifts in a cloud-canopied life.

The chief aim of every parent and teacher should be to call into vigorous activity the spiritual or higher life of the child while it is very young; awaken the noblest and best, ere sin, passion and animality harden, crust over and encase the throne room of the soul. An eminent French author has recently observed that "He alone is wholly saved when heroism constantly inspires and in whom love never sleeps." Once bring a child into that great and divine freedom in which he feels a passion for justice, which causes him to fall in love with sacrifice, and you have placed his soul en rapport with the universe. No richer dower could be given

him than this. Henceforth he will be one of the world's saviours, while to his soul will come a joy as indescribable as it is serene; a peace which passeth understanding and which the world cannot take away.—B. O. Flower.

LOVE.

"Every child walks into existence through the golden gate of love, else it would seem wonderful that the helpless thing should be born. Yet children are not playthings, as we often seem to think they are—mere gifts of God to fill up the hours with cheer. They were surely meant to be a pleasure to us, but that is not the final end. Nor were they meant to be cares and burdens alone. To speak of them as if they were shackles and fetters upon our freedom; always in the way, "children, children everywhere," is a shame and a sin. They are to be regarded as a part of our education. Men cannot be developed perfectly who have not been compelled to bring children up to manhood. You might as well say that a tree is a perfect tree without leaf or blossom, as to say that a man is a man who has gone through life without experiencing the influences that come from bending down and giving one's self up to those who are helpless and little.

Children make men better citizens. When your own child comes in from the street, and has learned to swear from the boys congregated there, it is a very different thing to you from what it was when you heard the profanity of those boys as you passed them. Now it makes you feel that you are a stockholder in the public morality. Of what use would an engine be to a ship if it were lying loose in a hull? It must be fastened to it with bolts and screws, before it can propel the vessel. Now, a childless man is like a loose engine. A man must be bolted and screwed to the community before he can work well for its advancement; and there are no such bolts and screws as children.—Henry Ward Beecher.

CONTENT.

Do you know what a great, big, comfortable, cool, calm word content is? If you can fill your life and your living, your atmosphere with content, it will be more to you than a trip to the seaside or the mountains; better than a rest cure or a tonic. Moreover, it will mean more than you can perhaps realize to your husband, your children, your housemaids, and to the stranger within

your gates—or the stranger without your gates; its influence will pervade and extend.

You know how detrimental in every way friction is; always avoid it. Do not run any risk of a "hot-box" even though the thermometer does run up ever so high; no matter how high it may run, don't look, and then you won't know.

One suggestion which, if followed, will prove immensely helpful—take a short, solitary rest yourself. Do it regularly, resolutely, religiously. Do not say that it is impossible, make it possible; having once realized its benefits you will consider it as necessary as one of your meals, and take it as such.

Do not hurry. A little boy who was rather delicate, and who was very carefully environed, was once heard to remark: "Now if you never catch cold, and don't get drowned, you will never die, don't you see?" Along this same line might it not be deduced—Now if you never hurry, and don't worry, you will never get cross, don't you see?

Cultivate simplicity in every way. Take life and make life just as easy as you can. For one thing, do not ruffle your temper by ruffling your clothes. Make them simple, not plain and ugly; an unbecoming garment to wear or to see is a great deal warmer than a harmonious one. But consider the sewing upon which, as a rule, too much time and strength are expended. Consider the laundrying; how would you like to iron it yourself?

In the matter of your table, take thought for simplicity and variety rather than richness and multiplicity. As for your children, keep them occupied and they will be good and happy. Lead them—leading means going before with the torch of example—lead them to follow out some light, pleasant, varied daily routine: Flowers to pick while the sweet dew is still on them; pets to provide for and to feed; steps to sweep; rooms to air and dust; leaves and flowers to collect, press and mount; plenty of free play. After lunch, when it is too warm to run about, let them lie flat on a cool floor or a couch, or better still, on a rug on the grass, looking up into the trees and off into the beautiful blue sky. Let this resting time be story time—gentle stories, read or told. Then a walk, a game, play, early supper, bath, and to bed with the birds. "Sweet, good-night."

Can't you feel the deep current of content that could control such a little stream of life? Steer yourself and yourselves into and along it. Do not think of the forty-many things you are leaving undone, or that you want to do, or that other people are doing, or the places to which you want to go; these are the eddies and whirlpools that distract, that absorb energy and retard progress. Keep your steady, calm course.

Fathers, give an hour, a half hour, even a quarter hour a day

to your children: it is time well invested. You can never get nearer to them than in these days when they are living so near to nature.

Does all this sound too much like a sermon? Never mind, likely enough you are not hearing many sermons this month, for the preachers have all taken to the woods. In consequence, let conform your lives and open your hearts to content, and soon your heads will rest the benediction, "The peace of God which passeth all understanding."—Ellen Lee Vinnan

SING A SONG.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

The joy of a boy is a funny thing, not dampened by autumn rain;
His clothes and his hands and his sturdy feet are not spoiled by grime or stain;
The world to him is a wonderful place that he means some day to explore
If there's time to play and plenty to eat, who cares if the heavens pour?

Oh, that cheery trill of a heart as fresh as the drops that clear the air,
Brings a smile to our lips, and clears the soul of gloom that brooded there;
And we bless the boy as he spats along through rivers of rain and mud,
For the hope and cheer in that whistled note would rainbow the sky in a flood.

—Celia S. Berkstesser, in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE FRAGRANCE OF A GENTLE LIFE.

Once in crossing a meadow I came to a spot that was filled with fragrance.

Yet I could see no flowers, and I wondered whence the fragrance came. At last I found, low down, close to the ground, hidden by the tall grass, innumerable little flowers. It was from these that the fragrance came.

I enter some homes. There is a rich perfume of love that pervades all the place. It may be a home of wealth and luxury, or it may be plain and bare. No matter; it is not the house, nor the furniture, nor the adornment that makes this air of sweetness. I look closely. It is a gentle woman, mother or daughter, quiet, hiding herself away, from whose life the fragrance flows.

There is a wondrous charm in a gentle spirit. The gentle girl in a home may not be beautiful, may not be well educated, may not be musical or an artist or "clever" in any way, but wherever she moves she leaves a benediction. Her sweet patience is never disturbed by the sharp words that fall about her. The children love her because she never tires of them. She helps them with their lessons, listens to their frets and worries, mends their broken toys, makes dolls' dresses, straightens out the tangles and settles their little quarrels and finds time to play with them. When there is sickness in the home she is the angel of comfort. Her face is always bright with the outshining of love. Her voice has music in it as it falls in cheerful tenderness on the sufferer's ear. Her

hands are wondrously gentle as their soothing touch rests on the aching head, as they minister in countless ways about the bed of pain.

"The lives that make the world so sweet
Are shy, and hide like the humble flowers.
We pass them by with our careless feet,
Nor dream 'tis their fragrance fills the bower
And cheers and comforts us hour by hour."

—Southern Churchman.

KEEP-A-GOING.

If you strike a thorn or rose
Keep a-goin' !
If it hails or if it snows,
Keep a-goin' !
'Tain't no use to sit and whine
When the fish ain't on your line;
Bait your hook an' keep on tryin',
Keep a-goin' !

When the weather kills your crop,
Keep a-goin' !
When you tumble from the top,
Keep a-goin' !
S'pose you're out o' every dime?
Gettin' broke ain't any crime;
Tell the world you're feelin' prime!
Keep a-goin' !

When it looks like all is up,
Keep a-goin' !
Drain the sweetness from the cup,
Keep a-goin' !
See the wild birds on the wing!
Hear the bells that sweetly ring!
When you feel like singin'—sing!
Keep a-goin' !

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THE

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LET TOMORROW TAKE CARE OF TOMORROW.

Let tomorrow take care of tomorrow;
Leave things of the future to fate;
What's the use to anticipate sorrow;
Life's troubles come never too late.
If to hope overmuch be an error,
'Tis one that the wise have preferred;
And how often have hearts been in terror
Of evils that never occurred.

Have faith, and thy faith shall sustain thee;
Permit not suspicion and care
With invisible bonds to enchain thee;
But bear what God gives thee to bear.
By His Spirit supported and gladdened,
Be ne'er by forebodings deterred
But think how oft hearts have been saddened
By fear of what never occurred.

Let tomorrow take care of tomorrow,
Short and dark as our life may appear,
We may make it still darker by sorrow
Still shorter by folly and fear.
Half our troubles are half our inventions,
And how often from blessings conferred
Have we shrunk, in the wild apprehension
Of evils that never occurred.

—Selected.

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH.

OPENING EXERCISES.

Song, God's care of all things.

Father, thou who carest,
For every tiny flower,
And teachest bees and squirrels,
To save for winter hours,
To thee, we little children,
Our loving thanks would bring,
For all thy loving kindness,
Of all thy goodness sing.
—Song Stories, by Hill, page 16.

To be repeated after the teacher.

Children, grateful for our meeting,
Praising God, will be our greeting,
Humbly thanking God.
We are all safe in His keeping,
Through the long night while we're sleeping,
Safe through the day in our work and our play,
Praise the Lord, all of us children, today.

Song, Little Lispers.—S. S. Hymn Book, page 161.

Suggestive Talks.

Suggestive Talks.
Teachers' Reading. Matt. 7: 24—29. Luke 6: 47—49.

1. I will tell you one of the parables or stories that Jesus told to the people. It was something like this: There were two men who were going to build houses. The first thing to do was to find a good place on which to build. One of the men found a place where there was a strong rock. He looked at it carefully

to see that it was firm and solid. "Now," he said, "this will make a good foundation, I can put my bricks and mortar on it and they will be safe." So he built his walls, put on his roof and finished his house. The other man found a place that was all sand and he said, "This is a nice smooth place, I will build my house here." So the walls of this house rested on the sand, the roof was put on and now both houses were finished.

By and by a great storm arose, the winds blew, and the rain came down so fast that the ground was soaking wet. It seemed as if the two new houses must surely fall. But the house on the rock never moved, it did not even shake. Most of our houses have foundations of rock. But when the wind blew at the other house and the rain poured on it, what do you think happened? The rain kept washing away the sand, until, when the wind blew a hard puff, down fell the house. Who do you think was the best builder? Why?

2. Teacher's reading. Matt. 25: 14—30.
Review story of two builders.

Now we will read the story from the Bible; this is just what Jesus said. When the story was finished, He said, "Anyone who hears what to do, and then goes and does it, is a wise man; he who hears and doesn't do, is a foolish man."

I will tell you about some other people and you must listen and then tell me which you think did the best work.

There was once a man who went on a long journey, before he started, he left three people to take care of his goods, for he had a great many things. The first one of these three had a large piece of ground to take care of. The second one had a smaller piece of ground, just half as big, to take care of, and the third had a still smaller piece. Each was to do the very best he could for his master while he was gone. So the first of the three servants went to work, plowed and dug the ground, and kept the earth good. By and by the spring time came, and he planted seed. The flowers and vegetables grew up, and these he sold for his master, and gained a great deal. The second servant did just the same; but the third—what do you suppose he did? He didn't go to work at all, even with his little piece, but just covered over the grounds so that nobody could touch it. When the man came back, which do you think he thought had done the best work—the first two, or the last one?

3. Teacher's reading. Luke 16: 19—31.
Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 44.

Once there lived a very rich man, who had a beautiful home and many servants to help. He wore the very finest kind of clothing, and every time the people who lived with the rich man sat down to eat with him, it was just like being at a grand dinner party.

There were poor people who lived near to this beautiful house and they wished they might have some of the good things, but nobody ever gave them any. One of these poor people was very ill, his body was all covered with sores, he was so weak and feeble that he lay down near the rich man's gate and begged to have some of the food that was left over. The dogs who played in the rich man's garden were sorry for the poor man and came and licked his sores, but the rich man had no time for anything but pleasing himself.

By and by the rich man and the poor man were both dead, and the poor man went to heaven where he was made welcome and he never was hungry or sick any more. When the rich man tried to go where the poor man was he was told that now he must do without the good things, because he had forgotten to be kind to those who were poor.

4. Teacher's reading. Luke 15: 11—32. Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 31.

"Father, father, I am not good enough to be called your son, I have done so many wrong things, I cannot ask you to forgive me, but let me live in your home again and I will be glad to be your servant."

This is what a boy said to his father. Now what do you think he had done to make him so unhappy? Listen, and I will tell you.

There were two brothers and their father had promised to give them equal shares of land and horses and cows and everything necessary to help them when they should be men and need homes of their own.

The youngest son did not want to wait so he said to his father:

"Give me my share now, so I can do just my own way, I don't want to stay here any longer with you and brother, I want to go out and see the world."

The father was sorry, he thought about it very carefully and decided that perhaps it would be better to let his youngest son have his own way, because if he should say, no, the boy would be unhappy and blame him. So he gave the boy his share.

Very soon after the younger son said good bye to his home and with his riches started into the world. He met other people who were foolish like himself, who helped to spend his money and

when it was all gone they left him and he knew then that it was not himself they loved but what he could give them.

Now he was poor and if he had anything to eat or a place to live in he must work and work hard to get it.

By and by he got so poor that he was glad to take care of some pigs for a man and he was so hungry that he would eat some of the food that was thrown out for the pigs.

One day when he was feeling very unhappy and miserable he thought about his home and his good, kind father, and now he knew how foolish he had been to leave them and think that there were better things to do than to stay home and obey his father. "Why," he said to himself, "the servants who work for my father are a great deal better off than I am. I will go back and ask if I cannot be a servant, because I have been too wicked to be a son any more."

So poor, weary and in rags he went back home. When his father saw him coming he was very happy. This was just what he hoped would happen and when his boy fell at his feet and expressed his sorrow, the father put his arms around him and kissed him.

There was great rejoicing in that home, soon the young son had nice clean clothes on and good food was given to him to eat. He was a very happy boy and I am sure he would never want to leave his home again.

EXERCISES.

There are many imitation exercises which may be executed without music, occupying but a few moments of time and tending to arouse the children to a healthy state of activity.

A STORM.

The teacher says, "A calm." The children instantly become perfectly quiet and motionless. A breeze.—The children make a rustling sound with the hands, and a slight hissing sound through the teeth like the soft wind through the leaves. A gale. —A rustling sound with the hands, and a loud hissing noise through the teeth like the wind whistling through the trees.

A storm.—The gale is continued with the additional exercise of shoving (not raising) the feet on the floor. A calm.—All are instantly quiet and motionless. For a little discipline in changing quickly from one exercise to another it is sometimes advisable to give the signal "a calm" between each of the above exercises.

PLANING.

Place the hands in position for holding a plane and move them forcibly to the left and return, also imitate the sound heard while planing.

SAWING.

Bend the body slightly and move the hands and arms up and down with force. Also make a hissing sound through the teeth to imitate the sound heard while sawing.

CARS AND LOCOMOTIVE.

Strike the hands on the knees and make the rumbling sound of the cars with the feet and the sound of the locomotive with the mouth.

HANS' VISIT TO THE GNOMES.

Once upon a time there was a little boy called Hans, who became angry one day because his mother asked him to bring her some wood for her kitchen fire.

He obeyed her, but grumbled all the time and then wandered discontentedly off in the woods, wishing there were no such things as wood piles or kitchen fires.

He never once thought how thankful he should be that there was plenty of wood to be brought, nor how many good things that same kitchen fire had cooked for him, for he was angry, you know, and little folks, like grown people, do not like to think of pleasant things when their hearts are full of anger and discontent. At last he threw himself down under a tree and fell to idly imagining all sorts of queer shapes in the old dry sticks and stumps that lay scattered all over the woods.

All at once his attention was taken by what he had thought was a gray, knotty stick lying on the ground near him.

Surely he saw it move. Going cautiously up to it he found to his great astonishment that it was a little old man dressed in gray, who was lying flat on the ground, with his ear pressed close to the earth.

He looked up as the boy approached and nodded with a friendly grin. Hans was a little frightened at first, but seeing the manikin in so friendly a mood ventured to ask him to what he was listening so profoundly. The creature grinned again and

replied: "I am the king of the gnomes, and I am listening to know if all goes well with my subjects." Then he added: "Lie down here beside me and see if you can also hear them."

So Hans lay down beside the gnome and put his ear to the ground. He listened intently, but heard nothing. Suddenly he felt a gentle touch on his arm, and, lo, he at once could distinguish a confused murmur of many voices; still he could not make out what was said.

Then the little man rose from the ground, and with the inevitable grin, which seemed to be a part of himself, asked Hans if he would like to go down with him and pay a visit to the gnomes, who lived under the ground, and whose voices he had heard.

Hans, whose curiosity was aroused, quickly said yes, and in a moment afterward was sorry he had consented, but it was too late, the gnome tapped the ground with a rod he held in his hand and the ground opened, and they both sank down to the regions below.

They alighted softly in a large room that looked like a cave hewn out of a rock, with a floor of tiny pebbles of brilliant colors, all placed so nicely together that the whole made a beautiful pattern like a carpet.

The room was dim, but Hans felt again the soft touch on his arm, and he at once saw plainly, and found himself surrounded by hundreds of tiny gnomes, the counterpart of his companion, except that while he was clad in gray the others wore suits of sober brown. Their faces had a sullen, discontented expression, much the same as Hans had worn when his mother had askel him to bring the wood.

The king of the gnomes then turned to the wondering boy and made this explanation: "These are my subjects, and they are never allowed to leave this place. I alone go up to your world at times and stay a while, and I always bring some one back with me." Here he grinned in a most sardonic manner.

Hans felt uncomfortable and wished he was once again above ground, where he could see the blue skies and green trees bending their friendly boughs about him. But there he was in the gnomes dominions, and he saw no way just at present of getting out of them.

The little people that thronged the vast room at the king's coming did not remain long. A bell rang loudly and they all vanished in the twinkling of an eye, except the king, who, turning to Hans, asked him if he would like to be shown through the whole establishment.

Hans did not care to investigate any further, his curiosity being thoroughly satisfied, but he thought best to acquiesce, not caring to offend the gnome; so he agreed, and the two passed through

an opening which served for a door, and found themselves in another large room, but the floor was merely of earth, packed hard, and in this room were dozens of little tubs, filled with water, at which the little gnomes were busily washing their clothes. The water was so muddy that the clothes got dirtier instead of cleaner, and so the poor little gnomes spent their life in rubbing clothes that never got clean, only stopping for meals and to sleep.

From that room they passed to the next, where the apartment was filled with little tables, where more gnomes were ironing their clothes. They ironed busily enough, but sad to relate the irons were always cold, so that the unfortunate people spent the weary days passing the cold irons up and down the wrinkled, rumpled clothes, only succeeding in making them look worse than ever. The gnome turned to Hans with his hateful grin and said: "You see I keep them at work."

The king of the gnomes grinned more than ever as he saw Hans' face growing longer and longer, and he led the way back to the room with the brilliantly paved floor, which was also the work of the gnomes. He said: "These gnomes were once all mortals like yourself, and one by one I have brought them here as I have you. At certain times I visit your world and have not long to wait before I find some little boy or girl who, like you, does not like to bring wood for the kitchen fire." At this he grinned in such a sardonic fashion that Hans was frightened out of his wits. He continued: "They are always curious to come down here and find out what it is like; when they have seen everything they are anxious to go back, but they never do."

Hans, on hearing this, was dreadfully frightened, and his heart sank into his boots as the gnome went on: "Of course these children were originally as large as you, but I easily convert them into gnomes with this rod," and Hans, to his horror, felt again the gentle touch on his arm and saw his legs and arms shrinking to less than half their natural size, and giving a loud cry he awoke.

He found himself lying under the same tree from which he had first seen the hateful gnome, and starting to his feet he ran home as fast as his legs could carry him.

Although he knew it had all been a dream, it was a useful dream to him, and ever after seldom grumbled, but tried to do cheerfully his mother's bidding.—Washington Star.

HELEN AND THE LITTLE RACCOON.

"But, papa, wouldn't it be queer to buy something and then let the ones you buy it from go on keeping it just the same?"

"It does look a little that way, girlie; but this is an unusual case."

Helen pouted. "I don't like un—un—usual cases," she said.

Her papa made no answer. He had come to realize that his daughter Helen was growing to be very selfish, and he was taking a very loving way to win her out of it. So he kept quiet and let the little girl think.

"Papa."

"Yes, girlie."

"The Humisons want to sell the little raccoon. They want to sell it to you because they need the money. And you will give more for it than anyone else."

"Well?"

"They want this money to buy shoes and books, so that Jamie can keep at school. And they want to buy lots of things for Lina—the little lame girl."

"Yes, dear."

"And—and Jamie and Lina and Mrs. Humison all say that they'd rather I would have the little raccoon than anybody else."

"Yes; I see. If somebody else must have their little pet they'd rather that somebody were you?"

"Y-es, papa."

Again the two walked on in silence. Presently a bright thought came to Helen. She turned to look up into her father's face.

"Why, papa, if—if they are so very poor, how can they afford to feed the little raccoon? You don't want them to take the money that should go for shoes and other things and use it all up in that way, do you?"

"No, dear. I was going to let you buy the food and carry it over every day, when you go over for an hour to play with your new pet. And I hoped that you'd want to take the children some of the fruit and other good things that are given to you—perhaps an occasional toy that you think you could spare.'

"Why, I don't like this at all," said Helen, with a fling of her head. "I think we'd better not buy the raccoon."

"Very well. Shall we turn about?"

"We—we might just go and look at it, papa. It is so dear and cunning!"

They were soon at the Humison's door. Lina's chair was close to the window. She held her furry pet in her arms, and though she smiled at Helen, it was not a glad smile.

As Mr. Gray and Helen entered the little raccoon threw his front paws about Lina's neck, tucked his three-cornered head under her chin, and clung to her faded woollen gown.

Helen ran forward. "See, papa! Isn't he a dear? Gumbo! Gumbo! won't you come to me?"

But Gumbo wouldn't come. He blinked one little gimlet eye

at Helen and made himself as flat as he could against Lina's waist.

Then Helen held up the skirt of her gown and rattled some peanuts in the pocket. Gumbo turned his sharp ears forward, then reached his little black kid hands out, and hunted among the folds until he found the pocket, when he tucked one hand in, brought out a nut, and sat back upon his haunches to eat it.

Everyone laughed. When Gumbo had eaten the nut he caught hold of Helen's skirt again and pulled it nearly off trying to find the pocket again.

"See, papa! How much he knows! Isn't he dear?"

"Very, and I think he is dear to Lina, is he not?"

For answer Lina held the little creature close to her heart and lifted her big eyes to Mr. Gray's face. Her eyes were full of tears.

"Suppose, Helen dear, that you tell our plan to the little girl and her mother. If they don't approve of it, why, we'll do the other way."

Helen looked at Lina, saw the tears in her eyes, then ran to her papa and hid her face upon his shoulder. "Must it be that way, papa?" she whispered.

"I very much wish it, my dear, and sometime you'll be glad, I'm sure."

Helen was almost in tears. But she was at heart one of those well-bred little people of whom princesses could be made. After a struggle with herself she told the plan to Lina and Mrs. Humison, and began to receive her reward when the little cripple burst into glad tears.

"It's more than good of you, Miss Helen," said Mrs. Humison in a choking voice. "And I'm sure that your father is like an angel to us. If it's this way, then we'll see Miss Helen every day. I can't tell you, sir, how her coming brightens the hours for my little sufferer. Your daughter is out of another world to her, you know, and long after she has gone my little Lina tells over again the things she has said and done."

So, though it was a bit hard for Helen, she learned a sweet lesson in unselfishness which made her wise in other directions. Thus two homes were made brighter and the little raccoon was not dragged away from the little mistress whom he loved.—Christian Advocate.

Life passes; work is permanent. That which is done remains. Through ages, through eternity, what you have done for God, that, and only that, you are. Deeds never die.—F. W. Robertson.

SECOND GRADE.

LESSON XXXIII.

FAITH.

Peter Released from Prison.—Acts 12: 1—9.

Christians persecuted—Peter imprisoned—why—prayers of the members of the church—the angel—Peter delivered—the prayers answered.

A BLOW-UP THAT DID NOT COME OFF.

The ball was to blame undoubtedly; for if it had not bounded off in the wrong direction, and then rolled away under Mr. Trent's house, until it was stopped by one of the brick supports, Tom would not have been obliged to chase it, and make the agreeable discovery that it was very cool under the house, where the sun did not reach him, and the breeze did. Having made the discovery, he proceeded to utilize it by lying down and going to sleep. He was awakened by a conversation right over his head; for it seems that he had lain down almost directly beneath the porch at the rear end of the house; here again was the proof of the ball's agency in the matter, since if it had not led, of course he would not have followed, and heard the conversation which struck terror into his soul.

"Look a here, Ben! the new hands came today, and tomorrow's the first; so I reckon Hoskins means to put 'em in."

"He'll be mighty apt to find nothin' to work with, then; that blow-up's bound to come off tonight, sure."

"Is everything plum' ready, so's there won't be any hitch?"

"Toby's in charge, an' he'd ought to know what he's about; he's handled dynamite often 'nough 'fore this."

"Dynamite!" Tom's heart stood still with terror, and the buzzing sound in his ears prevented his hearing all that followed; but he heard enough to convince him that the men who had "gone out on a strike," a few weeks before, intended to blow up the machinery of the mines that night. The thought made him feel faint and sick; for Mr. Hoskins, the superintendent, was his "deah Miss Liela's" father, and whatever hurt him would hurt her. And she had been, oh, so good to Tom! teaching him to

read and write, helping him to earn money so that he could get some decent clothes and go to Sunday school; taking him into her own class to learn more of the blessed Saviour, about whom she had already told him so much. Tom thought of all her teachings while he lay there wondering what he had better do. He did not dare to come out while the two men were there; they would know they had been overheard, and would see to it that he did not get a chance to warn anybody.

"Ef dey cotches dis yere chile he am a gone coon, shore nuff. I'se got ter be mighty partic'lar."

And "mighty particular" he was; for although he ached with the longing to be off, he waited until the coast was clear, then crawled out cautiously, and made his way as quickly as he could through the intervening streets, to the outlying suburbs, where the mines were situated. Alas, only disappointment awaited him! The office was closed; and lounging near by, as if to keep an eye upon it, was a very ugly looking "striker." Tom walked slowly around the place for awhile, hoping he might see some reliable person to whom he could give the warning; but there was no one —everything was silent. There might be guards, but not where he could see them, and so he must go on out to Mr. Hoskins' house and tell Miss Liela what he had overheard—she would know what to do. He could hardly keep back the tears, for the sun was hot, the way long, and he had somehow managed to give a twist to what he called "a no 'count drap fut," which dragged painfully now, as he trudged along the dusty road. It was indeed a long way, for Mr. Hoskins had built his beautiful villa just as far from the noise and uncleanliness of the mines as he could.

On Tom went bravely, though every mile seemed ten to the poor crippled foot, which had heretofore been an uncomfortable incident in his careless life. It was an aching hindrance now, when a little delay might cause the loss not only of valuable machinery, but of human life as well.

Two or three times he did try to get a lift from passing wagons, but in vain; some drivers were too cross some in too great a hurry either to listen or to wait for him.

Was the road interminable? It seemed so to Tom, poor boy. Oh, if he could only run like other boys! Panting with heat and pain, he increased his speed, trembling lest he should be too late.

"Deah Lawd, jes holp me git dar. What dat Miss Liela say? 'fur Jesus' sake;' holp dis chile, for Jesus' sake;'

"Ef yo all has pain ter bar, you knows 'taint nigh's as bad's what He dun bar fur us, jes 'cos He lub us. Dat am what she tole us onct."

"Whar yo gwine, Tom?"

"Jes takin' a walk."

"What's the mattah wid yo fut?" Jim crossed the road and looked sharply at the swollen member, as he asked the question.

"Dun gib hit a mighty ugly twis'." Tom was laconic; he had no time to waste, and he did not wish to have Jim guess the object of his expedition.

"Look a heah, boy, yo shore orter git sumfin done fur dat ar fut."

"Aint got no time to fool wid hit now. I'se in a mighty big hurry."

And in spite of Jim's detaining hand Tom hobbled on.

"Reck'n yo'll hab ter take de time, whedder or no, 'fore long; dat no 'count fut aint gwine ter trabble fur."

Although this was the parting salute, the boy was not unfeeling; he was simply surprised to see the other, who looked as if each step gave him excruciating pain, trying to get away "in a mighty big hurry," from his home in the town to some unknown place in the country.

"Dar am sumfing pow'rful quar 'bout dat Tom Summers; reck'n he dun loss his mind."

With a shake of the head, Jim went one way while the subject of his remarks trudged painfully on in the opposite direction.

"Lawzy, de mis'ry in dis yere fut's boun' ter kill me; don't kare ef it duz, ef onlies I kin git dar fust. Dis yere niggah aint er bit a 'count, nohow."

To rest the suffering member a little he got down and crawled along on all fours; his head felt dizzy with the pain, heat and want of his forgotten dinner. Lying for awhile quite exhausted, face downwards, he sobbed out an incoherent prayer into the ears that are ever open to our faintest cry.

"O Lawd, please sah, leab me git dar in time. Mebbe Mars'r Hoskins 'll be in de mine hisself ter night, an' den what ebber 'll Miss Liela do. Deah Lawd, I'se plum' ready ter lie down an' die, ef I kin jes git dar fust."

Poor child! tired, hungry, and in pain, he felt as if dying couldn't be very much worse.

"I aint nebber gwin ter ax fur nuffin no moah, 'cept jes dis yer, fur 'Jesus' sake'—Miss Liela say; pore Miss Liela—bressed Mars's Jesus, holp me, onlies dis one time, please sah."

Slowly he got up on his feet again, clinging to the fence with one hand to steady himself, and hobbled on. It seemed a long, long time before the handsome grounds surrounding Mr. Hoskin's residence came in sight; but they did at last. A beautiful arched gateway opened upon an avenue, leading by a long circuitous driveway to the front entrance. Tom, however, knew of a side-gate, which would take him to the house by a short path; but here a large St. Bernard dog came rushing to meet him, barking furi-

ously. Poor boy! he dared not open the gate, and could not make his voice heard above that of the dog, and there is no telling what he would have done if some one had not come to the rescue; to his unspeakable joy it was Miss Liela herself.

"Come away, Victor; what do you mean, sir, by barking so savagely at a boy? Why, it's Tom. Come in Tom; you needn't be afraid, the dog won't hurt you. Go and lie down, Victor."

The noble beast obeyed immediately, and choosing a nice, shady spot stretched himself out, keeping one eye on his mistress and the other on the intruder, in case there should be anything wrong! Tom lay down on the grass, too, and blundered out his story as well as he could; for the shooting pains in his twisted, swollen foot made him feel very sick and faint; Miss Liela's pitying voice and paling face grew more and more indistinct, then vanished entirely. For the first time in his short life, Tom Summers had fainted. A sharp pain in his ankle brought him to his senses again; he was lying on a "pallet" on the back porch, his injured foot in Aunt Betty's capacious lap, while her large hands applied liniment, and adjusted bandages as skilfully as a surgeon's.

"Dar, dar, honey, I'se mose done; I was bleeged ter hurt yo, cos dat ar wus er mighty ugly twis', an' 'twur compelled ter be straightened outen hit 'fore de rag wus tied roun'."

She laid the foot down carefully on the pallet, and brought a glass of cordial, which she bade Tom drink "right straight." It was very refreshing and cooling; and it was comforting to be told that he must "be still, an' git a wink uv sleep, while I gits yo sumfin ter eat, chile." But where was Miss Liela? had she understood what he had come to tell her? Was there time yet to circumvent the rascals? He sat up and tried to look about him and listen, but everything was quiet, except in the kitchen, where Aunt Betty was singing. Presently she brought him some soup and coffee, and a hoe-cake nicely browned to eat.

"Hi, chile, wat yo doin' settin' up dat ar way?" then seeing the poor boy too anxious and worried to eat, she said, cheerily, "Miss Liela done tole me dat yo all mus' eat and git plum' rested; cos dar ain't nuffin ter pester yosef 'bout—nuffin 'tall—ebberyting am comin' out all right—dat wat she say."

Comforted by this message, Tom lay back on the big pillow and let Aunt Betty feed him like a baby, talking pleasantly to him the while. When he could eat no more she left him, and he fell asleep. Miss Liela was sitting by him when he awoke.

"How do you feel now, my boy; does your foot pain you?" she asked.

"No, ma'am, nuffin like hit did. Wus I in time shore nuf, Miss Liela? I dun axt de Lawd ter leab me die, ef onlies I cud git yere in time."

"Well, you got here in plenty of time; and," lowering her voice to a whisper, "those scoundrels will be caught in the very act; so you see, my little hero, you have not only saved all papa's valuable machinery, and no one knows how many lives besides, but you have also put an end to this dreadful strike; just think of that, Tom! Oh, I am proud of you."

"But, Miss Liela, I dunno—"

"Don't know what I mean? Why, you see if the leaders are arrested tonight, the men will give up, and that will end the strike."

"De good Lawd holped me, Miss Liela, ur I nebber cud er got yere wid dis yere fut, arter I dun gib hit dat twis'. Don't reck'n 'twus fur my sake He dun hit; no 'count little nigger like I is. Must a bin cos ob yore pa 'n dem men wot 'd a got blowed up."

There were tears in "Miss Liela's" eyes, as she murmured softly, "Heroes are always humble minded, but the dear Lord knows His own."

"Wat's dat, Miss Liela?"

"Nothing of any consequence, Tom. Only remember God is always ready to help us; and as He helped you today in your extremity, so He will do all your life long, if you trust Him."—Ruth Argyle.

LESSON XXXIV.

REPENTANCE.

Conversion of Saul.—Acts 9: 1—32.

Saul going to Damascus—called by Christ—is made blind—baptized—sight restored—preaches the Gospel to the people.

HOW THE PARSONAGE WAS PAPERED.

The little parsonage stood bleak and cheerless in the wintry sunlight. A window was open, and the February wind, sweeping through the empty rooms, rattled a torn shade that had been left there by the last tenants. Deacon Cummings and the Sunday school superintendent stood viewing the cottage with speculative eyes.

"There's the extra expense of the new furnace to be met," the deacon was saying. "No, we'll have to let the parsonage go. I know it does need papering, but we've our hands more than full already."

The Sunday school superintendent looked disappointed.

"I think we could manage it," he suggested mildly, "if—"

"No, we can't!" put in the deacon decidedly. "The parsonage will have to go as it is."

"But his wife's an invalid," persisted the Sunday school superintendent, still more mildly; for, like all the rest of the church members, he stood greatly in awe of the determined deacon.

"Yes, she is," the deacon assented, a little reluctantly. "Hasn't been able to do a thing for over a year, I understand. Lung trouble, you know. That's why they're coming West. Well, it's hard for a pastor to have a sick wife. Hard for him and the children. I should like to see the parsonage papered, but it's quite out of the question. The sun comes in finely at the windows, that's one consolation, and soap and water is another. They'll have to put up with things as they find 'em."

A moment later the two men walked away, leaving Lily Maude standing by her scrub pail. Lily Maude was washing the floor. She had been hired by the committee for that purpose. The last minister had been unmarried, and the parsonage had been rented. But with his departure a new order of things was being brought about. A new pastor was coming, and with him an invalid wife and three small children. And Lily Maude was to scrub and wash windows and woodwork, to make ready for the new occupants.

Lily Maude was pale and small and stoop-shouldered. Her hair was colorless, and her blue eyes, her only beauty, looked out serenely upon a world that had never been an easy one to her, for Lily Maude's mother was dead and her father a cripple. Lily Maude made the living now for both. She was only sixteen, yet her small hands were already calloused and toil hardened.

"And the new minister's wife hasn't been able to do a thing for over a year." Lily Maude had heard what the deacon had said, and she knew something of what it meant. She had been used to sickness all her life. Was not her father helpless now, and had not her mother been an invalid for three years?

She looked up at the grimy walls regretfully; then, taking her broom, she walked into the small bedroom. Here the walls were worse than ever. There were soiled finger-marks upon them, and some one had torn from them strips of paper, laying bare the plastering.

"And she hasn't been able to do a thing for over a year, and will have to lie here in a room like this," thought Lily Maude. "It's too bad! I'm afraid it will make her worse instead of better."

She leaned on her broom-handle meditatively. "If I could

only do something," she whispered slowly. "I believe," she added, "I believe I'll try. This room has to be fixed up some way."

By noon the next day Lily Maude's work was done. The floors were clean, the windows shining, the woodwork spotless. She had done her best. As she turned the key upon the house, her thin face was full of purpose. She hurried down the walk, a shabby little figure in her worn skirt and jacket. Her hands were bare, and the sharp winter wind had already made them blue. But Lily Maude was not thinking of anything so small as her own discomfort. She was used to facing cold winds; used to scanty fare and shabby clothes; used to hard work and poverty and deprivations.

She walked rapidly until she turned into the principal business street; then she slackened her pace, halting at a certain shop door. Here samples of wall paper were displayed in the windows, together with a number of cans of paint and a few picture frames. Lily Maude entered. In the rear of the shop some one was busily working. It was Horatio Robinson, the proprietor.

He looked up at Lily Maude. "How do you do?" he said cordially. "What can I do for you?"

Lily Maude flushed a little. "I came to see you about papering a bedroom," she replied shyly, "but I haven't any money.

"It's a room at the parsonage," she added. "The minister's wife is coming there to live, and she's sick. I heard them talking about it. The church don't feel able to do anything, and I—I just can't stand it to think of her going into a room like that!"

She looked up with the flush still on her face. "I can scrub, Mr. Robinson, and I can wash," she went on, shyly, "and I thought —for I studied it all out—that perhaps you might let me work for your wife to pay for it. Will it cost very much?"

Horatio Robinson looked down into the small face.

"That depends on the quality of the paper," he answered, kindly. "If it's cheap—"

"But it must not be cheap," broke in Lily Maude, hastily. "It must be pretty and bright; not too bright, you know, but something that will be pleasant to look at."

"How's this, then?" said Mr. Robinson, taking down a roll of paper from a shelf above him. "You'll have to wash a good many days, though, to pay for this," he added, shrewdly. "Perhaps you wouldn't like that."

But Lily Maude's hands were clasped. She was looking at the paper. "Oh, I shouldn't mind that at all!" she answered quickly. "I am used to washing, and that paper—it's beautiful, Mr. Robinson. Will you really paper the room and let me work for you?"

Horatio Robinson looked at her kindly. He was a sharp business man, but he had a good heart, nevertheless.

"I don't see how I can refuse you," he said smiling. "When people show a disposition to do their part, I like to do mine. So you like the paper, do you? Well, your taste is good, for it is the handsomest thing I have."

"It's lovely," said Lily Maude, dreamily, still gazing at it. "Oh, I hope she'll be pleased!"

Mr. Robinson was touched. He looked at the slight figure, and something rose in his throat.

"I'll do the work for you tomorrow," he said. "It isn't everyone I'd do it for, but you're a brave girl."

Lily Maude grew radiant. "Thank you! thank you!" she cried, gratefully. "And I'll work my very best for your wife!" she added quickly.

"I'm not afraid of that," was the answer. "You can go up to see her this afternoon and talk it over. She won't work you hard," he added. "She's not that kind."

"I don't mind work," replied Lily Maude, blithely, "as long as I can please folks. Here's the key, Mr. Robinson. It's the bedroom off the sitting-room. That's to be her room. I heard the ladies talking about it." Lily Maude smiled again, and then hurried out.

The man looked after her thoughtfully. "Well," he said, as he turned to his work, "I like a spirit like that. There's some promise to a girl of that kind, and some Christianity. Willing to scrub and wash to pay for papering a room for somebody that's sick. That's religion. Such a frail little creature as she is, too! I think I'll go to hear that new preacher when he comes. I'm interested in his family already, and I'll do my best work on that papering, as sure as my name is Horatio Robinson!"

The room was finished, and Lily Maude stood by it in awed admiring silence. Mr. Robinson had himself added a handsome border. The unsightly walls were hidden, and Lily Maude's heart was full of joy.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she cried, ecstatically. "And, oh, I'm glad, so glad to think I could do it!"

The door opened. Lily Maude looked up and saw Deacon Cummings.

"Well, Lily," he began, pleasantly, "you did your work well, I see. Everything as clean as a new pin."

Just then his eyes fell on the newly papered walls. "Whose work is this?" he demanded.

Lily Maude turned pale.

"Mr. Robinson's, sir," she faltered.

"Yes, yes, but who is to pay for it?"

Lily Maude looked up bravely. "I am, sir," she answered. "I am going to scrub and wash for Mrs. Robinson until it's all cleared up. You see, sir," she went on timidly, "I heard them tell about the minister's wife being sick and not able to do anything, and all that, and these walls looked so bad I was afraid when she saw them she'd get worse. Things like that trouble sick people a good deal. I know, for I've been with them all my life. I hope you don't mind my doing it, sir?"

The deacon looked down upon Lily Maude in her worn and shabby dress. Then, like Horatio Robinson, he felt something rise in his throat.

"No, no, Lily," he said huskily, "you did right, quite right." He went hastily out into the next room.

The whole parsonage was papered, and out of the deacon's own pocket, at that. Then somehow the story of what Lily Maude had done crept out, and others went to work. A carpet was put down that matched the bedroom walls. Rich old Mrs. Jones, hitherto not noted for her liberality, opening her heart and her pursestrings, sent over a beautiful grass bed. Some one else added coverings, and kindly hands hung dimity curtains at the windows and spread a rug on the floor. Easy chairs and pictures completed the pretty room, an ideal resting place for an invalid, so fresh was it and so attractive.

"Tired, Margaret?"

"A little, dearest."

The minister's wife tried to smile but the effort was a failure. The jolting of the train jarred on the tired nerves, and through the car window the prospect was not alluring. Long stretches of buffalo grass flashed by, interspersed with white patches of alkali; and every turn of the car wheels was taking her farther from her old home. Still, if she could only get well! And wonderful recoveries were made in the pure invigorating climate to which they were hurrying.

Yet how she dreaded it all! New scenes, strange faces, and perhaps the new friends would not be like the old tried ones she was leaving so far behind.

"Cheer up, dear," the minister was saying. "We'll soon be there."

"I wish we could go straight to the parsonage," she answered. "Somehow I dread hotels—and strangers."

"Never mind," was the cheerful answer. "We'll soon be settled, and your room shall be first, Margaret. I'll make it as easy and comfortable for you as I can."

"You always do that," was the grateful answer. "I'm ashamed to murmur when I have the children and you."

"Gray Rock," shouted the conductor, and the minister rose.

"Home, Margaret," he said, tremulously. "Come children."

It was a little station, and only two or three were standing on the platform. Among them was a tall man with a weather-beaten face. It was Deacon Cummings who came forward hurriedly to meet them. He took the minister's hand shaking it warmly. Then he turned to the woman.

"I've a carriage right here," he said, anxious at the sight of her pale, worn face. "Let me help you."

She sank into the cushions exhausted. The children sat quietly together, wide-eyed and wondering.

"We're in your hands," the minister said, smiling. "What will you do with us?"

"You'll see," was the genial answer.

In a few moments the carriage stopped. Deacon Cummings alighted. "This is the parsonage," he said. "We thought it would be pleasanter for you to come straight home, so we did what we could. Sometime I'll tell you the story of how it was all brought about. Your wife's room is ready for her, and the ladies have spread a supper for you in the dining-room. Welcome to Gray Rock, dear friends, and may the new home bring you health and happiness."

"I am sure it will," said the minister's wife, taking the deacon by the hand.

"I am sure, too," said the minister.

The tears were in his eyes as he half-led, half-carried his wife across the threshold into the pretty room awaiting her. Gently, very gently, he laid her upon the pillows of the soft bed, with all its snow-white draperies. She put both arms about his neck and murmured:

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Selected.

LESSON XXXV.

BAPTISM.

Philip and the Ethiopian.—Acts 8: 26—40.

Philip—the angel—his command—the Ethiopian—Philip's conversation with him—the request—the baptism—Philip's disappearance.

Note to Teachers—It is during the time the children are in

the Second Grade that most of them are baptized, and it is necessary that they should know at what age, in what manner, and for what reason that ordinance is performed.

This lesson furnishes an excellent opportunity. Review the lesson, Baptism of Jesus and Baptism of Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, and lead the children to see that Jesus, although without any sin, was baptized to show that we should all be baptized, and to show the way in which it should be done. Also tell of the conversation of Jesus and Nicodemus (John 3), that Jesus said all must be baptized. Show that Philip baptized in just the same way that John the Baptist did. Let them know what baptism by immersion means, also what is meant by remission of sins. When this is understood, teach the fourth Article of Faith.

LESSON XXXVI.

BLESSINGS CANNOT BE BOUGHT WITH MONEY.

Simon, the Sorcerer.—Acts 8: 4—25.

Philip preaching—healing—Simon—Peter and John—their work there—Simon's request—Peter's reply—the gift of God not to be purchased with money.

TRUE LOVE OVERLOOKS FAULTS.

The excitement of the Parley children can be imagined when they were awakened, one cold December night, by an alarm of fire from the large boarding house directly opposite their little home. Teddie and Joe tumbled out of bed to the window, while Jimmie and Bob called loudly for father and mother, who were already up and dressing.

Their own house being quite safe, Mr. Parley left them to run across the street, where the flames could now be seen bursting from the windows. The boarders rushed in and out trying to save their possessions, and presently Teddie cried:

"They're bringing some one out; it's Mrs. Gibson!"

Mrs. Gibson was "a poor rich lady," as Bob called her. The children used to watch her get in and out of the handsome carriage that came for her when she was able to ride; for Mrs. Gibson was an invalid whose money could not buy health. The Parley children had stout legs of their own that carried them wherever they wanted to go; and, while it was certainly a fine thing to ride around in one's carriage, the boys did not envy her.

"I want new boots," Joe had said that very day. "Why do some people have lots, and others 'most nothing? But we've got legs, and Mrs. Gibson hasn't—or they're not much good—so it's all right," he concluded, cheerfully.

Mrs. Gibson would have been surprised to know what an object of interest she was to the children.

But it is one thing to be interested in a lady living across the street, and quite another thing to live in the house with her, as the boys soon found; for Mrs. Gibson was carried over to the Parley's on the night of the fire, and that is the way she came to spend Christmas week among them. For a few days the boys patiently submitted to seeing little snatches of their mother, whose time was wholly taken up by the sick visitor in the spare bedroom, and it was not until the doctor ordered Mrs. Gibson out of bed, and she descended to the sittingroom, that the children made unpleasant discoveries.

"What does 'nervous' mean, Joe?" asked Jimmie, one night, as the boys were warming their feet before going to bed.

"Oh! it don't mean much of anything, I guess," answered Joe, who had never heard the word, but didn't care to say so.

"I don't believe it means much myself," said Jimmie, thoughtfully. "When Mrs. Gibson told the doctor she was 'nervous,' he said 'Fudge!' "

"If it's Mrs. Gibson, it means crossness," broke in Teddie. "If anyone thinks she isn't cross, hold up your hand."

Not a hand went up; but presently Bobbie said:

"She's sick, you know."

"Does mother act like Mrs. Gibson when she has the headache?" demanded Teddie, scornfully.

"If a dog was to wear out his legs running errands for mother, she'd thank him, but Mrs. Gibson says, 'What a time you've been!' said Jimmie, who had his own grievances.

"It seems ages since she came, and the fire wasn't ten days ago," sighed Joe. "If her brother would only come and get her before Christmas! And isn't it too bad about the tree!"

"We've promised mother, now," said Teddie soberly. "Mother's real sorry, but her hands are full, for Mrs. Gibson doesn't care how much trouble she makes. She's going to pay her board, so she thinks she can bother and find fault—as if we'd begged her to come and stay!"

Clearly, Mrs. Gibson had not made friends of the boys. Mrs. Parley had greater opportunities to see the selfish, unlovely character of the guest thrust upon her hands, but she pitied and tried to cheer her fretful unhappiness. The boys had willingly made the sacrifice of foregoing their usual Christmas tree, when their mother spoke about it, after finding what a burden her visitor

proved to be. Mrs. Parley appreciated the sacrifice; but the children felt that Mrs. Gibson would have considered it a very small thing had she known it.

Christmas was now very near at hand, and there was a great deal of whispering and whittling to do before the fire in the sitting-room.

"This house seems to be full of Mrs. Gibson," grumbled Joe, one night, as he fell over the reclining-chair that filled about a half of the little room. "She'll own us, house and all, pretty soon."

"She made us an offer today," answered Teddie, sucking his cut finger. "Wanted to buy the rosebush."

"Aunt Nellie's rosebush? I hope you told her it wasn't for sale," said Joe with spirit.

"Oh! I told her," and Teddie nodded his head wisely. "She won't offer to buy it again."

The rosebush that Mrs. Gibson wanted stood in the parlor window on a little table. While Mrs. Parley's sister was paying them a visit during the Summer, she had purchased some rosebushes to take to her distant home. Among them was one so small and sickly looking that Aunt Nellie left it behind as something quite worthless. It became the boys' care, and their treatment and its result would have astonished a professional florist. Weeks of neglect, followed by four daily waterings from four penitent boys, together with heat and chill that would have killed most plants, had no bad effect on this one. On the contrary, two plump buds rewarded this doubtful culture, and when, two days before Christmas, one of the buds swelled into a flagrant yellow flower, the Parley children were convinced that they knew how to grow roses.

Mrs. Gibson had offered a good sum for the rose bush. She wanted it, and many things far more necessary than flowers were lacking in the little house. Not that Mrs. Parley or the boys seemed to feel any lack, and all the time that Mrs. Gibson had to spare from her own troubles—although it was very little—was spent in wonder over their contentment. She saw but could not understand, the delight in their simple Christmas preparations. The red mittens, penknives and story books, tucked away by Mrs. Parley, were not costly gifts; and the clothes-pins which Bob whittled when his mother was not looking, seemed very ridiculous. Mr. Parley was away on business but was expected home on Christmas Day; and Teddie had made a wonderful bootjack that was sure to work well on father's big boots.

On Christmas Eve, when the boys came noisily in from the Sunday school entertainment bearing bags of candy and oranges, Mrs. Parley gently checked them with a remembrance of the vis-

itor, who had retired early, as usual. Teddie frowned, and Joe said:

"Can't a fellow be jolly on Christmas Eve?"

Jim and Bob showered their mother with candy, and as Mrs. Parley looked in their rosy faces she thought it was a good thing to be the mother of four boys.

"We're going to have a nice Christmas tomorrow," she said, as they drew near the fire. "The turkey is a beautiful one, and father will certainly be here by dinner-time. You've been real good about giving up the tree. The little gifts I have for you are not much, but father has just made another payment on the house, so it's our own little home at last."

"We'd like to have given you a hat with a pink feather, like Mrs. Lee's," said loving little Bob. "Can't you buy one with the money Mrs. Gibson's going to give you?"

Mrs. Parley laughed, and patted his head.

"There are things enough to buy with that money. I don't want the pink feather, Bobbie dear. But I was going to speak about Mrs. Gibson. Wouldn't it be nice to remember her in some little way tomorrow? She seems to have very few friends. And think of Christmas without a single gift!"

"She's rich, and can buy her own," said Teddie, coldly. And the boys all echoed it.

"Yes, she's rich; but we don't give Christmas presents to people only when they are poor. It's the time of good-will, you know —good-will toward all mankind because of the great Gift."

"Well, it's no use now, for we haven't anything to give her," said Jim, thinking he saw a way out of the difficulty.

"Oh, we have the very thing!" answered Mrs. Parley, who did not know how unendurable Mrs. Gibson had become to the boys. "I didn't think of buying anything, but wouldn't it be nice to cut off the yellow rose, and send it in to her on the breakfast tray? It will look pretty on her gray silk wrapper."

The children had said nothing to their mother about Mrs. Gibson's offer to buy the rosebush, and it was hardly the time to say so now, when each one secretly determined to refuse the flower which Mrs. Parley proposed to cut for their guest.

"It looks prettier where it is," said Teddie decidedly. "I don't want her to have it, but give it to anyone else you like." And this declaration was seconded by the others.

"And I'd give it to her if she wasn't so awfully nervous," yawned Bob. "How she did snap at me today!"

It was useless to deny that Mrs. Gibson was a trial; but when Mrs. Parley understood the depth of the boys' feelings, she tried to awaken a pity which would lessen their dislike. "And how can we ever hope to love our enemies if we won't try at the blessed

Christmas time?" was the question with which she hastily ended a motherly little talk, seeing sleepy Bob ready to fall from his chair. But not a boy relented about the yellow rose.

When Christmas morning came, the simple presents were exchanged, which gave unbounded satisfaction. Joe immediately cut his finger with the new knife, but this proved what a "dandy" it was for sharpness.

The boys tore themselves away from the turkey, which was being made ready for the oven, to go over to the depot for their father. The train brought Mr. Parley, laden with bundles that proved to be more Christmas, in the shape of games and puzzles. Back they came to dinner, which was a great success, although Mrs. Gibson found fault with the boiled onions, and expressed herself about Joe's eating two pieces of mince pie.

It was while the Parleys were all in a happy state, after their good dinner, that a fine carriage and pair of horses drew up before the door, and a gentleman, who proved to be Mrs. Gibson's brother, was ushered in. He had come for his sister; and, as he had planned everything to suit his own convenience rather than hers, Mrs. Gibson found that, if she wished to go with him, no time was to be lost.

Then there was a bustle! Joe regretted the second piece of mince pie, as he toiled up and down stairs obeying orders, while Mrs. Gibson poured out complaints and wants in the same breath. But at last the traveler was ready to start. While Mr. Minton and Mr. Parley were stowing away various belongings in the carriage, Mrs. Parley was in the hall wrapping Mrs. Gibson in her rich furs.

"You've been real good to me, and I won't forget it," Mrs. Gibson said suddenly. "I think you are a fortunate woman. Maybe, if I had made a happier home for my husband and son, things wouldn't have turned out so."

Meanwhile the children were holding a conversation in the parlor around the rosebush.

"I wish we'd given it this morning. Shall we do it now?" asked Joe uncertainly.

"We might as well," answered Teddie.

"I remember, now, being real cross when I had the toothache," said Jimmie, remorsefully.

"And you know what mother said about forgiving," was Bob's plea.

The result was that four bare-headed boys, one of them carrying the rosebush, rushed out to the carriage in which Mrs. Gibson was already seated.

"Here it is!" And Teddie thrust the plant, with its beautiful,

nodding flower, in her lap. "It's from me an' Joe an' Jim an' Bob, because it's Christmas."

"Oh, I see! And you wouldn't sell it because you were going to make me a present of it. Thank you, boys, and I'm—"

But here the horses started, and put an end to words.

"It wasn't because we're so glad she's gone, mother," said Teddie, as they trooped in the house. "It's good-will toward all mankind."

"Why, it's a great deal more than that," cried little Bob; "it's good-will towards Mrs. Gibson!"

And Mrs. Parley smiled and understood.—Ella Lyle.

WHAT OPPORTUNITY LOOKS LIKE.

In one of the Greek cities there stood, long ago, a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now, as is the case with most of these old masterpieces of genius; but there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it, and, as we read the words, we can discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passer-by.

The epigram is in the form of a conversation between the traveler and the statue.

"What is thy name, O statue?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Who made thee?"

"Lysippus."

"Why art thy standing on thy toes?"

"To show that I stand but a moment."

"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?"

"To show how quickly I pass by."

"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

"That men may seize me when they meet me."

"Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?"

"To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught."

We do not see statues standing on the highways to remind us of our opportunities for doing good and being of service to others, but we know that they come to us. They are ours but for a moment. If we let them pass they are gone forever.—Selected.

THIRD GRADE.

CHURCH HISTORY.

LESSON XXXIII.

Chapter 34. Young Folk's History of the Church.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, JUNIOR.

Brigham Young, Junior, the son of President Brigham Young, was one of the Twelve Apostles. He was born in Kirtland, Ohio. In his youth he had the reputation of a merry, kind hearted and courageous boy. He was very much attached to the Prophet Joseph Smith, and young as he was at the time of the martyrdom, was utterly cast down with sorrow and anguish at the loss of the two noble leaders of his people.

When the Saints were driven out of Nauvoo and President Brigham Young led the crowd of sorrow stricken people across the river to a place of greater safety, the boy Brigham was off at play, and when his mother and the rest of the children were taken across the ferry, Brigham was left.

When he returned to his home he discovered that everybody was gone, the doors stood open, the furniture was left standing in its place, but there were no friendly voices to welcome him home.

He flew down to the river and there he found a boat ready to pull across the river, it would be the last one that night, somebody told him, the boat was loaded and there seemed to be no room for Brigham, but the boy did not propose to be on one side of the river and his family on the other. There was a barrell in the bow of the boat, and Brigham climbed on top of it and so crossed the ferry.

There were such crowds of people on the other side, so much confusion, families seemed to be hopelessly separated and Brig-

ham searched in vain for his parents. He felt very lonely and very hungry, and was very glad when someone offered him a share of the food which was so scanty for all. At last after three days of searching he found his family, they had camped at Sugar Creek, a place ten miles away from where Brigham had crossed the river

In all the terrible experiences of the Saints after leaving Nauvoo, Brigham helped by driving the oxen, though only twelve years old, he was just as good as a grown man, because he was steady and reliable and yet through it all he was as light hearted and merry as the June sunshine.

Brigham's first years in Great Salt Lake Valley were spent in herding stock, hauling wood from the canyons and in doing all sorts of hard manual labor. He, also, served as guard, to protect the people from the hostile Indians. His whole life was devoted to his people and his religion, and though he was compelled to suffer hardships and privations, to perform many of the most arduous as well as most humble of the duties of life, he lived so as to be worthy of the respect and love of his people and to occupy exalted and dignified positions of trust and responsibility.

LESSON XXXIV.

Chapter 34. Young Folks History of the Church.

DAVID W. PATTEN.

David W. Patten was a great and good man and an Apostle of the Lord. When he was thirty-two years old he was baptized a member of our Church and two days later began to labor in the missionary field. Brother Patten made a powerful missionary, and he was able with the help of the Spirit of the Lord to make many converts, and many signs followed those who believed, the sick being healed in a remarkable manner. One woman who had been afflicted for nearly twenty years, was instantly healed. Margaret Little was lying at the point of death and when she was administered to, was immediately restored to health, she was not a member of the Church. but said that as soon as she was better she would be baptized. Brother Patten told her the affliction would come back if she did not repent and be baptized. Brother Patten was going away from where Margaret Little lived, but later he returned and found the lady very ill again, she had not been baptized, but begged to be again administered to, and this time she would surely obey the Gospel. The Elders laid hands upon her, and once more she was instantly healed and soon after was baptized.

Brother Patten labored with all his strength and ability for the advancement of his Church and people, and in 1838 was put to death by a cruel mob. Of his last moments, President Heber C. Kimball wrote: "When the shades of time were lowering, and eternity, with all its realities, were opening to his view, he bore a strong testimony to the truth of the work of the Lord and the religion he had espoused. The principles of the Gospel, which were so precious to him before, were honorably maintained in nature's final hour, and afforded him that support and consolation at the time of his departure which deprived death of its sting and horror. Speaking of those who had apostatized,he exclaimed, 'Oh, that they were in my situation! For I feel I have kept the faith; I have finished my course. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to me.' Speaking to his beloved wife, who was present, and who attended him in his dying moments, he said, 'Whatever you do else, do not deny the faith!' A few moments before he died he prayed thus: 'Father, I ask Thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, that Thou wouldst release my spirit and receive it unto thyself.' The brethren committed him to the Lord, and he quietly breathed his last without a struggle or a groan."

David W. Patten was the first apostolic martyr in the dispensation of the fullness of times, when the Gospel has again been restored. Joseph, the Prophet, wrote of him: "Brother David W. Patten was a worthy man, beloved by all good men who knew him. He died as he had lived, a man of God, and strong in the faith of a glorious resurrection in a world where mobs will have no power or place."

LESSON XXXV.

Chapter 35. Young Folks History of the Church.

EMILY HILL WOODMANSEE.

Emily Hill Woodmansee, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Slade Hill, was born in the southwest of England, near Warminster, Wilts, March 24, 1836. Quoting her own words:

"Of my pedigree I will simply say that my parents were honorable, hard-working people, too independent in spirit to stoop to mean actions, much less to sully their conscience to curry favor. The youngest living of eleven children, I fully enjoyed the privileges often accorded the youngest member of a family, (i. e.) of

having things my own way. My parents as well as my brothers and sisters were very kind to me, and I can truly say—slightly reversing a word in the lines of one of our poets, that,

'I never knew what trouble was
Till I became a Mormon.

"When but a mere child I was much concerned about my eternal salvation and felt that I would make any sacrifice to obtain it. I asked all kinds of questions of my mother and sisters, seeking how to be saved, but could get no satisfaction from them nor from the religious body (Wesleyans) to which they belonged.

"Hungry and thirsty for truth, I searched the Scriptures, invariably turning to the lives of ancient apostles or to the beautiful writings of the Prophet Isaiah. I was never weary of reading his prophecies, the glory of a Latter-Day Zion that burthened his inspirations possessed for me a charm irresistible. Truly I was waiting for something, I knew not what, that came to me sooner than I expected.

"When I was about twelve years old, my cousin, Miriam Slade, (afterward the wife of Edward Hanham,) came to visit us; she was very merry-hearted and we had anticipated her visit, expecting a good deal of fun; but she was too full of a 'new religion' to do anything but preach. 'God,' she said, 'had spoken from the heaven to a man named Joseph Smith; the Gospel was restored to the earth, the honest in heart were commanded to gather to the land of Zion for safety, for this was the last dispensation, and the hour of God's judgment had come!'

"Right faithfully she testified to her knowledge of these things, much to the surprise of our family, who were considerably amused at her earnestness as well as at the novelty of her belief, and notwithstanding I listened attentively, I thought her assertions too good to be true. The next Sunday my cousin informed us that the Latter-day Saints had appointed a meeting for that day at an adjoining village called Chalford, and invited us to go. As it was a distance of five or six miles, making a long walk there and back, none of my brothers cared to go, and my elder sisters considered themselves altogether too respectable (?) to attend an outdoor meeting of such a primitive sect, therefore they declined to go, and no one thought of sending me till I suggested it. Turning to my father, my sisters said, (laughingly,) 'Yes, send Em, she will tell us all about it.'

"In five minutes Miriam Slade and myself were on the road, accompanied by Mr. Wm. Bowring, (brother to Henry E. Bowring of Brigham City,) and by Edward W. Tullidge, then a youth, but now well-known as a talented writer and also as the proprietor and

editor of Tullidge's Quarterly Magazine. Never, never shall I forget that day, surely it was the turning point of my whole life. A few devoted worshippers of truth met together in a small house, to bear their testimony to one another and to worship God! And He was in their midst and that to bless them. Even as in the day of Pentecost, they spake in tongues and prophesied, which prophecy I have seen fulfilled. Unlike the Jews who were 'pricked in their hearts,' I did not even ask, 'What shall I do to be saved?' 'The way' was open before me, and simple and young as I was I instinctively knew that 'I could not err therein.'

"It was indeed as though I had been brought 'out of darkness into marvelous light,' and I could not shut my eyes against it.

"In the evening I attended an out door 'Mormon meeting,' and though naturally sensitive to ridicule, I did not care the least for the sneers of the crowd but joined in the songs of the Saints as well as I could, for in my childish way I wanted it understood that I was not ashamed to count one with the peculiar people called Latter-day Saints.

"Many a time since, when 'offenses' have come in my way over which with mortal weakness I have almost stumbled, the testimony of that eventful day has been to me a precious recollection which nothing could obliterate. I was so overjoyed at finding what I had so long desired, and so eager to convince my friends that I could hardly wait to get home. As soon as I was inside the house and almost before anyone else could speak, I astounded them all by the emphatic declaration that I knew the Latter-day Saints were the right people; and I would join them as soon as I was big enough. I was never sent to 'take notes' of the 'Mormons' again, but on the contrary was closely watched lest I should be led away by a 'sect that was everywhere spoken against.' My early study of the Scriptures now stood me in good stead, and I searched the Bible more diligently than ever, so that I might give a good reason for my faith to the hosts that assailed me, (right reverends among the number,) who, finding it easier to cry 'delusion' than to prove it, generally wound up by informing me that I wasn't old enough to know my own mind, and was altogether too young to judge of so grave a matter. Meantime my persistent faith invoked such a tempest of wrath over my head, that I could not even get an opportunity to be baptized, and the Elders did not think it wisdom (because of my tender years) to perform the ceremony without my parents' consent. I well remember looking forward to a period when I should be old enough to act for myself, and it seemed a lifetime.

"About this time one of the Elders brought Brother John Halliday (brother to Bishop Halliday of Santaquin) to our house, who bore such a powerful testimony of the divine mission of Jo-

seph Smith, that my sister, Julia, (now Mrs. Ivins of St. George,) exclaimed, 'If ever there was a man of God I'm sure he is one, and I'll be a Latter-day Saint, too!' From that time I had a friend in the family, and we were both determined that cost what it might we would be true to the light within us. Only once in a great while could we steal away and meet with the Saints, but although we were not yet baptized we partook of the Sacrament and paid out our pocket money to the Church funds like actual members.

"On one of these occasions Brother Halliday blessed me and confirmed upon me the promise that I should write in prose and in verse and thereby comfort the hearts of thousands. After this I was baptized March 25, 1858, I was then sixteen, but had virtually been a Latter-day Saint for four years.

"Denied the privilege of freely meeting with the Saints, I all the more earnestly desired to gather to Zion; but fearing I might be forcibly detained if I attempted to leave home directly for America, I obtained my parents' consent to visit my sister, Julia—who had already gone to Northampton (quite a long distance from home) hoping that the way would open up, so we might earn enough to emigrate. There for the first time I enjoyed religious freedom and there also I took my lessons of hard times; preparing me for greater hardships in store.

LESSON XXXVI.

Chapter 36. Young Folk's History of the Church.

EMILY HILL WOODMANSEE (CONTINUED).

"In the month of May, 1856, we sailed for America on the ship Thornton, Captain Collins, commander; Brother James G. Willie had charge of the Saints, (a company of eight hundred) and a good captain he was. We had a pleasant trip with the exception of one heavy storm which I would not have missed for a great deal.

"From New York we traveled by rail and by way of Lake Erie to the camping ground in the neighborhood of Iowa City; there we were obliged to wait till the companies were ready to start, and surely if we had been natural or unnatural curiosities we could not have been commented on or stared at any more by the people surrounding us. 'Mormons, men, women and children, and worse, a lot of young girls, bound for Salt Lake and going to pull 'hand carts!' Shocking!'

"Yet, for the potent reason that no other way seemed open,

and on the principle of 'descending below all things,' I made up my mind to pull a hand cart. 'All the way to Zion,' a foot journey from Iowa to Utah, and pull our luggage, think of it! Anonymous letters, and warnings from sympathizing outsiders were mysteriously conveyed to us, setting forth the hardships and impossibilities of such a journey, and offering us inducements to stay. Many who started out with us backed out in a few days; my sister broke down and was unable to walk and I remember asking myself (footsore and weary with the first week of walking and working) if it was possible for me, faith or no faith, to walk twelve hundred miles further. The flesh certainly was weak but the spirit was willing, I set down my foot that I would try, and by the blessing of God I pulled a hand cart a thousand miles and never rode one step. Some thrilling scenes I could relate incident to that journey, but must forbear for want of space. Suffice it to say that after a long and wearisome journey, being entirely out of provisions, we halted for want of strength to proceed, and never should I have beheld (with mortal eyes) 'the city of the Saints' had not the compassionate people of Utah sent out a number of brave-hearted brethren with food and clothing to our relief. May they all be everlastingly blessed.

"In the month of June, 1857, firmly believing in the principle of plural marriage I entered into it. The result of this marriage was one child only, for a little more than three years after said marriage, my husband went on a mission to England, and after I had worked for upwards of four years to maintain myself and little one, my husband himself sent me word that he never intended to set foot in Utah again. And here I must be allowed to say in behalf of myself and other true women who have endured such separations, and to whom, perhaps, it is counted as nothing, no one can realize what such an ordeal is, unless they have passed through it. All that I had hitherto suffered seemed like child's play compared to being deserted by the one in whom I had chosen to place the utmost confidence, who himself had fixed an impassable gulf between us by ignoring the very principles by which he had obtained me, leaving myself and my little one (for all he knew) to sorrow and destitution. Harder still, was it for me to believe that this abandonment had been deliberately planned. I could not accept the fact till President Young, (speaking to me of my husband), emphatically said, 'Don't you know he asked for his mission? If he hadn't I wouldn't have sent him till the day of his death!' That was enough for me, I comprehended all that it meant, and independent of Brigham Young's word I was forced to believe it.

"I had striven hard to keep out of debt,—determined to do my part as a missionary's wife, that when my husband came back

he might not be hampered on my account. Nevertheless 'hard times' stared me in the face, and I was almost overwhelmed by circumstances beyond my control. During the winter season of 1863-4, (owing to the war and many circumstances combined) provisions and other necessaries commanded almost fabulous prices, and I could not see how I should ever be able to keep 'the wolf from the door.' To add to my trouble, the house I occupied (and to which I had been led to believe I had some claim,) was sold over my head and thus I had the prospect of being homeless, at a time when rents were going up double and treble. One night when I was so weary with overwork and anxiety, pondering what to do, these words impressed me as if audibly spoken, Trust in God and thyself. Instantly I arose and composed the following lines:

A priceless boon! is a friend indeed
Greet him as such when his face you see;
But those who fail thee in time of need—
Shun them, as false friends should shunned be.
They proffer this, and they promise that,
But promise, alas, is doubtful elf.
So would'st thou weather the storms of life—
Trust thou in God! and thyself.

"Immediately after this my way opened up before me, almost within the week I secured another home, which, if not very commodious, had for me the satisfying charm of being my own.

"On May 7, 1864, I again entered into plural marriage, and was sealed by Heber C. Kimball to Joseph Woodmansee, to whom I have borne four sons and four daughters. Two of these died in infancy, leaving me a family of seven, including my first born.

"Nearly twenty years have rolled by since my second marriage, during which time I have seen many changes of fortune which I cannot now relate, but I will say this much of my children's father. Misfortunes that have befallen him have never affected his faith, he has proven his allegiance to the principles and Priesthood of God at considerable sacrifice to himself and family, enduring reverses uncomplainingly.

"Of my children I need say but little, but I fervently hope that each and all of them may seek and obtain for themselves a knowledge of the truth, (called Mormonism) for I know it can make them wise unto salvation, and may they be willing if needs be to endure reproach and privation for principles sake. I doubt not that all my troubles have been for my good, and today I am more than thankful for my standing in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.'

"I desire to live to make up for past short-comings by future diligence, that I may help (in my humble way) to build up 'the kingdom whose dominion, power and greatness shall be given to the Saints of the most High! who shall possess it forever and ever.' "

THE LEGEND OF TWO SACKS.

An ancient legend describes an old man traveling from place to place with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him. In the one behind he tossed the kind deeds of his friends, which were soon quite hidden from view and forgotten. In the one hanging around his neck, under his chin, he threw all the sins which his acquaintances committed, and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day, which naturally hindered his course.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man coming slowly along, also wearing two sacks. "What have you there?" asked the old man.

"Why, my good deeds," replied number two. "I keep all these before me, and take them out and air them frequently."

"What is in the other big sack?" asked the first traveler. "It seems weighty."

"Merely my little mistakes. I always keep them in the sack hanging over my back."

Presently the two travelers were joined by a third, who, strange to say, also carried two sacks—one under his chin and one on his back.

"Let us see the contents of your sacks," exclaimed the first two travelers.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger. "For I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one under his chin, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"Your sacks look full. They must be very heavy," observed the old man.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "they are big, but not heavy. The weight is only such as sails are to a ship. Far from being a burden, it helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little use to you," said number two, "for it appears to be empty, and I see that it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did that on purpose," said the stronger, "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So you see, I have no weight to draw me backwards."—Selected.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

"God help us parents all to live aright,
And may our homes all love and truth unfold,
Since life for us no loftier aim can hold
Than leading little children to the light."

CONTINUATION OF EXTRACTS FROM AN ARTICLE ENTITLED EARLY ENVIRONMENT IN HOME LIFE.

The ideals which fill the mental horizon of youth color life for all after years. They are the well-springs which water the thought garden of the soul. When parents appreciate the soul-moulding power of the ideal, they will fill the chambers of the child's mind with pictures which will develop the divine so that the low, base and selfish impulses will shrivel in the presence of that which in essence is eternal, luminous and life-giving. Fill the child mind with high, pure ideals. One of the most efficacious ways of doing this is to tell him the stories of the noblest, finest and bravest lives which have blossomed along the pathway of time rather than of those who have reddened earth with blood.

Tell the child those stories in the life of Jesus which illustrate the fine, sweet, human love and sympathy of the great Nazarene. Tell him the story of Epictetus, the little slave and cripple who was also one of the noblest stoic philosophers; a man whose life will be an inspiration to any child. Go a step further, and develop his memory by giving him to commit some of the thought gems of each great thinker who has written words of moral inspiration. If teaching of Epictetus, have him memorize some such golden thoughts as these: "Do what is right, without regard to what people say or think." "Nothing is nobler than highmindedness, gentleness and doing good." "What ought not to be done, do not even think." The child may not understand just what these words mean when he learns them, and it will be well to illustrate the meaning of nobleness, highmindedness and gentleness by telling him stories exemplifying each. But whether this is done or not, the words memorized will linger in the corridors of the soul to battle for virtue at a later day.

In like manner go through memorable pages in history. Tell him the story of the Gracchi, and the age-long dream of man for a democracy in which right should prevail, when freedom should

be found and when justice should blossom. Show him how idleness always leads to sin, and sin to injury of others and the misery of self; that the idle wealthy soon grow vicious, and the idle poor in time become depraved. Tell him the story of old John Ball and his dream of freedom for the people, and show him how the tide of democracy in England rose in the forties, when the corn laws fell and Great Britain welcomed the trade of the world. Tell him of the war of the Revolution, and at all times show him the persistency of the democratic ideal, and how it broadens and deepens with every age. Show him that a great responsibility rests upon him; that he must some day help to further the cause of the race, and that in order to bless the world he must be manly, frank, earnest and clear-minded.

It would be well to read aloud to your child, and let all the members of the home circle manifest interest in the reading by talking about the subject in hand. The schooling which I most prize and that which I believe was by far the most powerful in framing my tastes, desires and aspirations, was received when I was very young, partly from my mother, who never tired of telling me stories of ethical bearing, partly from my father, who through the long winter evenings used to read to my brothers and sisters and myself from various works, and, as he read, illustrated all obscure passages and explained words which were beyond our comprehension. He had the rare faculty of making us feel that he was the most interested one of the group, and the pleasure he evinced when he could recount the story from sacred or profane history or from the narrative which he had read on a previous occasion, sharpened our interest and strengthened our memory. I cite this to show how real and enduring are the lessons thus inculcated.

IF I COULD BE A BOY AGAIN.

"If I were a boy"—well, if I were such a boy as I was, of the same sort, with the same beginnings, the same blood, the same surroundings, the same teachers, the same home (blessed home!), the same classmates, the same accidents, atmospheres and aspirations, the same interior opinions, passions and conflicts—should I have come into the same life, by the same path, with the same experience and outcome? Could I have made the product different?

If I were a boy with my present knowledge of the end, or the state of present progress toward the end, and with my memory of the past and my man's view of a boy's life—what would I do?

First, I should have an early conversation with my parents. I should bring my later wisdom to bear on them. I am older now than my father was when I was a boy, and I might give a word of advice even to him.

If I were a boy, I should want a thorough discipline, early begun, and never relaxed, on the great doctrine of will-force as the secret of character. If I were a boy, I should want my teachers to put a weight of responsibility upon me; to make me know and feel that God furnishes the material and the conditions, but that I must do the work of building my character; to fill me with the thought that I am not a "thing," a stick, a stone, a lump of clay or putty, but a "person," a "power," a "cause," a "creator," and that what I am in the long run, in the final outcome, I am to make myself.

Classes for letter-picking and word-building, for difficult spelling and reading, are very good. Classes in numbers, for mental problems and drawing geometrical lines, are excellent. But the best class, to be earliest recognized and longest sustained, the class that never graduates, is the class in which a boy is trained to say, "I ought; I can; I will."

If I were a boy with my man's wisdom, I should eat wholesome food and no other. I should chew it well and never "bolt it down." I should eat at regular hours. I should never touch tobacco, chewing-gum, or patent medicines; never once go to bed without cleaning my teeth, never let a year go by without a dentist's inspection and treatment; never sit up late at night, unless a great emergency demanded it; never linger one moment in bed when the time came for getting up; never fail to rub every part of my body every morning with a wet towel, and then with a dry one; and never drink more than three or four tablespoonfuls of ice-water at one time. But all this takes will power. Yes, but that is all it does take.

I should never speak a word to anyone who might be worried about it, and only kind words of others, even of enemies, in their absence. I should put no unclean thoughts, pictures, sights, or stories in my memory and imagination. I should want to be able to say, "I have never pronounced a word which I ought not to speak in the presence of the purest woman in the world." I should treat little folks kindly, and not tease them; show respect to servants and be kind to the unfortunate.

I should play and romp, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, swim rivers, and be able to do in reason all the manly things that belong to manly sports; love and study nature; travel as widely and observe as wisely as I could; study with a will when the time came for study; read the best books, try to speak accurately and pronounce distinctly; go to college and go through college, even if I expected to be a clerk, a farmer, or a mecanic; try to be a practical, every day Christian; help every good cause; "use the world,

and not abuse it;" treat older men and women as fathers and mothers, the young as brethren and sisters in all purity.—Bishop Vincent.

SYMPATHY AND SUCCESS.

Abraham Lincoln, during the war, frequently visited the hospitals and addressed cheering words to the wounded warriors. On one occasion he found a young fellow whose legs had been amputated and who was evidently sinking fast. "Is there anything I can do for you?" asked Lincoln. "You might write a letter to my mother," was the faint reply. The president wrote at the youth's dictation: "My dearest mother, I have been shot bad, but am bearing up. I tried to do my duty. They tell me I cannot recover. God bless you and father! Kiss Mary and John for me." At the end came these words as postscript: "This letter was written by Abraham Lincoln." When the boy perused the epistle and saw those added words, he looked with astonished gaze at the visitor and asked: "Are you our president?" "Yes," was the quiet answer; "and now you know that, is there anything else I can do for you?" Feebly the lad said: "I guess you might hold my hand and see me through."

SPARE TIME.

If little Spare Time came round
  And found Busy Moments out,
He'd enter without a sound,
  And rummage about, no doubt;
And if there was no one seemed to care,
He'd revel in mischief everywhere.

When little Spare Time comes in,
  Be sure Busy Moments knows,
For he has a way to win
  A smile from the worst of foes;
And every one's sure all mischief ends
When little Spare Time and he are friends.

—Frank Walcott Hutt.

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CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

ORGAN OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them close to your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care—
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run;
There may come a time in the by and by
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun.

When you long for a repetition sweet,
That sounded through each room,
Of "mother! mother!" the clear loud calls,
That will echo long through the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tireless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,
Whence youth and age come never more,
You will miss them from your side.

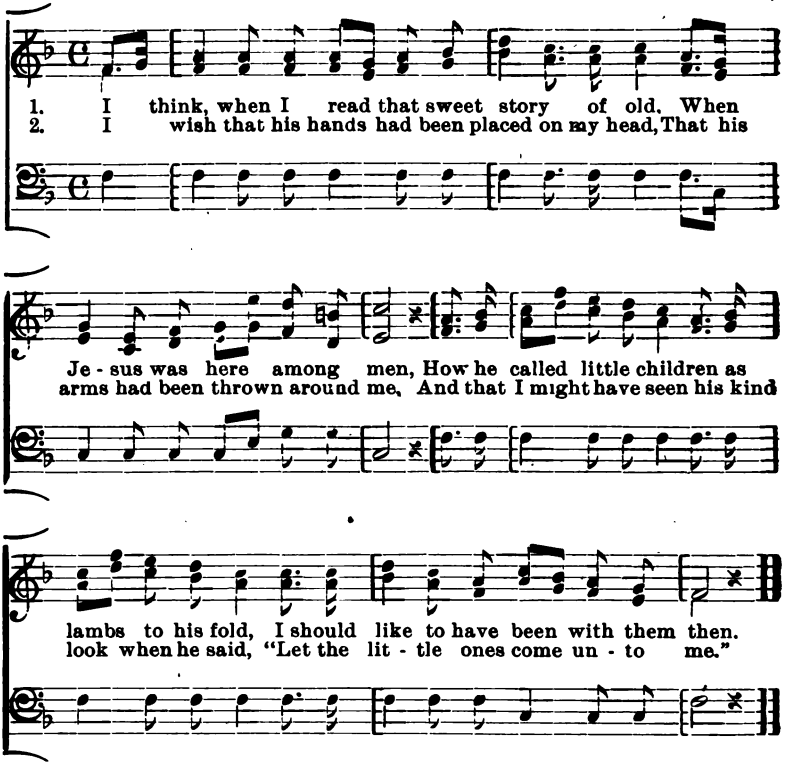
Then gather them to your loving side,
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care—
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

—Selected.

FIRST GRADE.

LESSONS FOR THE MONTH.

OPENING EXERCISES.

SWEET STORY OF OLD.

1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his
Je - sus was here among men, How he called little children as
arms had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen his kind
lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."

Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

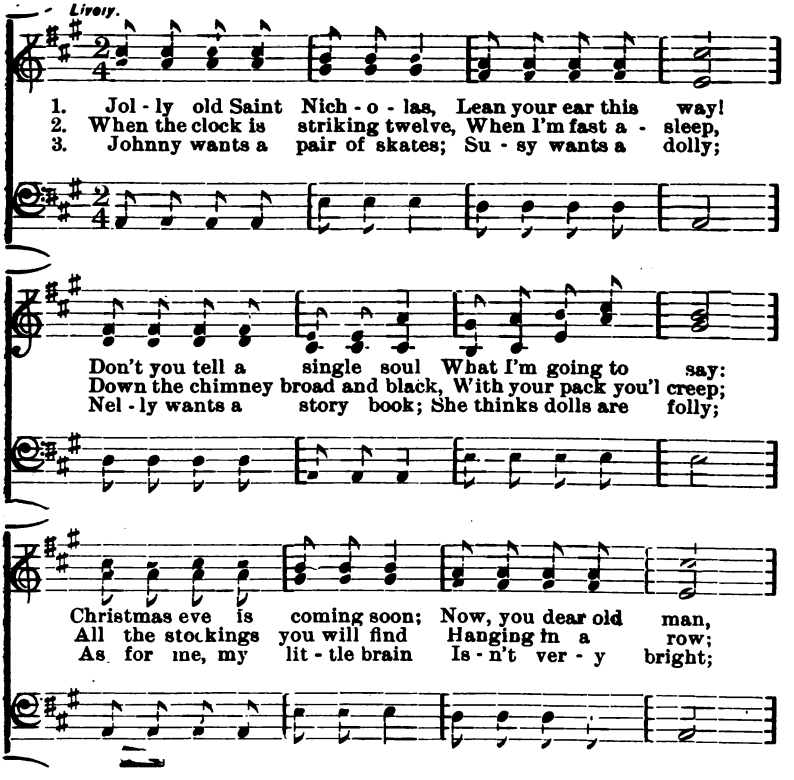
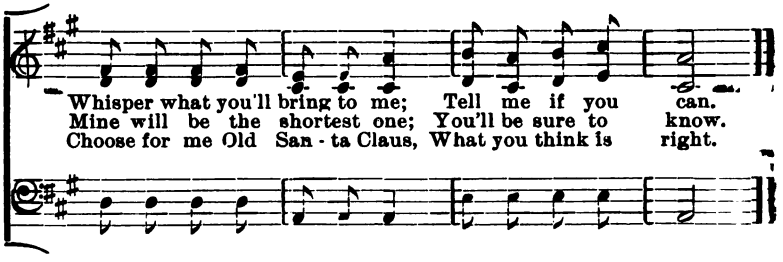
To be repeated after the teacher.

I thank thee, dear Father in Heaven above,
For thy goodness and mercy, thy kindness and love;
I thank thee for home, friends and parents so dear,
And for every blessing that I enjoy here.

Bless father, and comfort my dear mother's heart—
To brothers and sisters thy Spirit impart;
Bless every good woman and every good man;
Let peace fill the world, for this we would plan.

Help me to be good, kind and gentle today,
And mind what my father and mother shall say;
In the dear name of Jesus, so loving and mild,
I ask thee to bless me and keep me thy child.

Amen.

JOLLY OLD SAINT NICHOLAS.

Lively.
1. Jol - ly old Saint Nich - o - las, Lean your ear this way!
2. When the clock is striking twelve, When I'm fast a - sleep,
3. Johnny wants a pair of skates; Su - sy wants a dolly;
Don't you tell a single soul What I'm going to say:
Down the chimney broad and black, With your pack you'l creep;
Nel - ly wants a story book; She thinks dolls are folly;
Christmas eve is coming soon; Now, you dear old man,
All the stockings you will find Hanging in a row;
As for me, my lit - tle brain Is - n't ver - y bright;

Whisper what you'll bring to me; Tell me if you can.
Mine will be the shortest one; You'll be sure to know.
Choose for me Old San - ta Claus, What you think is right.

Suggestive Talks.

Teacher's reading. Luke 1: 28—38, 46—55.
Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 1.

1. Today I am going to tell you about a home in a country, far, far away from here, and about a wonderful thing that happened in that home a long, long time ago.

A woman with a sweet, kind face lived in this home and her name was Mary. Mary was poor and her home was poor; there were not many nice things in it to make it beautiful or very comfortable, yet, I think it must have been a happy home, because Mary was so gentle and so kind.

One day a messenger came to see Mary and told her something that made her feel very happy.

This messenger was an angel and he came from our Father in Heaven. At first Mary was very much afraid, but when she looked at the angel she saw he had a good, kind face and then she felt better about it. The angel said to Mary, "Do not fear, I come with a glad message for you. God will send you a little boy baby, and He shall be the Jesus, the Christ child, the one who is to bring so much love and kindness into all the world. You will be the mother of this baby and you shall care for him and love him."

Then the angel went away. Mary was very happy thinking about it, but she wondered why God had chosen a poor, humble woman for so great a work.

"Never mind," said she, "God knows best, and I will do whatever He asks of me."

By and by Mary and Joseph had to go to Bethlehem. It was a long, hard journey. When they arrived there they found the town full of people and there was no room for them. They tried so many places but the people only shook their heads and said:

"Our house is full, we have no room for any more."

After a while they found a man who offered them a part of the place where the cows and horses and sheep lived. It was not

very nice for Mary and Joseph, but it was the best to be had, so they made them a bed in the hay and that night the little baby came, just as the angel had promised, and the only place they could put the baby was in the manger, where the animals ate their hay.

2. Teacher's reading. Luke 2: 8—15. Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 1.

Review previous lesson.

On the same night that Jesus was born there were some shepherds out in the fields taking care of the sheep, to see that no wild animals came to frighten them. It was a cold night and perhaps the shepherds had made a fire and were gathered around it trying to keep warm. By and by it began to grow light and the men were astonished; it wasn't time for the morning light, the sun was far away, they were all looking up into the sky wonderingly, and then they saw that the light came from a beautiful, bright angel. While they stood gazing in wonder and amazement the angel spoke and told them about the good news, that a baby was born who would bring joy to all the world and that they would find Him in a manger. Then they heard sounds of beautiful music, and the voices of many angels singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men."

After the angels went away, the shepherds said: "Let us go to Bethlehem and see the baby which the Lord hath told us about."

And they left their sheep and went just as fast as they could until they came to the place where the baby was lying in the manger. After they had seen the little baby Jesus they went out and told the people all about the visit of the angels and the wonderful baby who was to bring joy to all the world.

3. Teacher's reading. Matthew 2: 1—11. Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 3. Ben Hur, by Wallace, chapters 1—5.

The Children's Friend, Vol. I, page 6.

There were three wise men who lived in different places and they had been watching for years for a new star. They were waiting for it to guide them to the baby Jesus. When it appeared, they got ready and started on the journey. There were no trains to help them in that country, so they rode on camels. After they had been traveling for a long time the three wise men met and told each other the story of the new star, how it was guiding them on their journey.

Now they traveled on together and when they came to Bethle-

hem the star stood still over the place where Jesus was born. The wise men got down from their camels and went into the place where the baby lay and they took with them fine gifts for little Jesus, they knelt down and worshiped him and gave him the gifts they had brought with them.

And these were the very first Christmas gifts anybody ever gave. Every year when Christmas comes we remember about Jesus and the love and joy He brought to us, and we like to make people happy by giving them a nice Christmas gift.

4. Teacher's reading. Matthew 1: 25. Luke 2: 21—32. Life of Christ, Farrar, chapter 2. The Children's Friend, Vol I, page 9.

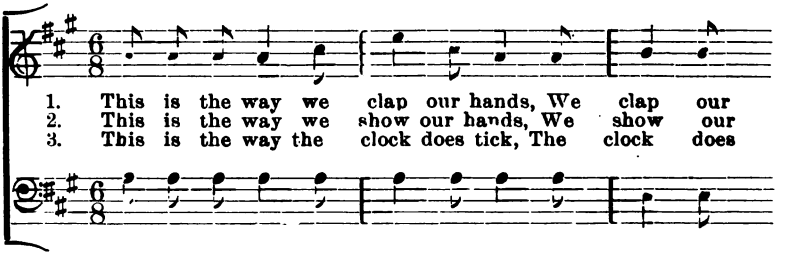
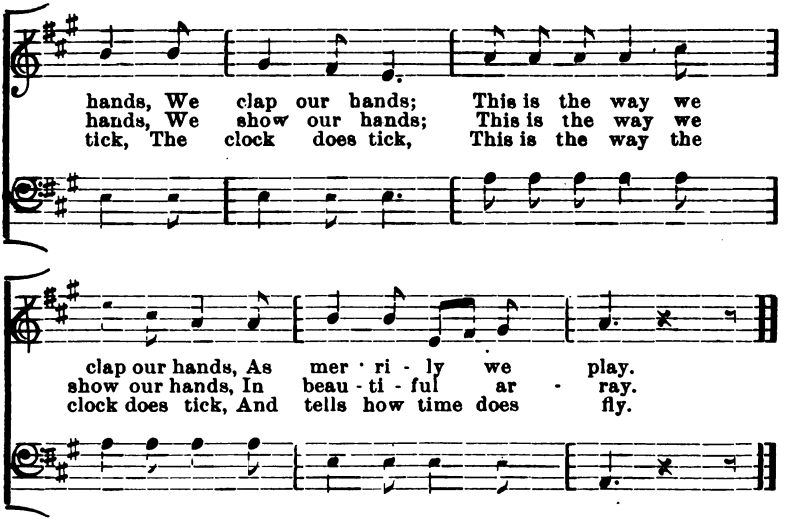
Review briefly the story of the birth of Jesus. Have the children tell it to you. Ask about the home life of the children. Who have little baby brothers and sisters? What are their names? Tell about the custom of blessing the baby on the eighth day and giving it a name.

When the baby Jesus was eight days old He was given the name Jesus.

Now tell about the fast meetings which are held every month and how everybody gives something to the Bishop for those who need help, who perhaps have not as much as we have. How glad we are to help each other. It is to this meeting that all the new babies are taken and where the Bishop or some other good man gives them a blessing. And how the same thing happened to Jesus. He was taken to the temple and a good man gave him a blessing, the mother took with her an offering which she left in the temple.

EXERCISES.

IMITATION SONG.


1. This is the way we clap our hands, We clap our
2. This is the way we show our hands, We show our
3. This is the way the clock does tick, The clock does

hands, We clap our hands; This is the way we
hands, We show our hands; This is the way we
tick, The clock does tick, This is the way the
clap our hands, As mer · ri - ly we play.
show our hands, In beau - ti - ful ar - ray.
clock does tick, And tells how time does fly.

TAKING A NAP.

"Children, let us play taking a nap." Lean forward so that the head rests on the folded arms. If there is a piano or organ in the room, some very soft music played for this game makes it more effective. After a few minutes the teacher says: "Wake up."

Now sing the Hand Exercise Song found in the June number of Vol 2, this magazine.

THE LITTLE GYPSY BOY.

A long time ago a little gypsy boy lay sick and dying. A kind lady went to see him. As she looked into his little pale face, she said, "My little friend, shall I tell you of Jesus, our Saviour? You are going to see Him soon."

"Who is Jesus?" said the little boy, "I have never heard of Him before."

"Have you not heard of that starry night, when the shepherds were watching their sheep on the hill side? When a bright light shone out from the heavens, and the angels sang for joy?"

"O, be not afraid, for we bring you glad tidings. Tonight Jesus is born, our Saviour and King."

"Jesus our Saviour and King."

"O tell me more," said the little boy."

Then she told him of the wise men, who rode on snow white camels, and carried beautiful presents to the little Christ child and how they followed the star that led them to where the dear little babe lay sleeping. And how they fell down and worshiped him.

"Does He still live?" said the little boy.

"Yes, my dear, He lives for you and me. He lives for all. And on the glad Christmas day that is coming soon we celebrate the birthday of the dear little boy Jesus, whose kind Father is our Father. He so loved us that He gave His only son for our sakes, that our sins might be forgiven, that we might have a home in that beautiful city called Heaven."

The little boy looked up into the kind lady's face. His little eyes filled with tears of joy, and said, "O tell me again."

In softest tones, but joyfully, she sang:

Shepherds were watching their sheep through the night,
When from the heavens there came a great light.
Angels said, Fear not, glad tidings we bring,
Jesus is born to you, Saviour and King.
Jesus is born to you, Saviour and King.

—May C. Baker (Lehi).

MISS BENSON'S HIRED MAN.

Robert sat on the doorstep, his elbow on his patched knees, his face resting in his hands. He was thinking so hard that his forehead was criss-crossed with big wrinkles.

At a little distance was two-year-old Dannie, playing in the loose sand of the driveway with a tin cocoa-can and a broken-handled spoon. Robert sighed heavily as he watched him. "Two weeks ago mother was alive, and we were all together and so happy," he said to himself. "Now mother is dead, and Dannie and I haven't any home at all—only here. Mr. Davis said we might stay till school begins. That will be just a week from day after tomorrow. It was good of him to let us stay so long, for he's got two men and don't need my help, and I'm quite sure Mrs. Davis doesn't like the bother of having us round."

Here Dannie came trotting up to lean on his brother's knee, laugh up at him, and pat his face softly with his chubby little hand. Then with some baby jargon on his lips he trotted back again to his play.

After supper, Mr. and Mrs. Davis had gone to ride. Robert had watched them drive away. Further down the road, Miss Benson had come out, and they had stopped to talk with her. Then they had gone along and soon disappeared from sight.

One of the men was hoeing in the garden, a whippoorwill was singing somewhere, and there was a gorgeous sunset in the west, but Robert was in such a brown study that he did not notice any of these things.

The sound of footsteps close at hand made him look up. Miss Benson was coming up the driveway toward him.

"I want you over to my house," she said abruptly.

Robert rose to his feet, a little startled. He had always stood in considerable awe of Miss Benson, she was so straight and prim and severe, and had such a brusque way of speaking.

"I've just had a difference with my hired man," she explained, "and he's packed up his things and left. I shall get a new man as soon as I can—probably by the end of the week. Meantime my cows have got to be milked. Mr. Davis says you can milk and he don't know any reason why you can't help me out."

"Yes'm, I can milk, and I'd be glad to do it for you," said Robert.

"There'll be quite a little other choring to do, so perhaps you'd better come and stay—come tonight so as to be on hand in the morning."

"All right, I will," Robert agreed. "Come, Dannie," he called to the child.

"Mercy me! You're not going to bring him?" exclaimed Miss Benson.

"I think I'll have to, if I come," faltered Robert.

"Two boys—and one of 'em a baby! It's too much of a good thing," said Miss Benson in a vexed tone. "Dear me! isn't there somebody else I could get, I wonder?" and she bit her lip and pondered. "No," she sighed at last, "I can't think of another living soul. Well, perhaps I can get the new man around by the middle of the week. I don't see but what I shall have to take she ended, with an uncomfortable laugh.

"I'll get a few of our things together and come right over," both of you, though the remedy is almost worse than the disease," Robert told her.

"Very well. I won't wait for you," said Miss Benson, and she walked rapidly away.

When Robert and Dannie reached the house, she had prepared a room for them, and Robert put Dannie right to bed, where he fell asleep very quickly.

"Shall I take the lantern and go and see if everything is all right in the barn, and then lock up?" Robert asked.

"Yes. I'll go with you," Miss Benson answered, taking up the lantern.

Robert went into the stall beside the horse. "He's gentle, isn't he?" he asked.

"He used to be, but I guess Mike and the man I had before him have ruined his disposition, between them. He's got the habit of biting and snapping lately."

"My! don't you call his halter pretty tight?" said Robert.

Miss Benson reached over the side of the stall and felt of it.

"Humph! I should think so! If that's the way he's been kept all the time I don't wonder it has made him feel ugly."

"Shall I let it out two holes?" asked Robert.

"Yes."

Then Robert went along in front of the cows. All but one of the six shrank back when he put his hand out toward them, and the sixth hooked at him. "I don't believe they'll always act that way—not when they find out I'm their friend," Robert said.

He saw that the stanchions were all fastened, the scuttles in place, the chain up behind the horse, and then he locked the doors and they went back to the house.

Robert awoke at half-past four the next morning and tip-toed out of the house to go to the barn. He came in with the milk at six, having in the meantime given the cows a very thorough carding and brushing, besides milking them and feeding them. Only four of them were giving milk.

"I guess they ain't used to me," he said, apologetically, as he set down the pails. "Sometimes they don't give down their milk good with a new milker."

"That's more than they've been giving," said Miss Benson.

"It is? Why, I thought—it seems as if they ought to give more than that. Mr. Davis said you had some extra good cows."

"Yes, I bought them for extra good ones, but somehow they've never come up to what they were represented, or anywhere near it. I suppose it's because they haven't been treated decently. Now, that cow that kicks—Did she kick you?" she stopped herself suddenly to ask.

"Ye—es, she kinder did," Robert answered, coloring.

"What did you do when she kicked?" Miss Benson asked, looking at him sharply. "Did you hit her with the first thing that came handy?"

"No'm," said Robert indignantly. "I just backed away a little and waited. I wouldn't hit a cow that was tied up in the barn, whatever she did."

"Why wouldn't you hit her in the barn?"

"Why, because if you scare a cow, or even do anything to make her uneasy, she won't give so much milk, and the milk won't be so rich. Mr. Davis says a man's a fool who isn't kind to his animals, for it's just taking money out of his own pocket. He says the more comfortable and happy you make 'em, the more

they'll do for you. But," he added, "I wouldn't abuse 'em anyway, because I like animals."

"I think your brother is awake and wants to get up," said Miss Benson.

Robert fancied she spoke coldly. "I guess she thinks I talk too much," he thought. He went and dressed Dannie and took him out to the barn, where he put him in an empty bin in the grain chest to keep him out of mischief while he finished the chores.

At breakfast Miss Benson at first took no notice of Dannie, except to look with disgust at his grimy dress, but he smiled so engagingly when she did chance to glance his way that she had perforce to smile back, and before the meal was over he had made her laugh outright.

"I think I'll go to church," said Miss Benson. "I'm in danger of forgetting the way, it's so long since I've been."

She forgot to tell Robert to harness the horse, but he did it without being told, so that when Miss Benson was ready she did not have to wait.

When she returned from church she noticed that Dannie looked cleaner, though she saw he had on the same dress. She asked Robert if he had washed it.

"Yes, in the brook, and let it dry in the sun," he explained. "And gave Dannie a good scrub in the brook, too."

Robert thought she would be pleased, for she herself was as neat as wax, and dirt was her especial abhorrence, but she made no comment.

"I wish I could please her," he thought a little sadly, "but as long as I can't, I'll do the best I can, and try to deserve that she should be pleased."

So he carded the cows very conscientiously, and fed them exactly according to directions, and finding that Miss Benson had a fly-repellant and a sprayer, that she said none of the men she had hired had ever been willing to use, he sprayed the cows night and morning. He kept the tubs well filled with fresh water, and mended the fence in an unused pasture, so they could have more green feed. And he did other things—tidied up the yard, kept the wood-box filled, hoed in the garden, fed the pigs and hens, picked the vegetables.

But Robert's heart was very heavy as he worked. Thoughts of the future filled him with hopelessness, and though he studied over it till his head would ache, he found nothing that afforded him any comfort or encouragement. And the worst of it was, he could not talk about his troubles with any one. He almost knew he would cry if he tried to, and to have anybody see him crying he felt would be unbearable.

Then there was that new hired man, who might come any

day now. Robert dreaded it unspeakably, for he hated to go back to Mr. Davis's, where he and Dannie were not wanted, even for a day. It was so much pleasanter at Miss Benson's, too, in spite of her abrupt ways and plain speaking. She never scolded, and Robert saw more and more that she had a kind heart.

"What makes you look so thin and woe-begone?" she suddenly demanded of Robert one day, in her most brusque tone. "Are you worried about something? Don't you get enough to eat?"

"Oh, yes! I have more than enough to eat," he assured her, ignoring her first question.

"Then it must be I work you too hard," she said. "You're a disgrace to me, with your hollow cheeks and big eyes," and she wouldn't let him work at all in the afternoons till chore time, at about four o'clock, though he protested that he felt perfectly able to and wanted to.

On Saturday afternoon, when Robert came into the house to bring the eggs, just before driving up the cows, he stopped at the kitchen pump to give Dannie a drink of water. Miss Benson had a caller, Mrs. Wade, who was very deaf. Robert could hear them talking in the sitting-room. "Yes," Miss Benson was saying, "he's coming this evening."

Robert's hand shook as he held the dipper to Dannie's lips. "He" must be the new hired man. Robert wondered if Miss Benson would send him and Dannie away that night.

When supper time came he could hardly eat anything. Dannie was tired, and Robert put him to bed early, then went outdoors. Down the road a young man was walking briskly. Robert watched him approach. He had a valise, and—yes, he was turning into the yard.

Robert went out to the barn. There was a pile of hay he had pitched off the mow for the cows' morning feed. He threw himself face downward on it and lay there very still.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Miss Benson, with a lantern, came into the barn. She had been calling Robert from the back door of the house, but no one had answered. Everything seemed quiet in the barn, and she was about to go away, when her ears caught the sound of a stifled moan, and then she saw Robert.

She bent over him. "Robert! What is the matter? Are you hurt?"

"No'm," he managed to answer.

"What is the matter, then? Why are you out here?"

"Your new hired man has come, and—and you won't want me any more—and——"

"What makes you think I've got a new hired man?" asked Miss Benson.

"I heard you say he was coming this evening, and I saw him——"

"That wasn't any hired man; it was my nephew, come to stay over Sunday."

"Well, you're going to have one——"

"I hope so," said Miss Benson, crisply.

Robert had sat up, but now he cast himself down again.

"Go on," commanded Miss Benson. "What were you going to say when I interrupted you?"

"You're going to get somebody, and so you won't want me any more, and, and school begins Monday, and the law compels me to go, and Dannie—Dannie——"

"Well, what about Dannie?"

"I can't take care of him and of myself, and go to school, too, and so he'll have to go to—to——"

Here Robert's feelings overcame him.

"Where'll he have to go?" insisted Miss Benson.

"To the—poor-house!" Robert burst out with a sob, "and I feel as if I'd rather die."

"Is that what you've been worrying and growing thin about all the week?" demanded Miss Benson.

"Yes," answered Robert. "I've been trying to think of some way to prevent it, and I couldn't. If only I didn't have to go to school——"

"How old are you, Robert?"

"'Most fourteen."

"Why," said Miss Benson, "that is just the age of the fellow I'm thinking of hiring. He's got a little brother that I've taken a great fancy to, and I thought perhaps they'd like to live with me, and the older boy go to school and work when he could at home, and I'd give them their board and clothes."

Robert started up and gazed at Miss Benson with wondering, perplexed eyes. "Miss Benson, you don't mean—you can't mean ——" It seemed too presumptuous for him to finish the sentence.

"Yes," smiled Miss Benson, "I do mean you. Will you stay?"

"You're not joking?" faltered Robert.

"Joking! No, my dear boy, I'm not joking. Do you know that never since I lived on this farm have my little Jerseys been taken such good care of as they have the past week? You think I haven't noticed, but I have. Their coats shine, the flies are kept off them, and they've given more and richer milk every day—now, in August. And the horse is improving. It hasn't looked so tidy about the house and yards for years. Don't you think I know when I've got exactly what I want? By hiring a few days' work now and then, I can get along with only you, and not work

you too hard, either. And I've got attached to Dannie. He's a dear little fellow. My! do you think I'd let him go to the poor-house? No!" And Miss Benson's lips shut together in a determined line.

Robert arose from the hay and stood erect. He seemed to have gained in inches and in manliness. His eyes were shining. "If I don't turn out to be the best hired man you ever had, Miss Benson," he said, "then I hope—that somebody'll take me out and shoot me," he ended.

Then, somehow, she looked so kind and motherly and good—and she loved Dannie, which was best of all—Robert, big boy that he was, suddenly threw his arms about Miss Benson and kissed her. After which he gently took the lantern from her and, somewhat abashed by what he had done, led the way into the house.—Elizabeth Robbins.

EMPTY STOCKINGS.

"Oh, mothers in homes that are happy,
Where Christmas comes laden with cheer,
Where the children are dreaming already
Of the merriest day in the year.

As you gather your darlings around you
And tell them the "story of old,"
Remember the homes that are dreary!
Remember the hearts that are cold!

And, thanking the love that has dowered you
With all that is dearest and best,
Give freely, that from your abundance
Some bare little life may be blest!

Oh, go where the stockings hang empty,
Where Christmas is naught but a name,
And give—for the love of the Christ-child;
'Twas to seek such as these that He came!"

—Ellen Manly.

SECOND GRADE.

LESSON XXXVII.

REPENTANCE.

Conversion of the Jailor.—Acts 17.

Paul and Silas imprisoned—prayer—the earthquake—the jailor—the conversion—Paul and Silas released.

WHO STOLE THE PEANUTS.

Joey was a cripple. He had spinal troubles that prevented his running about and romping like other boys of his age. Much pain and sickness had left their marks upon his form and features. His body was shrunken and deformed, and though twelve years old, one, to judge from his size, would hardly take him to be more than seven or eight. When you looked into his pinched and care-worn face, however, you would guess him to be even older than he really was.

Joey's parents were poor, and they lived in a few small rooms over an Italian fruit store.

There were times when Joey would be obliged to lie in bed for days. Again, he would be able to move about the room, by the aid of his crutches, and he could then sit by the window and watch the people upon the street. At other times he would be well enough to go down to the street door and stand and watch the passers by, and exchange greetings with the lads of his acquaintance.

Everyone who knew Joey loved him, for, notwithstanding the pain he endured, he was always patient and had a kind word for all.

Joey also enjoyed looking at the fruit and nuts which the Italians always had displayed in front of their store; and occasionally, when his parents or some one gave him a few pennies to spend, he would step inside and change his money for nice peanuts, fresh from the roaster.

Near the doorway, where Joey was wont to stand, there usually stood a large bag of shelled peanuts, opened up to display the nuts to the passers-by. Also, there was a stand upon which were displayed large yellow oranges and tempting red-cheeked apples, luscious peaches, plums, bananas, and many other fruits.

One bright day, after Joey had gone upstairs, the proprietor of the store noticed that there had been some of the peanuts taken

from the bag. The next day more peanuts were missing, and the day after it was the same.

The Italian made up his mind that it was time to investigate; so he told the girl who attended the soda fountain near the window, to carefully watch the bag and notice all who passed the store.

She tried to keep a close watch of the goods in front of the store, but, of course, she was often busy at the fountain, and she failed to observe anything wrong; but when they came to take in the fruit and nuts for the night, they discovered that the contents of the bag had again been meddled with. This annoyed the proprietor very much.

The next day the soda fountain girl pressed her face to the window to get a glimpse of the bag, which stood so close to the building that she could hardly see it, and she saw a hand reaching into it.

She spoke to the proprietor, and he rushed outside to find the owner of the hand, and lo! it was Joey, who was in the act of again withdrawing his hand from the sack of peanuts. The Italian immediately grasped him by the arm and cried angrily: "Ha! I gotta you now. You steala my peanuta, hey? I fixa you."

"Oh! please, sir," cried Joey, "I was not taking the peanuts; I was picking out some leaves that had blown into them."

"Datta no gooda talk," said the Italian, "you steala de peanuta, I catcha you," and he shook poor Joey savagely. The pain of this harsh treatment, together with the fright, caused Joey to scream loudly, and a gentleman who was passing caught the furious Italian by the arm and asked him what he meant by treating a cripple that way.

"He steala my peanuta," he explained.

"Well, if that is the case, have him arrested," said the gentleman, "but keep your hands off, please."

"Oh, no, no!" cried Joey, "you may shake me, please, and I will try not to cry out, but it will kill me, sir, if you arrest me, and oh! sir, I did not, I really did not take any."

Just then Joey's mother appeared upon the scene and assisted him upstairs and the Italian returned to his shop vowing vengeance. Poor Joey was so badly hurt and shocked by his harsh treatment, that he was completely prostrated, and for a number of days was very, very ill.

That evening his father called upon the proprietor of the store and asked for an explanation of affairs. The Italian explained that day after day Joey had stood in the doorway near the bag of peanuts, and that every night there had been a quantity of nuts missing. He told how the girl had discovered Joey reaching into the bag and how he had rushed out and found him in the

act of withdrawing his hand. Joey, however, insisted that he was merely picking out some leaves that had blown into the bag of nuts; so there the matter stood.

The peanuts, however, still continued to disappear, notwithstanding the fact that Joey was sick in bed. When the Italian made this discovery he was puzzled. At last he determined to solve the mystery, and stepping to the doors of Joey's rooms rooms he rapped, and when Joey's mother came to the door he explained matters to her and said:

"I tinka de lame boy noa taka de peanuta. Leta me goa into de front rooma where I can looka down upon de peanuta and I catcha de thief."

She took him into the room and opened the window so that he could look down upon the fruit and nuts that stood before his store. He sat down and peered cautiously out. Everything was as he had left it. He sat there about half an hour, when he withdrew his head from the window and spoke excitedly in a low tone of voice to Joey's mother: "Come here quicka! I half finda de thief. I half finda de thief. Come! Come!"

The woman came quickly to the window and looked out. At first she thought the thief must have gone, but looking at the bag of nuts, she saw four or five little English sparrows standing among the peanuts. Each would take a nut in his bill and fly away to the park to eat it at his leisure, while another sparrow took his place in the bag; thus a steady stream of nuts was disappearing. They watched them for a few minutes till some one approached and frightened them away.

The Italian arose and reaching his hand to the woman, said, "De boy was all rigta; no taka de peanuta." That was all then, but two days later a nice, easy, propelling chair was brought up to the stairs and handed in with the remark, "For de lame boy; he noe taka peanuta."

Joey was soon able to be out again. He took great delight in wheeling himself about the pavement in the vicinity of his home, and he rarely passed the Italian's door without being given a liberal supply of nuts or candy. He and the Italian soon became warm friends, and should you pass that store today, you would be quite likely to see Joey and the Italian engaged in friendly conversation.—Selected.

LESSON XXXVIII.

GOD'S BLESSINGS FOR ALL.

Peter's Vision.—Acts 10.

Vision of Cornelius—Peter on the housetop—his vision—

Cornelius sends for Peter—the conversation—"God is no respecter of persons."—He preaches the Gospel to Cornelius and his family.

CARTWHEELS.

Poor little boy—only nine years old, motherless, fatherless, no home but the market by day and the street by night, and no friends in the wide, wide world, unless the good-natured butcher who sometimes gave him a cent or two, and the stout, motherly fruit woman, at whose stall he almost always found an apple or some peanuts waiting for him, could be called friends.

"Dan," his mother used to call him, but she died one stormy night of cold and hunger, and since then he had been known only as "Cartwheels," a nick-name given him because he could turn more cartwheels in a shorter space of time than any other boy, big or little, in the market. Nobody cared for him, and he cared for nobody. And so, with no one to lead him to the right, how could he help falling in step with those about him and marching straight to the wrong?

For Dan, besides being errand-boy and beggar, was a thief. And yet he didn't look like a thief. He had beautiful, large, honest gray eyes, and a sweet, bright smile. And if he had been a happy child in a happy home, I know he would not have been one.

But it was hard, when faint with hunger, to have the basement doors slammed in his face, with "I've got nothing for you;" and it seemed easy to take a few ears of corn, or a few potatoes and onions, from the barrels which came by hundreds to the market every day. He was always sure, by going halves, to get some one to cook them for him; and hot victuals did taste so nice.

But Christmas day the market was closed, and poor little Cartwheels, turned into the streets, had wandered about all day, and at night found himself with just one cent left of the ten he had earned the day before. The rest had gone, three, to a big boy who was to give him a night's lodging, and six for a loaf of bread. With this last cent, being holiday times, Dan resolved to treat himself, and after long deliberation outside of the baker's window, stepped into the baker's shop and asked for "a cent's worth of ginger-bread."

The baker, I'm glad to say, gave him a Christmas cent's worth, and, munching away at it, the child went out into the street again.

The boy who was to take him as a lodger had told him "things wouldn't be ready until after nine o'clock," and so Dan still wandered about waiting for the nine o'clock bells to ring.

He looked up at the brilliantly lighted windows, and listened

to the sounds of merriment that came from every house, and wondered why folks made such a fuss at Christmas. While he was looking and listening and wondering, the storm that had been threatening all day began. A cruel storm it was, to beat so helpless and frail a wanderer, striking him full in his wan little face, pinching his ears until they tingled, and creeping slyly under the rags he wore; and at last he ceased to fight against it, and flying from it, turned a corner into a handsome street, and crept down the area-way of fine brown stone house.

As he crouched there, shivering and trembling, a blast of wind blew open the basement door.

Cartwheels got up and peeped into the hall. The gaslight was burning dimly. No one was to be seen. For a moment he hesitated, and then crept slowly in, closing the door gently after him. The dining-room and kitchen were in darkness. With noiseless steps, Dan stole up the stairs. There was a merry party in the parlors. The boy could hear them playing on the piano, and singing and laughing and dancing; but the doors were shut, and Dan passed them and crept softly on until he found himself opposite the open door of a room, which to him seemed so beautiful that he stood mouth and eyes wide open, like one entranced.

A cheerful fire glowed in a large grate. On the marble mantel stood pretty-shaped earthenware jars, from which sprang vines of a delicate green that ran up the wall and festooned the picture frames. Lovely flowers filled beautiful shells, on bureau and table, and made the air sweet with their fragrance.

A child's bed stood in one corner, all dressed in white; above it hung the picture of the Madonna, with her lovely babe; beside it the child herself, a dear little girl, was kneeling at the knee of a lady.

The child was in her little white night-gown and bare feet, and with folded hands, parted lips and shining eyes, was listening intently to the words her mother spoke.

"And in some countries," said the lady, "they believe that at the holy Christmas time, Christ, in the form of a little child, comes again to earth and wanders about seeking for shelter, and so they leave the house door open, and a bright lamp hung above the gate, for thrice blessed will be the dwelling in which He enters. And they entertain every poor, homeless beggar child they meet, hoping the Blessed One may be hidden beneath the rags; and knowing that if the little guest prove not to be Christ Himself, still will His blessing descend upon those who befriend the sad and lonely little ones. For Christ has said, 'Whosoever shall receive one of such children in My name receiveth Me.'"

"And does dear Christ love all children?" asked the brown-

haired little girl, in a sweet and reverent voice, "ev'ry one—bad girls and boys, too?"

"Yes, my darling," answered the mother, bending to kiss the upturned face, "beautiful and sinless as our Saviour is, I think He loves bad girls and boys with even a greater love than He feels for good ones, for He is so sorry for them, and the more wretched they are the more He pities them."

"And if He came to this city tonight," continued the wee maid, "would He go where the dirty beggar children and the naughty steal boys are, instead of coming to see me?"

"He would, my pet. He'd seek the starving, the deformed, those that say wicked words, those that lie, those that steal, and smile upon them with a smile like sunshine, and kiss them, and tell them the way to Heaven."

"Bully!" shouted a shrill voice; and there, in the doorway, ragged and forlorn, his brimless hat tossed above his head, his gray eyes gleaming, a red spot burning on each thin cheek, stood Cartwheels.

The lady started to her feet, while the little daughter hastily rose from her knees and clung to her skirts.

"Why, my boy," she asked gently, "who are you, and where did you come from?"

Cartwheels hung his head for a moment, and while he hesitated the lovely little girl came pattering over the carpet in her bare feet, and taking his hand, looked wonderingly at him. "He's got nice eyes, and pretty, curly hair, if it was combed," she said; —and then added with a shake of her head, "but it can't be—he's too dirty."

"I'm Dan," said the boy, looking, not at the lady, but at the sweet wee girl; "Cartwheels they calls me, 'cause I kin beat the hull boodle of 'em makin' wheels." And flinging himself on his hand, he turned over and over sideways until he had crossed the room, and returning in the same manner resumed his feet, without the vestige of a smile, beside the astonished little girl. "An' I cum in from the street, the wind cut me so, inter your arey, an' the door flied open, an' then I cum in the hall. I didn't mean to steal anythin', tho' I might have took sumthin' if it cum handy, 'cause I'm 'a young scamp' an' 'a little thief'—they all says so—but I wanted to see how a nobby house looked inside, an' I didn't see nobody, an' I crep' upstairs, an' I heard you," looking shyly at the lady and then jerking his head toward the little girl, "tell her about—about——"

"The Christ Child?" said the lady.

"Yes; an' how beautiful He was, an' how He'd love an'—an' kiss fellers like me, and try to make 'em good; an' so, if you think

He'll come here tonight, I'd like to have Him—kiss me; an' please may I stay here a little while longer?"

"Where are your friends?" asked the lady, as he stopped and fixed his gray eyes earnestly on her face.

"Hain't got no reg'lar friends. Nobody's got nothin' to do with me. I can sleep in the arey if you'll let me stay, an' if He comes along He'll see me, an' p'raps make me good, for I'm a bad un an' no mistake."

The little girl, with tears in her sweet eyes, took both his dirty brown hands in her pure white ones.

"Mamma," she said, in a low grave voice, "the Christ Child must have sent him; and what was that verse you told me, mamma? 'Who-so-ever'——"

"'Whosoever shall receive,'" repeated the mother, "'one of such children in My name, receiveth Me.' Dan"—the boy looked up in wonder, for no one had ever spoken his name so sweetly before—"you will not see the dear Christ tonight; why, I will tell you some other time. But He loves and pities you, and sends you to me that I may teach you to be good, so that when you die you may go to His beautiful home in Heaven. Will you try to learn?"

"Bet you a hundred dollars I will!" said Dan. "But you don't mean I kin stay in the house—this splendid house with all them flowers an' things an' her?" pointing to the little daughter.

"I do mean it," said the lady; "you shall stay here as long as you are good."

Dan threw half a cartwheel, and then suddenly remembering he was not in the streets, stood bolt upright.

"I'm so awful happy," he said, "I can't tell you. Somethin's stickin' in my throat." And then, after a short pause, he went on, with sparkling eyes: "I'll run arrants for you, an' shine your boots, an' I'll dance for the pooty little lady, and I'll show you where you kin buy the cheapest pigs' feet in the hull market, an' apples, cent apiece."

The lady burst into a merry laugh, the brown-haired girl joined in, and then Dan lent a shrill treble to the chorus, and thus began for the little street boy a new and happy life from that blessed Christmas night.—Madge Elliot.

Memory Gem.

"Though the leaves may wither and the rose may fall,
The same kind God rules over all."

LESSON XXXIX.

COURAGE.

Paul Goes to Jerusalem.—Acts 21.

Paul warned by the disciples not to go to Jerusalem—the prophecy of Paul's being bound—"I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." —The fulfillment—his danger—speaks to the people.

DOING HIS BEST.

"Yes, dear, if you can only keep that situation we shall get along very well."

"Keep it! I must keep it!" Robert spoke with determination. "It will take me a long while, mother, to forget the walks I have taken up and down these streets looking for something to do. If my very best trying will keep it, you may be sure that there I shall stick."

"Your best trying will include a great deal when others have a right to your time and efforts."

"Of course, mother, I shall keep honestly in view the interest of my employer."

Robert had found a situation at the muslin counter of a large dry-goods house. It took him some little time to acquaint himself with the qualities of goods which he sometimes impatiently thought were more in the line of women's work. But he remembered that a person who cannot do what he likes must do what he can. Unable through force of circumstances to choose his employment, he wisely resolved to do his very best with what came to his hand. As to what that best might be, he soon found that his opinion slightly differed from that of his employer.

"You needn't be so particular in measuring the goods for a customer," said Mr. Merrill one day. "All these are assumed to be a yard wide."

"But she asked me the width," said Robert.

"Then you should have simply said that they are a yard-wide goods."

"But some of them fall a little short, sir."

"What is that to you?" Mr. Merrill, spoke with a little impatience. "It is your place to sell goods, not to be too particular about the width of them. There isn't one customer in a hundred that will go home and measure her goods if she thinks that in a general way the width is all right."

"In a general way." Robert knew what was meant, for he had heard some of the ways by which some of the other clerks,

without telling an exact falsehood, clearly avoided telling the exact truth. "I don't feel at all sure I've got a place," Robert concluded in great discouragement after during the first few weeks, he had several times given offense to his employer by acting firmly upon his own sense of what alone is up to the very letter and spirit of fair and honest dealing. The time seemed to have come to him, which comes to so many in which a choice must be made between worldly gain and the loyal standing by the fixed principles of right and wrong in which he had been trained.

"It seems to me this piece of goods is not the same make as the last I bought of you." The question was asked by a lady who frequently came to Robert's counter and always made liberal purchases without haggling over prices, or giving unreasonable trouble.

"No, ma'm, it is not," said Robert.

"Have you any more of the same?"

"No, we have sold it out."

"Do you think this," pointing to a piece she had been examining, "is as good? It doesn't seem so to me, but if you assure me that it is, I will take it." Robert caught sight of his employer within easy hearing distance. Mr. Merrill had a way, a good way it is, too, of keeping his own eye over his own interests, and for one moment the boy hesitated. Quickly to his mind came the though of going home to tell his mother that he had lost his situation for which he had searched and waited so long. Nothing else in the place, he felt sure, was open to him. The leaving Mr. Merrill's would mean leaving his home and his widowed mother to find employment elsewhere. By a few smooth words and a trifling evasion he could easily lead Mrs. Denby to believe he thought what he did not think. That was one side of it. But there was a better, higher, nobler side and Robert will never cease to be thankful for the grace granted him in a moment of sore temptation.

"No, ma'am," he quietly answered. "I do not think the quality quite up to what you bought last."

"And yet it is the same price?"

"Yes. The other was a lot of goods Mr. Merrill happened on at a forced sale and he was able to put them low. I really think, however, that this is about as good as any you can get for the money."

"I will look a little further," she said, and went out. Robert, without looking, had felt the angry eyes of his employer, and he now heard his angry voice.

"Is that the way you drive off my customers? This is one of the best I have. She brings in no end of country friends."

"I'm sorry if I have driven her off," said Robert, "but I did the best I could."

"Best you could!" The low tone which Mr. Merrill was obliged to maintain, through danger of being overheard, lent an added rancor to his words.

"Have you forgotten that your pay depends largely upon the amounts of sales you make?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"It looks as though you had. Well, have you thought of looking for another place in which to do your very peculiar 'best'?"

With a weight at his heart Robert turned to attend to the wants of another customer. He had feared this, and yet had hoped that time would have been given him in which he might have been able to recommend himself, by faithful and unremitting attention to duty, as to lead Mr. Merrill to overlook the matters of conscience in which he more and more saw they could never agree. But here it was. He was ready to do his very best by Mr. Merrill but he must do his best by himself also—must persevere in the seeking of the only great best, which means, first and foremost, faithful service to the Lord. Surely He would reward such service by tender care of his own. And while still keeping eyes and wits on the alert for the duties of the hour Robert was able to resolve within himself that nothing should ever turn him from the full measure of that service. And close upon the determination came the peace growing out of the added resolution to accept such fortune as might come to him as its result, even though it might be far from what he would have chosen for himself. And in telling of the sorry outlook to his mother he found great comfort in her loving words.

"That's right, my boy. Do your own best, and be ever sure the Lord will do His best by you. Perhaps Mr. Merrill will not turn you off."

"Perhaps so," said Robert. "Mrs. Denby came back later and bought a good lot of the goods, and Mr. Merrill heard her tell me that she would take anything I recommended." At the end of the month it would have been easily guessed by anyone who closely observed Robert as he went to Mr. Merrill's office that his mind was not greatly perturbed as to what might be the result of the interview. Mr. Merrill paid his salary without comment, and was turning to other things when Robert said:

"You spoke of my looking for another situation at the end of the month, sir."

"Did I?" Mr. Merrill looked as if he had forgotten. "Oh, yes, we had a little difference of opinion about one or two small matters. But we will let it pass. Except on the point we touched on, I do not mind saying you have given very good satisfaction.

"Thank you, sir. But I will give you the month's notice if you please—"

"What's that?" Mr. Merrill gazed at him in surprise. It was he who was accustomed to giving the month's notice. Could it be that this boy was leaving his employ of his own will and pleasure?

"Mr. Denby has offered me a place in his hardware store."

"H'm." Mr. Merrill took a moment for rather chagrined thought as Robert closed the door. "This is Mrs. Denby's work, of course. They know that perfectly reliable boys are not found every day. I know it too. But in spite of my knowledge I have let this one slip through my fingers."—Selected.

LESSON XL.

GOD IS GOOD.

Paul's Voyage to Rome.—Acts 27 and 28.

Paul starts for Rome—foretells the danger—the shipwreck—all come safe to land—Paul bitten by a venomous animal—not harmed—many persons healed—arrives in Rome—preaches to the people—the Lord's purpose.

BILLY.

Did any of you ever know Billy? You would remember if you had seen him, for nearly always, he had the brightest, happiest smile around the place. But, do you know, he couldn't keep his face clean and very often he ran up the street with a black streak on his nose and a big smear across his cheeks. Sometimes the people used to call him little Billy Dirtyface, but they always laughed when they said that—because Billy's smile was catching, I suppose. His mamma used to say, "Billy, my boy, your face is dirty," almost every time he came in the house; but she usually stooped to kiss it, dirt and all.

You see, he had a reason for having a dirty face, for he used to get up every morning very early and run over to a neighbor's house and clean the stove and fill the buckets with coal and empty the ashes, and it just seemed to him that he couldn't help getting that black on his face. Then he'd run back home and scrub and scrub till the dirt was all gone before he went to school. He always got black again at night, though, because he had to work in the coal again. He was a pretty busy little fellow, and didn't have very much time to play, for he used to be pretty tired when

he got through his work and had his lessons. Sometimes right in school, his head would drop over on his book and his eyes would close, and if there hadn't been some one near by to punch him or stick a pin in him, he would have gone sound asleep, just because he was tired out. He didn't always have his lessons prepared, and it just seemed as though he'd have to cry or swear or do something or other when the teacher looked at him and said, "Why, Billy, can't you do that? Little tiny Mary can tell you that!"

It didn't seem quite fair to Billy that he should work all the time, and Jamie Riter, who lived in the big house where he tended the fires, shouldn't have a thing to do. Jamie was always clean and had white hands. He could get his lessons easily, too. Besides that, Jamie had a pet donkey, a little beauty of a Shetland pony and a whole dozen of pretty things to play with. Really, Billy must have been a little bit jealous, for he used to look at that pony and think how nice it would be to go riding down the street on its back or to put his little sister Alice up there and let her ride. Jamie never once said, "O, Bill, come and take a ride." He might have done that much any way.

Billy didn't know Jamie very well, that was all that was the matter; for Jamie was a pretty good little fellow after all. He didn't think Billy wanted to ride, because it didn't seem so very much fun to him. One day though, on Saturday, when his work was done, Billy stood looking at the donkey and then he began rubbing its nose, and then he looked up at Jamie and stammered out, "Say, Jamie—say, what'd you—what you—take to let me ride him round the block—I'll water him for you if you will." Jamie just looked up, "Why o' course you can ride him; you just water him over at the creek as you go past, that's all."

So Billy climbed on, and at first that old donkey wouldn't go. Perhaps he knew Jamie wasn't there. Billy coaxed him and petted him, and Jamie petted him, too, until pretty quick away he went with little dirty faced Billy on his back. The boy could hardly cling on at first, it seemed that donkey was just tearing along; but when he got a little bit used to it, O my, what fun it was. Billy sat up as straight, looking most like a solder when he went past his own home, and called out to his sister, "Al! Oh, Al, look at me! Wouldn't you like to go. Wait until you're a little bigger."

After that he went riding almost every day and sometimes he took Alice right before him, for Jamie said he might, and then you should have heard them laugh. Even the donkey forgot to look sleepy. Billy's mamma said, "Now, be careful, my boy," and she had to laugh, too.

Jamie and Billy were the very best of friends now, and they often went riding in the little buggy with a Shetland pony hooked

in it. Jamie said it was heaps more fun when Billy went, because he always made everybody jolly. One morning Jamie went out where his little friend was getting coal, and began talking to him.

After a few minutes he said, "O, Bill, what'd you say if we take a ride this morning, a big people's ride; I'll take my sister along and we'll go up and get Alice. It'll be jolly; what'd you say?"

Billy's eyes fairly danced. Then he answered, "You're a dandy fellow, Jim."

In a little while they started out with Jamie and Billy in the front seat and their two sisters in the back. They drove down to the park and all around the pretty lanes and then started home.

On their way back, in the middle of the crossing, one of the straps on the harness broke, and the little pony began to kick and run. Jamie turned pale; he couldn't hold the horse. It went kicking and jerking along. Both girls screamed. People came running from every direction. Billy was afraid, too, but he just reached over, took the lines, talked kindly to the pony, and soon had it stopped, so he could get out and fix the harness.

Every one said he was a brave little boy and he felt happy as could be. He drove all the way home, and when he led Alice home, he stepped as proud as a prince.

In the evening, when he was getting ready for bed, he called out, "O, mamma, may be it's fair after all about me and Jamie. He has more things than I do, and he can study easier and look nicer, and all that; but he can't do things that I can. I'm stouter than he is and I can run farther and do lots of things. Alice, though, she ain't stout and she ain't got things either."

"O, yes," said his mother, "but she has pretty blue eyes and curly hair, and is kind and good."

"Um, well," said Billy, "everybody has something."—Delta Cole.

Memory Gem.

"All around and all above
Bear this record, God is love."

THIRD GRADE.

CHURCH HISTORY.

LESSON XXXVII.

Chapter 37. Young Folks' History of the Church.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

The childhood days of Joseph F. Smith were spent amid the scenes of persecution and hardship, which resulted in the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. His mother left Nauvoo in 1846, as an exile from her home and country, for no other cause than that of worshiping God according to the dictates of her own conscience. Although at this time Joseph F. was but a lad of eight years, he drove an ox team for his mother across the state of Iowa. During the sojourn of the family at Winter Quarters, Joseph was occupied as a herd boy, in which he took special pride, feeling that his mother's cattle were the only means by which they were to make their way across the great plains of the far west. Even after reaching the valley, Joseph was engaged in herding, and so close and conscientious was his attention to duty that he never lost a "hoof" through neglect or carelessness; this attention and devotion to responsibilities placed upon him, has always marked his character and is seen in all the labors of his life.

During his trials at Winter Quarters, while herding cattle, he passed through a thrilling experience with Indians, who suddenly came upon him and his companions for the purpose of driving off their herd. In the exciting chase, two Indians, one on either side, rode up to him, and taking hold of his arms, lifted him from the saddle, and probably would have killed him but for the unexpected appearance of a number of men who were going to the hay field. The Indians suddenly dropped him to the ground, and thus by the aid of Providence his life was saved, his bravery and fidelity to trust having saved the cattle.

The opportunities for education in those early days of trying experiences of the Church were limited. Such learning as Brother Joseph possessed he acquired chiefly from his mother. She taught him to read the Bible during their pilgrimage across the plains, in the tent and by the camp fire. Such facilities as have been afforded him have not passed by unimproved. Being

fond of books, he read the best of them, always with a purpose in view to learn lessons of worth for practical use in life. His mother died in 1852, leaving him an orphan at the age of fourteen. When fifteen years of age he was called on a mission to the Sandwich Islands. He received his endowments in the old Council House, and was set apart in the same building by Apostles Parley P. Pratt and Orson Hyde. Brother Pratt, who was spokesman in setting him apart, declared that he should receive the knowledge of the Hawaiian language "by the gift of God as well as by study." This prophecy was literally fulfilled, for in less than four months from his arrival he was able to make a tour of the island of Maui, to preach, baptize and administer the sacrament, etc., all in the native language.

Brother Joseph tells how the Lord blessed him with the gifts of the Gospel; one incident occurred at Wailuku, where he sojourned with a native family, being engaged in the study of the language. One night the woman was suddenly seized with evil spirits. She went through all manner of hideous contortions. Her husband was overcome with such fear that he trembled like a leaf in the wind. Brother Joseph was also somewhat disturbed at this new and unexpected demonstration, but suddenly all fright left him; the power of the Holy Ghost rested upon him, and he stood upon his feet, facing the woman possessed of demons. "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I rebuke you," he said, when suddenly the woman fell limp to the floor and became as one dead. The husband pronounced her dead and then set up a hideous howl, which Joseph promptly rebuked, after which quiet and peace were restored and the young missionary proceeded with his studies.

Later in his life Brother Joseph performed many other missions and was an active member of the city council in Salt Lake City for several terms. One of the lasting results of his influence in city government is the possession by the people of Liberty Park, and the old Pioneer Square.

Brother Joseph F. Smith is now the President of the Church, and is dearly loved and honored by all the people of his faith.

LESSON XXXVIII.

Chapter 38. Young Folks' History of the Church.

MARY FIELDING SMITH.

Mary Fielding Smith was the mother of our dear President Joseph F. Smith and wife of Hyrum Smith, who was martyred with

the Prophet. She was a woman of great energy, faith and determination, and possessed good business ability. Her faith was so strong that her son, through her influence, became filled with the same spirt, and as an example, we gve the following incident, related by himself:

"In the spring of 1847 a portion of our family crossed the plains, following the pioneers to the valley of the Great Salt Lake, the remainder of the family intending to proceed on their jaurney to the west the following spring. In the fall of 1847, my mother and her brother, Joseph Fielding, made a trip down the Missouri river to St. Joseph, Mo., about 150 miles, for the purpose of obtaining provisions and clothing for the family for the coming winter, and for the journey across the plains the following spring. They took two wagons with two yoke of oxen on each. I was almost nine years of age at this time, and accompanied my mother and uncle on their journey as a teamster. The weather was unpropitious, the roads were bad, and it rained a great deal during the journey, so that the trip was a very hard, trying and unpleasant one.

"At St. Joseph we purchased our groceries and dry goods, and at Savannah we laid in our store of flour, meal, corn, bacon and other provisions. Returning to Winter Quarters, we camped one evening in an open prairie on the Missouri river bottoms, by the side of a small spring creek, which emptied into the river about three quarters of a mile from us. We were in plain sight of the river, and could apparently see over every foot of the little open prairie where we were camped, to the river on the southwest, to the bluffs on the northeast, and to the timber which skirted the prairie on the right and left. Camping near by, on the other side of the creek, were some men with a herd of beef cattle, which they were drivng to Savannah and St. Joseph for market. We usually unyoked our oxen and turned them loose to feed during our encampment at night, but this time, on account of the proximity of this herd of cattle, fearing that they might get mixed up and driven off with them, we turned our oxen out to feed in their yokes. Next morning, when we came to look them up, to our great disappointment our best yoke of oxen was not to be found. Uncle Fielding and I spent all morning, well nigh until noon, hunting them, but without avail. The grass was tall and in the morning was wet with heavy dew. Tramping through this grass and through the woods and over bluffs, we were soaked to the skin, fatigued, disheartened and almost exhausted. In this pitiable plight I was the first to return to our wagons, and as I approached I saw my mother kneeling down, praying. I halted for a moment, and then gently drew near enough to hear her pleading with the Lord not to suffer us to be left in this helpless condition, but to

lead us to recover our lost team, that we might continue on our travels in safety. When she arose from her knees I was standing near by. The first expression I caught upon her precious face was a lovely smile, which, discouraged as I was, gave me renewed hope and an assurance I had not felt before. A few moments later Uncle Fielding came to the camp, wet with the dews, faint, fatigued and thoroughly disheartened. His first words were, 'Well, Mary, the cattle are gone!' Mother replied in a voice which fairly rang with cheerfulness, 'Never mind, your breakfast has been waiting for hours, and now, while you and Joseph are eating, I will take a walk out and see if I can find the cattle.'

"My uncle held up his hands in blank astonishment, and if the Missouri river had suddenly turned to run up stream, neither of us could have been more surprised. 'Why, Mary,' he exclaimed, 'what do you mean? We have been all over this country, all through the timber and through the herd of cattle, and our oxen are gone; they are not to be found. I believe they have been driven off, and it is useless for you to attempt to do such a thing as hunt for them.'

" 'Never mind me,' said mother. 'Get your breakfast and I will see,' and she started toward the river, following down the little stream. Before she had proceeded out of speaking distance, the man in charge of the herd of beef cattle rode up from the opposite side of the creek and called out: 'Madam, I saw your oxen over in that direction this morning about daybreak,' pointing in the opposite direction from that in which mother was going. We heard plainly what he said, but mother went right on, paid no attention to his remark, and did not even turn her head to look at him. A moment later the man rode off rapidly toward his herd, which had been gathered in the opening near the edge of the woods, and they were soon under full drive for the road leading towards Savannah, and soon disappeared from view.

"My mother continued straight down the little stream of water, until she stood almost on the bank of the river, and then she beckoned to us. I was watching her every movement and was determined that she should not get out of my sight. Instantly we rose from the 'mess-chest,' on which our breakfast had been spread, and started toward her. Like John, who outran the other disciple to the sepulcher, I outran my uncle and came first to the spot where my mother stood. There I saw our oxen fastened to a clump of willows growing in the bottom of a deep gulch, which had been washed out of the sandy banks of the river by the little spring creek, perfectly concealed from view. We were not long in releasing them from bondage and getting back to our camp, where the other cattle had been fastened to the wagon wheels all

the morning, and we were soon on our way homeward bound, rejoicing.

"This circumstance was one of the first practical and positive demonstrations of the efficacy of prayer I had ever witnessed. It made an indelible impression upon my mind, and has been a source of comfort, assurance and guidance to me throughout all my life."

LESSON XXXIX.

Chapter 39. Young Folks' History of the Church.

JOHN REX WINDER.

John Rex Winder was born in England, in humble circumstances, but by dint of great energy and perseverance and making the best use of the means within his reach, has lived to become one of the most honored men among his people.

The story of how he became acquainted with the Church of which he has been a member so long is very interesting. One day in July, 1848, while in the store where he was employed, he picked up a small piece of paper, a fragment of a torn-up letter, on which were written the words "Latter-day Saints." He wondered what it meant, for he had never seen or heard the name before. He asked one of the clerks about it, and was told that there was a Church in America by that name, that they were called "Mormons," that they had a prophet named Joseph Smith, and that there was a branch of the Church that held meetings in the city. He thought he would like to hear what they had to say for themselves, so one day he went to one of the meetings, crept up a back stairs and peeped in to the room. Elder Orson Spencer was preaching on the first principles of the Gospel. It seemed to Brother Winder that the Elder knew he was there, outside the door, for every word he said seemed to be meant for the listening stranger. Brother Winder was very much interested and began to examine into the message which the Elders were declaring to the people, he was soon convinced and baptized.

In 1853 Brother Winder and family left Liverpool for Salt Lake City. While they were crossing the ocean, Brother Winder was taken sick with the smallpox; he was very sick, and while it was feared that he would die, Brother Winder had faith that he would live to meet the Saints in Zion.

After reaching Utah, Brother Winder showed the sterling material of which he was made. He was very active and ambitious, and assisted in founding and encouraging many new industries

among the people. He also earned the title of captain, because of his qualifications as a soldier in protecting the people from the Indians.

When the Salt Lake Temple was approaching completion, Brother Winder was given special charge of the building, which duty was discharged with his usual energy and care. He was very liberal in donating of his means to assist in the completion of the beautiful temple.

Today Brother John R. Winder is the First Counselor to the President of the Church. His life has been very busy as well as exceedingly useful. He is a walking encyclopedia of general information on Utah affairs. He is sensitive, quick to think, speak and act, and when not burdened with care, is full of jovial good nature. Honorable in his dealings, successful in his undertakings, he is a very good citizen, devoted to his religion and to his people.

LESSON XL.

Chapter 40. Young Folks' History of the Church.

ANTHON H. LUND.

Anthon Henrik Lund was born in the same year that witnessed the martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith. When he was four years old, Anthon went to school, and so well did he get along that he was able to hold the first place in the school by the time he was eleven years old. Besides the regular school work he studied English, German and French, and with all this work Anthon found time to read and study the Bible in which he was very much interested.

When he was nine years old his grandmother became a member of the Church. Now he found something new to read and study, for to his home came the tracts and literature explaining the principles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He soon became convinced of the truth of the Gospel. In 1856, on the day that he was twelve years old, Anthon H. Lund was baptized, and one year later began his labors as a missionary. His share of the missionary work was to distribute tracts and help the Elders in the meetings. When the time came to give in his first report, Anthon was lifted upon a table to make his first address before an audience. His experiences as a missionary were very interesting. Once he had promised to go to a certain place to help hold a meeting. To reach this place he walked about ten miles in a

heavy snow storm. When he arrived at the place he found the house full of people, but the Elders had not come. When the time came to commence the meeting, and still the Elders had not arrived, the young boy arose and asked the people if they would listen to him. They looked at him with astonishment, but they listened to the young missionary with such attention and interest you could have heard a pin drop. After the meeting every one came and shook hands with him and thanked him for what he had said. Afterwards some of the people who were at that meeting were baptized and emigrated to Zion.

At the age of sixteen, Brother Lund was ordained an Elder; he continued his labors and when he was eighteen, left his native land and traveled to Utah. Here he performed all kinds of hard labor, farming, working in a harness shop, and helping to make shoes, showing that he was willing to do the thing he found to do, whether it was just the most enjoyable or not. He did not forget to study, and when President Young wanted some young men to study telegraphy, Anthon was chosen as one who was capable and worthy. As time went by Brother Lund was chosen and has honorably filled many positions of trust and responsibility. In 1889 he was chosen to be one of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, and now is Second Counselor in the First Presidency of the Church. In this position he is known and loved as a faithful and zealous but humble follower of the Lord.

PARENTS' DEPARTMENT

"God help us parents all to live aright,
And may our homes all love and truth unfold,
Since life for us no loftier aim can hold
Than leading little children to the light."

CONTINUATION OF EXTRACTS FROM AN ARTICLE ENTITLED "EARLY ENVIRONMENT IN HOME LIFE."

Cultivate a love for the beauties of nature. Teach the child to draw deep draughts of delight from the flowers, bees and birds, brooks and hills. It is wonderful to note how quickly the child mind responds when the beauty side of nature is called to his attention; and the pleasure thus stimulated grows with years. Its influence is pure and uplifting ,and through it the mind soon becomes a treasure rich in valuable knowledge. Furthermore, you thus teach the child the habit of observation, one of the most important lessons in life. Another thought should be ever borne in mind. At this period the child forms habits which will cling to him through life, and therefore it is important that he be taught not only to think truly, but to act as a citizen of heaven. The oft-quoted proverb, "The chains of habit are too weak to be felt until they are too strong to be broken," is as true as it is trite: and because of its truth it should dwell in the memory of every one who has brought an immortal soul into the world. Tennyson utters a great truth when he says:

"The sins that practice burns into the blood,
And not the one dark hour which brings remorse,
Will brand us, after of whose fold we be."

Kindly, gently, but firmly, teach the little one to form good habits, as well as to harbor wholesome and inspiring ideals. Open all the soul's windows that look skyward.

Explain to your child the mystery of his own being as soon as he can understand it. Be perfectly frank with him. There is nothing to be feared from his knowing the truth about his being if it is told to him in the right way, at his parents' knee, and the whole subject explained with perfect freedom. On the other hand if you neglect your duty, if you evade his questions, irreparable

harm may ensue. For if his first knowledge of the most vital things comes from bad sources, if his imagination is excited by vague and mysterious hints accompanied by unhealthy suggestions, a wrong will be done to him which you can never right. Point out the danger of harboring an evil thought. Tell him of the leper of the East, and then show him that the perversion of his nature will cause moral leprosy; that the harboring of vile thoughts will unfit him for his part in the work for human redemption; and that as he would not think of gathering a handful of filth out of the gutter and carrying it wherever he went, so he should make it a rule of his life to banish from his mind any low story or vile thought.

Every child who comes into this world has a right to the environments best calculated to call out all that is most divine in his being. Through unjust conditions, through the selfishness of man and the low ideals which prevail in society, comparatively few of the little buds of life unfold in a congenial atmosphere; but there is a growing conviction in the minds of thoughtful people that children have sacred rights, which form a part of the broad vision of justice which is gilding the dawn of the new time. Keep pure the atmosphere in which the child dwells. Bernard Bosanquet says: "Everything is contagious. We are, all of us, always communicating ideas, and more especially moral ideas."

Develop the body, train the mind and give to the soul that fine, true culture which will enable it to guide and control every thought, and thus make life a noble epic at once human and divine.

By B. O. Flower.

A MOTHER'S EXPERIMENT.

To any careful observer of prevailing parental shortcomings, it must appear that children are too generally exempt from all work except that connected with school life. And the efforts which are required of them during school hours are supposed to be so exhausting, notwithstanding the helpfulness of well-trained teachers, that short school hours and long vacations are demanded by anxious parents.

During the out-of-school periods it is the exceptional child for whom any regular employment is provided.

The idleness of modern American children is a problem which will have to be solved by parents before there will be any pronounced improvement in the capability, industry and faithfulness of the average young person.

The boy with whom this experiment was tried was unusually

frail until he was three years old, and, although large for his age, by the time he was twelve years old he was not any stronger than the other boys of his age. The work which he did, apparently had no marked effect upon his physical condition or development.

During the spring of '96, when he was nine and one-half years old, he began regularly to carry five quarts of milk a day, going perhaps half a mile for it mornings and evenings. For this he was paid twenty-five cents a week. At the end of six months he had an opportunity to buy a dozen thoroughbred Plymouth Rock chickens, six hens and six roosters, for something over five dollars. His savings were not enough to buy the lot, so he was loaned one dollar. The relation which such a transaction bore to prevailing business methods was explained to him, with an emphasis on the dangers of the credit system as well as its merits when it could be safely used.

By the spring of '97 he had disposed of his roosters, added to his stock of hens and saved his money so successfully that his debt was paid off and he had about twenty dollars with which to build a larger chicken house.

He had all the table scraps, which usually made a good, warm breakfast for the chickens, but the rest of their food he paid for himself. The care of poultry, of course, became a fascinating theme.

With the aid of a practical neighbor, a chicken house was planned in three sections; two closed ends with an open space between, the whole, six feet by sixteen, and five feet high in the square. Many days were spent in preparing a site on a south bank, estimating the amount of lumber and the best lengths to buy. With the help of a handy colored man for one day to put up the frame, he and a boy friend practically built the house.

A small garden yielding summer vegetables, including plenty of sweet corn for a family of eight, became his next care. For this he was paid by the job, and the relationship of employer and employe was explained and illustrated in his own experience.

The result of his next year's work and economy was twenty dollars more in the savings fund, which could be used for a new bicycle and about four dollars paid for the repairs on a wheel given him.

During the summer of '98 he went to Niagara, at excursion rates of course, and spent a week with some friends on the way home, he paid for his own ticket and greatly enjoyed being able to do it.

That fall he took a share in the Building-Association for which he pays one dollar a month. Another share was taken for him. The amount when returned to him, it is hoped, may be used for a trip abroad for its educational advantages.

The spring of '99, when he was twelve and one-half years old, he dug most of the garden ground, planted the seeds and did a good deal of the hoeing. During the winter he took care of the furnace and carried the ashes away. For the regular work which he did that winter he was paid fifty cents a week.

The fall of '99, he went to boarding-school. This ended his home duties. He sold his chickens and bought a fairly good wheel. He has started shop work and has a small kitchen table nearing completion, for which he will be paid.

Probably about one hundred dollars passed through his hands between the ages of nine and one-half and twelve and one-half years. In earning, spending and saving, I am sure his judgment and general sense of responsibility were greatly increased.

He has gone to the bank frequently on business, carrying any amount which needed to be deposited, and has had checks made out payable to him so that he might be familiar with them.

His accounts of receipts and expenditures have been fairly well kept, and a habit of carefulness has been formed. Indulgences in ice cream, candy, etc., have been very few. Contributions to charitable appeals have been more frequent and rather generous.

He has shown judgment in buying and honesty in selling, two traits which we may hope will continue through life.

Media, Pa. S. W. E.

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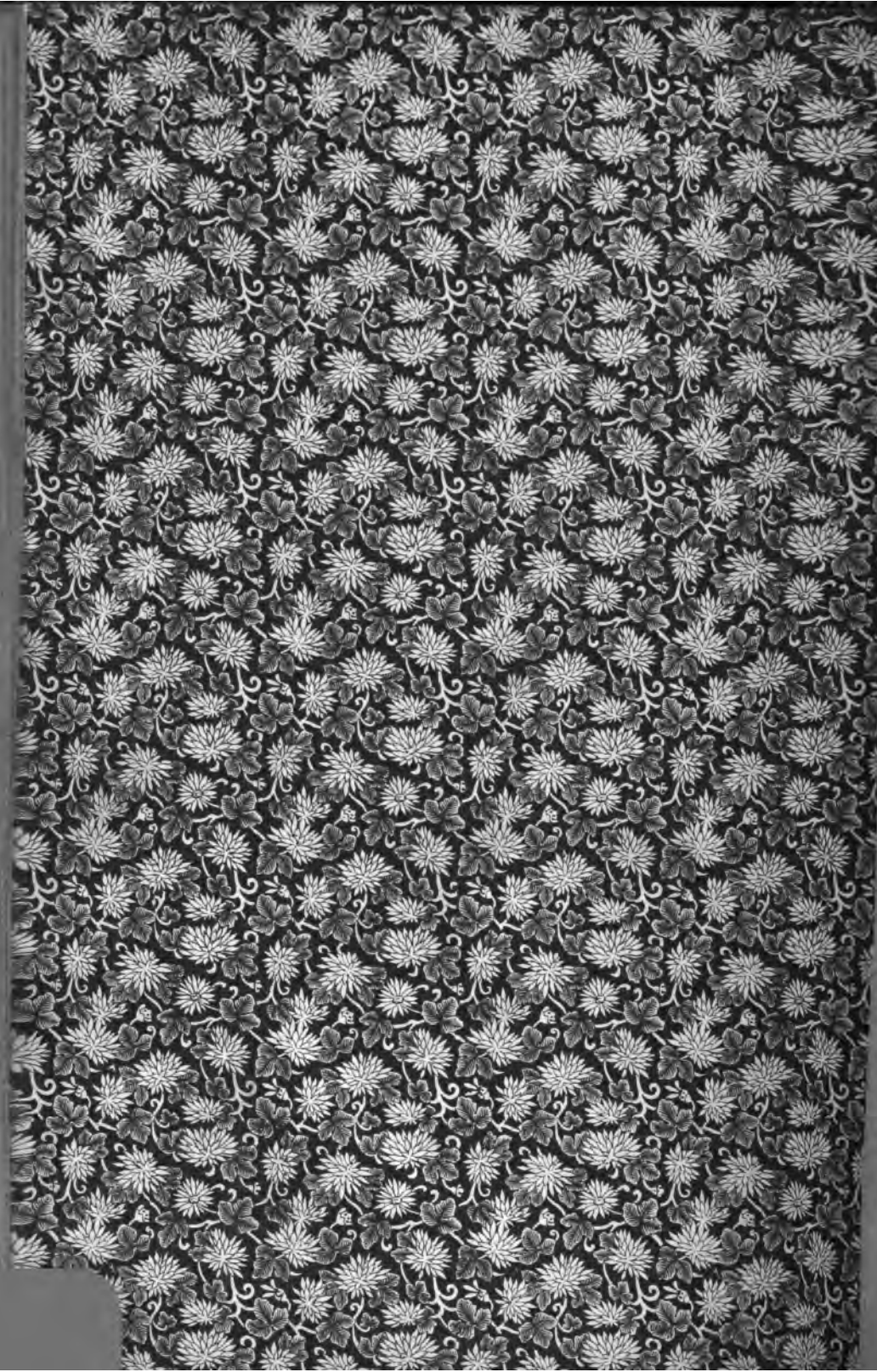

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